THE

CHVRCH MILITANT,

HISTORICALLY

Continued from the Yeare of Our SAVIOVRS Incarnation 33. untill this present, 1640.

BY

WILLIAM VAVGHAN,

Knight.

LONDON:
Printed by *Tho. Paine* for *Humfrey Blunden*, at the Castle in *Corn-hill*. 1640.

ENGLISH

Ex libr

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, RICHARD, EARLE OF CARBERY.

The Argument.

The *Authour* here my *Noble Lord* acquaints
What *Paths* they tread who lead the lives of *Saints*,
What *Comforts* he shall finde, what good successe,
While he walks in the *New-mans* Dioceſſe.

I *Sound not forth* Old Souldours *turn'd to Swine*
By Harlots *Charmes, by fulſome Cheere or Wine*;
But the New-borne *(a Theame to Warbling ſtrange)*
I ſing the Minds *more then the* Bodies *Change*;

I ſing the Churches Change, Eclipſe, Decreaſe,
Her Eaſt, and Weſt, with her Full Moones Encreaſe.
Such Newes *I blaze, which no good* Proteſtant
Shall juſtly taxe for Sparkes *exorbitant,*
Like to thoſe Brats *expos'd to* Brambles Flame
By Midwives *Doome to hide the* Parents *ſhame,*
Or thoſe, for which of late our Pauls Church-yard
And Smith-field *in the Spoiles with* Vulcan *ſhar'd,*
Truth *ſmites the* Chaſt: *while* Wantons *long to heare*
Falſe Tales, *at which they Nod, or fondly ſeere,*
Fooling away the Time, their pretious Time,
Lent them for better uſe in Proſe *or* Rime,
To win ſome Strayes *by meanes of* Vertuous Books,
Not Soules *to tempt with* Fornications *Hookes.*
There, with much Gall Gulls *one another ſlout:*
Heere for Miſtakes, the Lie, or Toyes they pout,
Forgetting Satans *Ambuſh for Good Wits,*
Tongues trip, Pens blur, None free from Paſſions Fits,

And yet for Words *and* Names, *Externall things;*
They perſecute their Chriſtian Mates *with ſtings,*
Till tir'd at laſt with Conſcience-griping Cares,
Both Parties howle within the Divels *Snares.*
Others by Lines *and* Cubes *aſpire to know*
The Higher Orbes, *or in the* Globe *below:*
They levell Spires, *the* Climates, *or the* Lawes,
Into whoſe Depth they pry no more then Dawes;
And yet to gaine applauſe, or Golden Fees,
They hope for Swans *to chop their gaggling* Geeſe.
Some Court Faire Dames *with* Fancies Madrigalls,
Chaulking the way to Paphian Lupercalls,
Which they frequent with uncontrouled Luſt
Till Honour, Wealth, and Health lye in the Duſt.
Sometimes Pelagian-*wiſe they ruminate*
On Mans Free-will, *and the* Predeſtinate,
Till they from Grace *quite excommunicate*
Doe pitch on Hell, *and on the* Reprobate.

I sing the Churches Change, Eclipse, Decrease,
Her East, and West, with her Full Moones Encrease.
Such Newes *I blaze, which no good* Protestant
Shall justly taxe for Sparkes *exorbitant.*
Like to those Brats *expos'd to* Brambles Flame
By Midwives *Doome to hide the* Parents *shame,*
Or those, for which of late our Pauls Church-yard
And Smith-field *in the Spoiles with* Vulcan *shar'd,*
Truth *smites the* Chast: *while* Wantons *long to heare*
False Tales, *at which they Nod, or fondly Jeere,*
Fooling away the Time, their pretious Time,
Lent them for better use in Prose *or* Rime,
To win some Strayes *by meanes of* Vertuous Books,
Not Soules *to tempt with* Fornications *Hookes.*
There, with much Gall Gulls *one another flout:*
Heere for Mistakes, the Lie, or Toyes they pout,
Forgetting Satans *Ambush for Good Wits;*
Tongues trip, Pens blur, None free from Passions Fits,

And yet for Words *and* Names, *Externall things;*
They perſecute their Chriſtian Mates *with ſtings,*
Till tir'd at laſt with Conſcience-griping Cares,
Both Parties howle within the Divels *Snares.*
Others by Lines *and* Cubes *aſpire to know*
The Higher Orbes, *or in the* Globe *below*
They levell Spires, *the* Climates, *or the* Lawes,
Into whoſe Depth they pry no more then Dawes;
And yet to gaine applauſe, or Golden Fees,
They hope for Swans *to chop their gaggling* Geeſe.
Some Court Faire Dames *with* Fancies Madrigalls,
Chaulking the way to Paphian Lupercalls,
Which they frequent with uncontrouled Luſt
Till Honour, Wealth, and Health lye in the Duſt.
Sometimes Pelagian-*wiſe they ruminate*
On Mans Free-will, *and the* Predeſtinate,
Till they from Grace *quite excommunicate*
Doe pitch on Hell, *and on the* Reprobate.

Now, of long-handed Kings *the mounted ſtate,*
Anon, their ſlips or Fall they perſonate
With Satyres *ſting, untill themſelves are ſtung;*
Or elſe they ſooth Great men *with glozing Tongue,*
Untill they feele worſe Racks with Conſcience ſear'd,
Then Poets *faign'd for ſtroaking of* Joves Beard.
Some other whiles they dare more Curious peepe
Into the Concaves of th' Infernall Deepe,
Of Limboes Vault, *or* Purgatories *Paine*
Redeem'd for Gold *the* long-white Robe *to ſtaine.*
With ſuch Bald Stuffe *moſt* Writers *doe oppreſſe,*
In hope to purchaſe Fame, the Printers Preſſe.
Which ſhewes, that Soules, *like* Seas *toſt with unreſt,*
Rave, till they ſet into Gods *Port of Reſt;*
Or elſe that they, like Swine, *fall to worſe* Seas
Then Gaderens *for their prodigious Pleas,*
Remonſtrances, *and* Problems, *which they pend,*
Of Rampant Zeale the Churches Peace *to rend.*

So

SO busie is Mans Braine : *It alwayes workes*
And seekes to know what from the Sences *lurkes,*
Abstruse and hid, like Planets *moving still;*
But in default of Objects good or ill,
Because it findes no businesse from without,
Turnes Monke *within, an* Ideot, *or a* Lout ;
Or on it selfe with Atomes *and* Chymeres
Playes Whirligig, *untill it ends in Feares,*
Distractions, Lies, and Schismes, *just Penalties*
Due for the Search of Knotty Novelties.
For want of Grace, *and of* Celestiall *Armes,*
Sighes, Teares, *&* Vowes, *thus by the* Serpents *charmes*
Are Men seduc'd Old Adams Tree *to taste,*
And with vaine Fruit *to break their needlesse Fast.*
Because Gods Word, *whereby they might be sav'd,*
They slighted, 'tis no marvell though they rav'd.

But

But our New man *wean'd from the* Carnall Teat
By Truths *calme Breath, the* Flaming Paraclete,
With Drier Braine holds a Cleere Intellect,
So ſolid, that he others can direct
A ſafer Courſe of knowledge to affect
Then what the Wind-mill *grinds of* Satans Sect.
Though Natures ſting *in our* Originall
Hath made us prone into the Snare to fall:
Yet we New-borne *fight with the* Spirits Sword,
And triumph by the Second Adams Word
Over the Dragons *falſe enchanting Arts,*
With conſtant Faith *repelling all his* Darts,
Thoſe ſober Cates *contenting our repaſt,*
Which lawfull are for tender Soules to taſt.
We would ſeeme Inward *more then* Outward *wiſe,*
Yet Both addreſſe with Saints *to ſympathize.*
For carnall Samians tranſubſtantiate Change,
(*The* Old Mans Quirk) *the* New man *we exchange.*

Inſtead

nſtead of Lethes Lake, *or* Phlegeton,
We Tophets Paine *ſing due to* Babylon.
For Limbus Patrum, *or th'*Elizian Camp,
Gods Paradiſe *for* Saints *renewes our Lamp.*
A Dolphin *bore* Arion *from the Seas*;
Amphions Harp, *they ſay, did* Thebes *appeaſe*:
But Jeſus Chriſt *the Third day to have roſe*
From Joſephs Tombe, *we really diſcloſe*,
Or by a Whale *we* Jonas *bring to Land*,
Who Niniveh *converted out of hand.*
For Cerberus, *we blaze proud* Satans Loſſe;
For Hercules *his* Club, *our* Saviours Croſſe.
For Triviall Tales, *and ſence-alluring Toyes*,
We read on Bookes *Soule-raviſhing to joyes.*
For Thalmuds *we the* Scriptures *native ſence*;
And for Nice Schoole-mens *Gloſſe, in our Defence*,
We can produce by Truths *Prerogative*
The Chiefeſt Starres *of the* Church Primitive,

Or

But our New man *wean'd from the* Carnall Teat
By Truths *calme Breath, the* Flaming Paraclete,
With Drier Braine holds a Cleere Intellect,
So ſolid, that he others can direct
A ſafer Courſe of knowledge to affect
Then what the Wind-mill *grinds of* Satans Sect.
Though Natures ſting *in our* Originall
Hath made us prone into the Snare to fall:
Yet we New-borne *fight with the* Spirits Sword,
And triumph by the Second Adams Word
Over the Dragons *falſe enchanting Arts,*
With conſtant Faith *repelling all his* Darts,
Thoſe ſober Cates *contenting our repaſt,*
Which lawfull are for tender Soules to taſt.
We would ſeeme Inward *more then* Outward *wiſe,*
Yet Both addreſſe with Saints *to ſympathize.*
For carnall Samians tranſubſtantiate Change,
(*The* Old Mans Quirk) *the* New man *we exchange.*

Inſtead

Instead of Lethes Lake, *or* Phlegeton,
We Tophets Paine *sing due to* Babylon.
Nor Limbus Patrum, *or th'*Elizian Camp,
Gods Paradise *for* Saints *renewes our Lamp.*
A Dolphin *bore* Arion *from the Seas*;
Amphions Harp, *they say, did* Thebes *appease:*
But Jesus Christ *the Third day to have rose*
From Josephs Tombe, *we really disclose,*
Or by a Whale *we* Jonas *bring to Land,*
Who Niniveh *converted out of hand.*
For Cerberus, *we blaze proud* Satans Losse;
For Hercules *his* Club, *our* Saviours Crosse.
For Triviall Tales, *and sence-alluring Toyes,*
We read on Bookes *Soule-ravishing to joyes.*
For Thalmuds *we the* Scriptures *native sence*;
And for Nice Schoole-mens *Glosse, in our Defence,*
We can produce by Truths *Prerogative*
The Chiefest Starres *of the* Church Primitive,

Or

Or thoſe, who in the Laſt and Preſent Age
With Volumes *rare repair'd our* New mans *Stage.*
To baniſh Humane Lies, *and Brain-ſick Dreames,*
What Tree *more full? what* Field *yeelds riper Thraines*
Then Chriſt his Life, *and the* New Teſtament?
Or in her Swathes *the* Churches *fragrant ſcent?*
This Lady *here my* New man *warbles forth,*
Though fully not according to her worth,
Yet ſo, My Lord, *that you may cleerely ſee:*
Though ſhe was long obſcur'd, ſhe now raignes free,
Cloath'd with the Sunne, *Crown'd with a dozen* Starres,
And no Eclipſe *you from her Influence barres.*

But out alaſſe! how many boaſt of Faith?
Who never markt what Chriſtian Scripture *ſaith:*
For what is Faith *without* Good works, *or Fruit,*
But a dead Stock? not worth a Moores *purſuit?*

Unleſſe

Vnleſſe he dreames of Mechaes *fond Delights?*
Or Millenairs *to ſnare* Voluptuous Wights?
Or of vaine works *of* Supererogation,
Soules to bewitch with Babels Fornication?
Our Saint *is not with ſuch Conceits deſil'd,*
Nor turnes with ſuch Extravagances wild,
For he well knowes, that as good Trees will bud,
And beare good Fruit, ſo Saints *doe alwayes Good,*
And never ſcorne to greet the Simpleſt Man;
To call home Strayes they labour what they can.
Such is our Saint, *the Naked he attires,*
And helps to warme their Soules with zealous Fires.
According to his Power great or ſmall,
He ſaves diſtreſſed Saints from Tyrants Thrall.
He ſues for Peace, and grieves to ſee debate,
And daily prayes Lawes Rigour *to abate.*
If he be forc't to Law *in his defence,*
He doth it without ſpleen, or Saints *offence.*

And

And if his Clapper *hap to clatter wild,*
Before Sun-set *he growes more Calme and mild;*
Or if that Filmy Piece *in others blabbs*
His ſhame, he counts it like the Noiſe of Drabbs.
He ſets not out his Lipps to Farme, nor ſlander,
Nor lets his Tongue *before his* Wits *to wander.*
He holds his Word *as pretious as his* Seale,
And ſcornes Falſe Cards *unto the Leaſt to deale.*
He dares not plot Revenge, nor ſcoffe, nor raile,
But beares with Knaves and Fooles for Saints *availe.*
He covets no mans Goods, but if at Play
He winnes, He gives it to the Poore *away.*
He ſpends his vacant Howres in thrifty Courſe,
Leſt Idleneſſe *corrupt him worſe and worſe.*
He prizeth Coine *but excrement all Droſſe,*
And toiles for Others Good, though with his Loſſe.
He doth his Beſt to curbe Promooting Scribes,
Leſt God *require of him their winkt-at Bribes.*

At Night he ſcores the Deedes he did that Day,
And the next Morning ſcowres their ruſt away.
The Sabbath, *like the* Puritan, *he waighes,*
And, like the Papiſt, *keepes the* Faſting dayes:
The Former *mindes him of the* Spirits *Mart,*
The Latter *helpes to ſtint the Senſuall Part.*
He daily ſtrives ſo to compoſe his Minde,
That ſeldome him doe Idoll-paſſions *blinde,*
Nor cauſe him long to doat on Pleaſures *ſhape,*
Be it a Horſe, *or* Hawke, *a* Dog, *or* Ape,
He kindly ſpeakes, meanes well, doth good to all,
But moſt to Saints, *and helpes up them that fall.*
God root theſe Works *in me, leſt whilſt his Way*
I others teach, my ſelfe a Caſt-a-way
Become, like him, anothers Floore that ſweepes,
And yet his owne New houſe moſt naſty keepes.

THe Heart *ſtill moves: It* Loves *and ſpreads with* Joy,
Or wrung with Gall *and* Griefe *it feeles Annoy.*
The Former *flow, becauſe* Gods Flames *inſpire it,*
The Latter *chance in abſence of his* Spirit.
Of theſe Affects *our* Inward Man *partakes,*
Amidſt his Joyes *ſometimes his* Spirit *akes:*
Yet his Griefes *ſmart ſpring not for worldly Cauſe,*
But for mens Breach of the Creators Lawes,
For the Encreaſe of Idols, Avarice,
Of Drunken Healths, *or the like Heath'niſh vice,*
For Concords Breach, for Chriſtian Blouds *effuſion,*
For loſſe of Time, *our* Talents *vaine profuſion;*
Or elſe becauſe he ſees the Church *of* Chriſt
Oppreſt by Fiends, *and* Saints *by* Antichriſt.
Sometimes he feeles ſtrange Qualmes, *neer deſtitute*
Of zeale-bred heat, till entring to diſpute

Wi

With his Proud Foe; the like One shows Wine,
Threats him with Thumps, to make his Pride decline;
He calls him Monster, Belly-god, and Slave,
And vows his Face to scorn, if he be brave;
With Davids Sling he knocks Goliah down,
For standing out against his Masters Crown.
Though he enjoyes an outward fair Estate,
And seems to some to be most fortunate;
Yet in his Mind he weighes the Cause, the Event,
Mens Frailty, and his own Incident;
Whereat he Lion-like for braver Prey
His Courage lifts at full, not giving way
To poore Conceits, but to the Noblest Ends
His Cares, his Thoughts, and his designes bends;
Which he Effects by a New Sacrifice
To God, who gave those undeserv'd Supplies
With knowledge of his Mysteries Divine,
And Prudent Rules to Passions to confine;

When Thousands of his Brethren want that store,
Who would perhaps have glorifi'd him more,
And never ceas'd, like Angels here on Earth,
To praise those helpes, since Others dye of Dearth.
His Spirit *scornes that* Body *joyes;*
And checks that Lump, *because it did rejoyce*
In Aiery Toyes, *in things meere transitory,*
Which draw the Sence *from the bright* Sun of Glory.
And like to Golden Clouds *may passe away*
By Humane Plots, *or by* Death *in a day.*

HE *reapes Content to see his* Neighbours *thrive,*
And their Amendment *doth his Soule revive,*
For he the Poorest Saint *in* Christ *preferres*
Before the Greatest Potentate *that erres.*
He joyes, that he breathes of the Common Aire;
Which is allotted for the Saints *repaire,*

With

ch whom he sings, grieves, and Communicates,
well for Sacred Rites, *as* Needfull Rates.
Joyes, *that he had learned from his* Youth,
e Timothy, *the* Word of Sacred Truth,
at taught to serve One God, One Advocate,
could not brooke of Balaams Snares *to prate.*
Joyes, *that he no raking Money comes,*
n what to pay he on shore warning knowes,
thout grim Sergeants *Threats, or* Sureties *Thrall,*
without Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
glories more of Soules *and* Bodies Health,
en in the Blaze of Honour, Fame, *or* Wealth.
cheere his Noblest Part *he soares aloft,*
nd viewes the Starres *of* Holy Stories *oft;*
e Courts the Of-Spring of faire Memory.
swell Divine *as* Humane History;
y which true Glasse he findes how short and vaine
hose Pleasures are, which Worldlings hold for Gaine,

Though Cause of Paine ev'rmuch often Death,
If not before of Dolour-racking Breath.
Another while Wraths Comet *to prevent,*
Which he observes with burning Arrowes *bent*
To aime at change, *by* Learned Art *he strives*
To blunt their Shafts, and into Physick *dives*
Aswell by Prayer *as by* Galens Quill,
With Zealous Heart, as by Arabian Skill,
Like Good Saint Luke, *for the* Foure Humours *foule*
He studies Cure, as Solace for the Soule.
For which Intent, and the Complexions *Good*
He forbids Food, which might be inflame the Blood:
For what exceeds the Temper Oily warme,
Or Mayes mild Heat *he knows breeds after-harme.*
Left Nature *stroupe, he breathes his Park-horse oft,*
Not on the Rheumy Vale, *or* Marish *soft,*
But on dry Hills *to suck most wholesome Aire,*
There, with Rare Cates the Spirits *to repaire.*

ile Gulls fly out with Golden Wings excesse,
lives at home content with Fortunes lesse,
t daring by Anothers Idoll-store
mete his wants, where Saints do languish more:
d if he should lash out in Pompe like those,
s Pompe and Store would cause him after-woes,
en the Great Judge requires his Talents use,
th strict Account of Stocks and Times abuse.
Drinks no more then doth a Saint befit,
d ever riseth with an Appetite,
r, as a Type of Blessed Abstinence,
Joyes to sing of Diets Excellence,
d to relate, when Girald liv'd, that they
f Cambriaes Soile did feed but once a day;
s how the Greekes thought Platoes Tale a Lye,
hat twice a day they meal'd in Sicily.
o Beauty, Wine, nor Musicks Harmony
ontents our Saint more then Good Company,

Knowing their Vowes, *and mutuall Hearts Consent:*
Availe him more then Worldlings *Blandishment.*
To end his Joyes, *on this he sets his Rest:*
That a Good Conscience is his daily Feast.

THese harmelesse steps a Christian *ought to tread.*
And the same Life I strive and hope to lead.
And if these Rules My hopefull Nephew *scan,*
He then shall passe for a Right Noble Man,
Excelling vulgar Wits as Porcellan,
Course vessels, as the New *the* Outward Man,
By Vertue *rankt within* True Honours *File*
Among the brave Heroes *of this* Ile,
Crown'd with a faire and brighter Coronet,
Then One with Gold *and* Pretious Stones *beset,*
And be so skill'd in Both the Fortunes Cures,
That Poore mens Cries *tend not to* You *nor* Yours.

hile Vengeance ſtrikes a Nembrodizing Lord,
nd his Proud Race with Fates two-edged Sword,
ike Mordecai, unwearied in your wayes,
u ſhall weare out on Earth moſt happy Dayes:
nd after Death when they feele endleſſe Paine,
u ſhall with Chriſt in Peace for ever Raigne.
ch bliſſe purſues a Pious-minded Peere,
nd ſuch I hope attends you there and heere,
hich to ſeale up, and to ſet forth Your Traine,
eere take your Choiſe of Poſies various Straine:
ithout the New-mans Robes none are indeed
ue Noble-men, but borne of Mongrell Seed.
To be borne Great, great Honour ſome eſteeme it:
But to doe Good I greater Honour deeme it.
Vertue ſo farre excells Sires Heraldry,
As doth Day-light the Darke, the Sap the Dry.
A Noble Minde ſurmounts a Noble Birth;
nt who hath Both ſhines like Sunne on Earth.

Magnus

Magnus honor nasci præclaro stemmate, Major
Stemma *Pia Factis* nobilitare suum.

Quantò *Lux* Tenebras, Siccum vel *Spiritus Humor*
Tanto depictos *Mens Pia* vincit Avos.

Virtus Naturam superat, sed amictus utrisque
Dotibus ut *Lumen Solis* in orbe nitet.

THE CHVRCH MILITANT HERE ON EARTH FOVNDED AND RENEWED BY OVR SAVIOVR *CHRIST*.

Who is this that comes from Edom, *with red Garments from* Bozrah? Esay. 63.

The Argument.

The Church is built on Christ, who under-went
The Curse, Rose up, and then to Heaven went.
This wonder-rapt some Angels *of that Spheare,*
That they with Joyes speake of his comming there.

IN Paradise the Church of Christ began, *The 1.*
Whē after Breach God opened unto Man *Age.*
The hopefull meanes, whereby he might (deface
The Sting of Sinne, and bee restor'd to Grace;

The 1 Age.

If on *the promise of the Womans Seed*
Man would rely, he might redeme his Deed.
But *Bloody Cain* with his accurſed *Race*
Went Whoring after *Satan*, ſleighting *Grace*.
And then the *Church* in *Seth*, *Methuſalem*,
In *Noe and his Arke*, in *Godly Sem*.
And *Iapher* fix't: from whence no liking *Cham*
She downeward paſt to *Iob*, and *Abraham*,
And ſettled in the *Circumcized Ligne*,
Vntill *the Promis'd Seed* with *Light Divine*
And *Goſpels Sound* arriu'd, graft things anew,
And by his *Croſſe* our *Charter* did renew.
The *Gentiles* then by his *Apoſtles* bleſt
From *Heaven* gain'd *the Holy Ghoſt* for Gueſt,
To cheere their *Church*, within her to reſide,
And evermore her *Chriſtian Broode* to guide,
As long as they *Him* for their *Rock* proteſt,
Whome *Peter thrice* for all his *Mates* Confeſt.
So *Thouſands* did with *Angels Gifts* encreaſe
From *Age* to *Age*, and found in *Conſcience* Eaſe,

As

The 1. Age.

testify *the Pulpet and the Presse*,
hich holp our *Church* to bloome with good successe.
Others, since *the Word* late came in vse,
pir'd have wrot and Preacht of *Faiths* Abuse,
d so likewise we see, that in our Dayes
ne feele *the Heate of that bright Spirits Rayes*.
them *our New man* reapes the *Fruits of Truth*,
nsformes *Old wily Age* to *Saintlike Youth*,
y for *Eve*, for *Adam Christ* he sings,
ose *Blood* then *Abels* speakes forth better things.
rancing Soules with *Gifts Propheticall*,
d otherwhiles with *Numbers Sphericall*,
at by those *Meanes* and sweet enchanting *Layes*
ey might confirme themselves, as call home *Strayes*.
irst like *Babes* with Belle, smiles mixt with threats,
weanes the weake before their Sence he beates
th *Zealous Charmes* from worldly vanities,
apting them for purer Qualities,
hich our *Good Sire* with *Metaplastick Mould*
nds ready to infuse more fine then *Gold*.

THis Prudent course Some take in *Verse* as *Prose*
For stilling Swarming Bees, or Stubborne Foes,
To winne Applause to their more waighty work,
Which in their Braine, like ember'd Fire, did Lurk.
They tickle first with smooth Conceptions *Youth*,
Lauell their Name, and then gaine Roome for *Truth*
To spread without Repulse, or sowre Distast,
Before they dresse rare *Manna* for their Tast,
Clozing their Feast with Healths from *Sions* Fount
Like *Petrarch*, *Beza*, and *Mirandols Count*,
Who with ripe Fruite by good mens Suffrages
Ransom'd their Froth, and greener passages.
Such Wits I wish with Lines of Sacred Truth
From Carnall Dreames to scare our Straggling Youth
And such I hope by Grace here to produce,
As Types of Vertue drawne for Holy use.

N the *Lords Day*, though not with full content,
ate sung *Christs* from *Olives Mount* ascent
to that *Orbe*, whose height no Earthly Scribe
an by the Booke, or Astrolabe describe.
hough *Galilees* new Glasse a World of spies
ithin the Moone, yet Moone-sick are the Spies,
hile clog'd with flesh, not Spirit-rapt, they pry
o Gods Thrones Transcendent Mystery.
Heav'n I glaunc'd, wherein his Man-hood rests,
eparing Roome for his *Beleeving* Guests,
ho su'd to Christ, Mens Advocate alone,
ot parcelling his Worship into halves,
Iewes for *Moloch*, *Baal*, and *Golden* Calves;
hat so the Sabaoths change at Pentecost
nceede with Gifts signd by the *Holy Ghost*,
he Comforter, which should the *Church* renew,
nd grace thenceforth the Gentile and the Jew,
ill the Returnes, as *Man-Emanuell*
Within the Cloudes to Judge the World and Hell.

The 1st Age.

HEre now againe with *Fiery Flights* I hover,
And his *Aſcent* more ſpatiouſly runne over
Then I did late, becauſe our *Church* hath dreſt
And cookt upon *another Day* this *Feaſt*.
The way of *Chriſts* up to Gods *Orbe Aſcention*
Tranſcends above fraile *Natures* Apprehention.
I dare not wreſt *Chriſts Body*, nor confine
His *Godhead*. There, He *Raignes a Man-Divine*,
As *Man* He ſues for Men, as *God* he ſends
The Holy Ghoſt to gratifie his Friends,
And by *Infuſion* heere *his Church* to grace,
If we *Believe, and Love, and Pray* for Grace.
Although as *God* his *Preſence* never fayles us,
His *Bodies Abſence* heere yet more availes us,
As he is *Man*, or elſe his *Bodies Sight*
Had made us Careleſſe of *the Spirits Light*.
His *Manhood* by his owne Experience ſaw
Our Natures weakeneſſe, & how *Fiends* would draw

The 1. *Age.*

s from *Gods will*, and from true *Innocence*,
hereby none could avoid Hells Pestilence.
nlesse himselfe did stand within the Gap
etwixt our Sinnes and *Wraths* fierce Thunderclap;
nd that made him remove his *Person* hence
o *Heaven*, there to ease our Punishments,
y suing to *Gods Grace*, as *Advocate*,
hat for his sake he would repayre our State.

GReat were *the Angels* loyes, when *Iesus* came
n humane shape with such *Imperiall* Fame
p to th'*Empyrean Sphere*, where none before
f that *New Forme* could like a *Phœnix* soare.
s by his *Crosse* lay husht *Hells* damned Crowd,
o wondring heere Some *Angels* sung alowd:
Whats He that mounts, and sits on *Gods right hand*,
With *Bozraes Robes*, come from red *Edoms* Land?
Clad like to One, who hath the *Winepresse* trod,
Yet looking like unto the *Sonne of God*,

The 1. Age.

Who did ride on the Cherubins and fly,
Yea, fly upon the wings of winds most High?
Perhaps He is a New *Melchisedeck*,
Gods Spouse to grace, or her with Gemmes to deck?
Or else the Cause of this New Mans Ascent
Might be her *Vowes* and *Offrings* to present;
Or for her Strayes to sue as Advocate,
Those whom the *Gospels Light* reclaimes of late.
His comming here with such Triumphant Port
Doubtlesse to Men Salvation doth import.
This *Mystery* and Ioyfull Spectacle
Above all Wonders prove a *Miracle*
Vnparalell'd, that by Divinity
Infus'd in Flesh, men gaine Eternity;
And that the *Gentiles*, as the *Iewish Tribes*,
In *Truths* rare Secrets grow most learned Scribes,
Pertaking Grace without disparity,
Made onely Iust by *Faiths* dependency,
Not by their Owne, but by Anothers Deedes,
Tis strange how they are clear'd of their misdeedes.

What

The 1. Age.

hat ſparkling Eyes more beautifull then Wine?
oſe Teeth like Milke? whoſe Body lookes Divine?
mild Aſpect, yet of S. *Michaels* ſtrength
pard, to Plague and foile our Foes at length?
oſe *Haires* more white then Wooll, or the full moone
d whoſe bright Face outſhines the *Sun* at Noone?
oſe voyces Tunes like ſilver Brookes reſounds?
d whoſe faire *Feet* like fineſt Braſſe doe ſound?
what is He? a Prophet? Prince? or Peere?
o in mans ſhape climb'd up our Higheſt Sphere?
d there inſtal'd with the Divineſt Light
ares now a Crowne more bright then Chryſolite?

WHat can he be *then* ſaid Others, the Lord,
ho to ſave men became th' *Incarnate word*?
d having led on Earth an Humble life?
e hath trod on the Dragons Crowne of ſtrife?
ho Preacht to Soules with hideous Miſts perplext,
et for his Love by his owne Nation vext,

Who

The 1. Age.

Who ſhine at laſt by *Romes* Authority,
Yet ſpite of *Hell* Roſe up with Majeſty?
This *New man God* the Third day rais'd from Dea
To be our King, and Comforts more to breath;
Who made Light things, or *Spirits*, to deſcend,
Now upwards holp *Chriſts Body* to aſcend;
Whoſe *Body* now we ſee Incorruptible,
Moſt Glorious, New, of ſtrength Invincible,
Divine aſwell as *Humane*, not with hands
Of Mortalls wreſt, as *Errour* underſtands.
Yet his long *Hands*, I meane, his *Spirits Armes*,
Extend to ſhield his *Church* from deadly *Harmes*.
His cleareſt *Eyes* all Penitents behold,
And his white *Teeth* doe Temperance infold.
His *Silver Haires* his knowledge Ripe declare,
And his bright *Face* foretells his Favours rare.
Out of his Mouth flowes *Truths melodious* Word,
But his juſt Wrath darts forth a Lightning Sword.
From Heaven He ſurvayes each Holy Place,
And raps with myſtick Trance Men chang'd by *Grac*

A

The 1. *Age.*

their great Feast He is the *Soules Colleague*,
Spirit matcht with *Hypostaticke League*
really, as in One Horoscope
wo *Soules* that plight with hands their mutual *Hope*,
hilst up to *Him* with Thankes she lifts and heaves
r Ravisht Thoughts, like Wheates ripe eared sheaves,
r *Captive He hath led Captivity*,
yes Gifts to Men, and doth their Chaines unty,
olving quite lewd Passions Linkes asunder,
ke knots of *Eeles*, or Swarmes of *Wasps* by thunder
preme there He all Creatures overswayes,
d there in his high *Manhoods* Person stayes,
ll All th'*Elect*, the *Gentile* as the *Iew*,
al'd up for *Grace* come in, and till they rue
ith shamefull Guilt their Rancour, Guile, & Pride,
ho his pure *Word* and *Deity* still deride.
is *Garments red* shew, that He trod alone
he *Winepresse*, how in *Need* him succour'd None.
is *Robes* likewise resembling *Bozraes* Graine
Crimson dipt, imply, that Men againe

Will

The 1. Age.

Will in his Members him oppresse and gore,
As they their Head and Master did before,
With Aspicke Tongues hir'd to empoyson Fame
With strife and Losse, or Plots surmizing Blame
Whereby weake Natures Brood torne by Dissention
Might lose the hopefull use of *Christs Ascention*;
Or with Crosse Flames more fiercely violent,
Them in their lives last Period to torment,
Because *false Christs* they would not every where
Kisse, and adore *Christs Body* heere, and there.

BVt leaving them for *Antichristians Limbs*,
Let us applaud, and greet with Ioyfull Hymnes
The Reall Forme and *Body of the Lord*
From mangling now to Lasting Life restor'd;
This *Crowned Lambe*, the first Fruits of the Dead,
Whom God ordain'd to be our Prince and Head:
Great Iesus Christ borne on Sinnes necke to tread,
And to divide the Right from the Misse-led:

The 1. Age.

...e Sonne of our *Iehovah Elohim*,
...om Saints their *Saviour* call, and None but Him;
...r unto Him *our Maker* hath reſign'd
...l Creatures ſway with Power unconfin'd,
... whoſe dread Name all Angels, Saints, and Men
...ſt bow, and at his Praiſe vent forth *Amen*,
...ot onely with loude ſounding Tunes expreſſion,
... likewiſe with *Loves* Inward Flames impreſſion.

...he New mans Cloze of Thankesgiving for our Saviours Aſcending up into Heaven.

...ll Glory be to *God* for evermore,
...ho with New Layes hath multiplied our ſtore,
...nd taught us by *the Holy Gholy* to finde
...here *Chriſt* remaynes rais'd in his Humaine kind.
...hat the *New man* put downe our Carnall Sence,
...was well therefore that he departed hence,
...is *Body* rapt till *Doomeſday* from our ſight,
...et by his *great Victory* infuſing Light

With

The 1. Age.

With *Wondrous Gifts* on the *Apostolick*,
And ever since on the *Church Catholik*,
Or more or lesse, as *She* with *Zealous Hope*
Dayes Turret climb'd, or in *Nights vale* did grope.

For these high *Flames* more bright then Sunny Rays
We sing to *Three in One*, New Songs of Prayse.

THE

THE MOST MEMORABLE OCCVRRENCES, WHICH Happned in Our Christian Church, from the Thirtieth Three yeere of Our Saviours Incarnation; and from the Eighteenth yeere of *Tiberius Cæsars* Raigne the Roman Emperour, untill the yeere of Our Lord 100. at which time *Trajan* the Emperour began his Raigne.

The Argument.

(*Mad*
ehold what Thanks from Worldlings worse then
or Preaching Truth, *the chiefe Apostles had.*
Not One escapes a sad Tormenting Fate,
Which holpe to build at first the Churches *state.*

WHat better *Fruit* can a *New Sparkling Muse*
Produce then *Holy Odes* for *Christians* use?
hen by th' *Apostles Glasse of Peace* to chime?
from late *Iarres* to scare the *World* with Rime?

The 1. Age.

O would I could, like *Roman Arato*,
In *Engliſh Tune* ſuch Labours undergoe,
As might diſplay *th' Apoſtles Acts and Lives*,
Gladding our *Age* with their *Pure Honey-Hives*!
Which ſpite of *Drones*, *Falſe Brethren*, ſtormy Blaſ
And tortures ſtood through *watchings*, *vows* & *Fa*
Forear'd againſt *the Foemen of the Croſſe*,
As to prevent from *Hell* enſuing Loſſe.
Although our *Latter* be not built as well,
Nor may that *Church* in *Glory* paralell,
Yet our *Good Will* availes in ſtead of Spice,
And our *New man* helps us to *Sacrifice*;
For we have had our *Martyrs*, like *the Firſt*,
Yea, and *the Living Rocke* to quench our Thirſt;
We have beheld *the Spirits Lightning Sword*;
Onely, I feare, we want the *Flames of Love*,
Which *Primer Saints* with mutuall Heate did move.
This want Some may with their *Ambroſian Food*
Supply, ſound forth, and publiſh for our good,
If, as they have begunne, they warble out

Supp

The 1. Age.

What I to bring about do ſtand in doubt,
his *Taske Pauls Faithfull Mate in Phyſicke skill'd,*
hough more for *Soules* then *Bodies Cure*, fulfill'd,
cring *two Workes* to *Greeke Theophilus*,
Monuments, and by his *Lamps* to us;
left them us to ſhew what *Legacies*
Heavens lent for *Chriſtian Sacrifice*.
ence, as his *Ape*, by *Imitations* ſtraine
ope ſome *Light* for *Brittaines Church* to gaine,
leaſt to ſerve as *Sparkes*, *Babes* to revive,
o faile for want of *Torches* ſtore to thrive.

When that *our New-mans Sire*, *the Holy Ghoſt*,
h Cloven Tongues, like Fire, at Pentecoſt
d lighted on *th' Apoſtles* viſible,
he ſome times inſpir'd inviſible
ds Prophets: *then Faith*, *Love*, and *Chriſtian Zeale*
ighd Delphick Dreames, and *Babelſtarring Noiſe*;

The 1. Age.

Then, Men that learnd no language ſave their own
Amid' ſtrange Folkes rung forth *the Lords* Renown
And blaz'd his deedes in every *Forraigne Tongue*,
Like *Angels* Quire, with ſweet harmonious ſong
As perfectly, as they their *Natives* were,
So that thoſe *Aliens* ſtood entranc'd with Feare,
For how could they but be agaſt to heare
Iewes ſpeake with *Tongs* peculiar to their Eare,
Some Others deem'd them Mad, or Drunk with Wi
Till *Peter* prov'd them rapt with Joyes *Divine*.
He prov'd them rapt by Gods *immediate* Rayes,
With *Ecſtaſies* above all Humane wayes.
And not alone *the gifts of Tongues*, but *Zeale*
To Preach they had, and without Drugs to heale.
Some *Propheſi'd*, ſome *Sung*, whil'ſt others told
What wondrous Acts *the Lord* performd of Old.
Thoſe *Myſtick ſparkes*, which by Degrees we lear
God then infus'd, as of more Bleſſings Earne,
To paralell *Iob*, *Abraham*, *Salomon*,
For *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Wiſedome* thereupon.

The 1. Age.

who can blaze the *Wonders* of that Day?
he more I muse on them, the more Dismay
spend my Sence, *Lord*, rayse up my desires,
sing th' Event of that Dayes Glorious *Fires*,
hich comforted the *Gentile* as the *Iew*,
rich'd the Barren *Will*, made Old things New.
such rare Signes came first the *Mystery*
Three in One, the sacred Trinity
be more knowne unto *the Church* on Earth,
d since *Old Rites* were past at our *New Birth*,
at she might name at her solemnities
Holy Ghost Colleaged *to Baptize*.
working we agnize, feele, and admire,
who but He could *stony Hearts* inspire?

Done as with *Gifts* this *Holy Flame* appear'd,
uls *Chaos* melt, and their dull wits had clear'd,
ods *Word* then from *Melchisedechs* choice Towne,
from the Earths fixt *Meditullium* blowne,

The 1 Age.

Pierst *Egypt*, *Greece*, *Damascus*, *Babilon*,
The *Temperate*, yea, and the *Torrid Zone*,
Where *Negroes*, though of *Circumcised Race*,
Converted by an *Eunuch* looke for *Grace*.
The Gospell pierc'd each *Countrey* and each *Towne*,
Truths Sound went forth to all the world then know
Whereby no *Nation* might excuses pleade,
But that they might be linkt with *Christ their Head*.

WIth like succesſe the *Christian Faith* did bloom
And flouriſh there where brave *Triumphant Rome*
Prepard the way by *Morall Arts* and Aw,
That *Grace* Mens Hearts might so the sooner draw.
While tatling Newes fond *Athens* itch'd to tell,
The *Romans* dri'd her *Aristotles Well*.
These *Second Meanes* for *Planting Christian Rites*,
In those dayes much avayld *Romes Proselites*.
Arts usher Faith. *Faith quick by Hearing* growes,
But most of all when *the Good Spirit* blowes.

There wanted none of these in Ancient Rome,
Where vowes & teares for Grace had purchas't roome.
Rome was the Empires Head, Great Cæsars Seat,
The Westernes Mother Church, where then complete
From Salem shone the Crosse radiant Starre,
Which in Pauls time enlightning neere and farre
Transferr'd on Linus, Clemens, Anacleto,
The Martyrs Crowne with Flaming stones beset,
And thence bespred Truthes universall Course,
For then all Men to Tiber had recourse.
But though I much commend Old Christian Rome,
I should forget my selfe and Christendome,
If that faire Tonne of memorized Fame
Which first profest to beare the Christian Name,
I chance to passe by vnsaluted now,
Not doing Homage which all Christians owe.
Had I rich Tassoes veine to set her forth,
Or Godfreyes strength to vindicate her worth,
I would possesse all Christians Catholicke,
That Antioch was S. Peters Bishopricke.

The I
Age.

And that it well becomes a *Christian Knight*,
Who first bore *Christian Badge* to doe her *Right*.
I would redeeme her from proud *Ottoman*
From *Mussries* sway, and *Mechaes Alcoran*.
In *Iewry Land* arose the *Gentiles Light*,
From *Antioch* came the *Name*, which *Fiends* doth (frig
And shall out last all Names, untill *our Head*,
As *God and Man* shall judge both *Quick and Dead*,
Till *Christ* resignes to the *Supremest* Mace,
To *All in All*, his *Intercessors* Place.

THis *Light* and *Name* the *Sire of Antichrist*,
In Envie unto *Man*, and spite to *Christ*:
With his *Blacke-Guard* that were depriv'd of *Light*,
And for their Pride enwrapt in *Errours Night*:
They all conspir'd, and strove to prejudice
With all their Might, *the New-mans Sacrifice*.
For this designe, their *Malice* to effect,
They seiz'd the wits of *Annas* and his sect.

The 1. Age.

They first plaid on the soules of *Saducees*,
And gull'd such Braines as idolld *Golden Fees*:
Christ in his Limmes to *Crucifie* againe,
And all for Pomps support and worldly Gaine.

THe Creeple rais'd in *Iesus Christ* his Name,
By *Fishermen*, that wonder put to shame
The *Iewish Scribes*, so that they burn'd for Ire,
And fear'd least *Christ* might dim their *Levites Fire*,
Or quite abate their *Old Traditions* Gaine,
Which holpe their present Glory to maintaine.
At first they silenc'd them, and then with Gall
They thundred out big words *sesquipedall*:
That if thenceforth they acted *Miracles*
In Iesus Name, they would as Spectacles
Of Infamy their Bodies publickely
Afflict, or make them in Iaile-Shackles ly.
But since th' *Apostles* them regarded not,
Nor car'd for Threats, nor scourging, then they shot

The 1. Age.

Their *Church-Darts* out of *Excommunications*,
Till a *Law. Doctour* calm'd their *Combinations*.
By this Advice, that *no Devise of Man*
Might stop the Will of God, do what they can.

ON this the *Levites* rested for a while,
And ceas'd their hands with *Murther* to defile.
The which Advise if *Romes late Catholikes*,
Had waigh'd for them whom they call'd *Hereticks*,
Rome might have held a *Reverend Mothers* Sway,
She had ere this turn'd *Easterne Nights* to *Day*:
Where ministring now scandall to the *Turkes*,
Both they and we detest their *Bloudy workes*.
For *Ten Yeares* space, till *Claudius Cæsar* raign'd,
The Scribes lay still, their spleene a while restrain'd,
And seem'd to winke at *the Apostles Fame*,
Whilst in that breathing-Truce the *Christian Name*,
The Church encreas'd, had all her wants relievd,
Antioch receiv'd, *Samaritans Believ'd*,

Ioppa

The 1. Age.

...pa rejoyc'd, Cæsarea gained Grace,
...d many Iewes joyn'd of the Christian Race;
...well the Gentiles, as the Circumcis'd;
...yn'd in One League for Christ to be Baptis'd.

...hat Good Time Saints gaped not for Gold,
...liv'd in Common, their Possessions sold,
...d without Guile the Price did distribute,
...hereby they barr'd the Cause of wrangling suite,
Mine and Thine. Their Care was Bread and Wine
...r sacred use, and for the Heavenly Vine;
...build Christs Church upon the New-Mans Rock,
...t on the Sand, False Keyes, or stumbling Block.
What Wonders wrought they of stupendious sore
...ove fraile Sence? Or Carnall wits Report?
Words they made the cripled wight to walke,
...he Dead to Rise, Blinde see, the Dumbe to talke.
Words they strooke a Lying Couple Dead,
...d Blinded One, who men by Charmes misseled.

Through

The 1. Age.

Through *Iesus Name* they wrought such *Miracles*,
And freed themselves from *Tyrants Manacles*.
The Fame of such faire deedes in *Salem* rung,
As Nettle prickes the Envious *Clergy* stung.
That *Gentiles* should partake with *Israels Tribes*
Of *Gods good Grace*, they brooke not without *Gibes*.
They flouted that the *New-mans* Troupes aswell,
As their Old *Scribes* should name the *Fiends of Hell*.
And the most part, like unto snarling Curres
In Manger lay'd, found fault with Others Cures.
Repining thus at Progresse of *the Word*,
Since that no Trickes could stop it, by the *Sword*
Zebedees sonne they caus'd to lose his breath,
Stephen As they by *stoning* wrought the *Deacons* death:
By *Cesars Minion King* they weav'd their *Plot*,
Who would have cast on *Peter* the like *Lot*,
But that *an Angel* came to free his *Chaines*,
To Plague with wormes *the Tyrant* for his *Paines*.

The 17 Age.

THis puts my *Muse* in mind of *Phillips Queene*, Mary
Who wreak'd on *Saints* her Gall with swelling spleene,
Still with her *Gods*, her *States*, and *Calleis Losse*,
She felt the weight of a more heavie *Crosse*;
And of the *Royall Brothers* styl'd *Valois*,
Who di'd in *Blood* for *Blood*, and *Bloody Ioyes*,
Heriaes Rings can testifie likewise,
What they have got by *Belgiaes* bloudy *Cries*.

MOre mild yet dealt *Agrippa* with Saint *Paul*,
Not barring him from *Romes Appeale* at all,
But would have join'd with *Festus* to enlarge,
And save for his *Appeale* him to discharge.
Much lesse would once that sage *Prætorian Peere*
For *Words* & *Names* the *Iewes* mad Clamours heare.

How

The 1. Age.

HOw many Snares with Tumultes, ſpite, and Rage
Did they ſpread forth for *Chriſtians* in that Age?
By all the meanes, which *Satan* could deviſe,
Men ſought to ſtop the *New Mans Sacrifice*,
But all in vaine, like trod on *Cammomell*
It grew the more, and with a fragrant ſmell,
Not *Elimas*, nor *Magus* with *Hell Charmes*,
Nor could *Dianaes Smith* knock down their *Armes*,
Or quench in them the *Holy Spirits Flame*,
Which they conferr'd in *Chriſts* his *Name*,
That like themſelves at firſt *Enthuſians* rapt,
For *Holy Trantes* they made others apt.

VNwearied they in their Vocation went,
And acted Deedes to *Arts* aſtoniſhment,
No by-reſpects to *Glory*, *Wealth*, or *Eaſe*,
No Emulations Sting could make them ceaſe

From

The 1. Age.

From the *Pursuit* of the *Immortall Prize*:
No servile *Fearer*, *Detraction*, nor *surmize*,
Could let their maine intent, and *Ghostly Race*,
From setting forth *Gods Charter* of free *Grace*.
No *Chollers Heate*, *Debate*, nor *Casuall Brawle*,
As fell betwixt Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paule*
For *Iewish Rites*, as likewise came to passe
For Chusing *Mark* twixt *Paule* and *Barnabas*;
Or as it chanc'd to *Abraham* and *Lot*:
Their Passions sway'd not so, that they forgot
The Progresse of *the Word*, the worke in hand,
But that they ranne, and toil'd by *Sea* and *Land*.
In Accidentalles, though as Men they err'd;
Yet, as Divines, the substance they preferr'd.
Their *Elder Man* they stoupt in spite of vice,
And their *New-Man* went on to *Sacrifice*.
Here *Paule* and *Silas* Preach, *Apollos* there,
While *Barnabas* and *Marke*, doe teach else where.
Mathias, *Iude*, and *Simon* burn'd alike
To execute their Charge *Apostolicke*.

With

The 1. Age.

HOw many Snares with Tumultes, spite, and Rage
Did they spread forth for *Christians* in that Age?
By all the meanes, which *Satan* could devise,
Men sought to stop the *New Mans Sacrifice*,
But all in vaine, like trod on *Cammomell*
It grew the more, and with a fragrant smell.
Not *Elimas*, nor *Magus* with *Hell Charmes*,
Nor could *Dianaes Smith* knock down their *Armes*,
Or quench in them the *Holy Spirits Flame*,
Which they conferr'd in *Jesus Christ* his *Name*,
That like themselves at first *Enthusians* rapt,
For *Holy Trances* they made others apt.

VNwearied they in their Vocation went,
And acted Deedes to *Arts* astonishment,
No by-respects to *Glory*, *Wealth*, or *Ease*,
No Emulations Sting could make them cease

From

The 1. Age.

From the *Pursuit* of the *Immortall Prize*:
No servile *Feares*, *Detraction*, nor *surmize*,
Could let their maine intent, and *Ghostly Race*,
From setting forth *Gods Charter* of free *Grace*.
No *Chollers Heate*, *Debate*, nor *Casuall Brawle*,
As fell betwixt Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paule*.
For *Iewish Rites*, as likewise came to passe
For Chusing *Mark* twixt *Paule* and *Barnabas*;
Or as it chanc'd to *Abraham* and *Lot*:
Their Passions sway'd not so, that they forgot
The Progresse of *the Word*, the worke in hand,
But that they ranne, and toil'd by *Sea* and *Land*.
In Accidentalles, though as Men they err'd;
Yet, as Divines, the substance they preferr'd.
Their *Elder Man* they stoupt in spite of vice,
And their *New-Man* went on to *Sacrifice*.
Here *Paule* and *Silas* Preach, *Apolles* there,
While *Barnabas* and *Marke*, doe teach else where.
Mathias, *Iude*, and *Simon* burn'd alike
To execute their Charge *Apostolicke*.

With

The 1. *Age.*

With the like zeale all *the Apostles* rape
Transformed soules for *Mysticke Trances* apt.

THey *Catechiz'd*, and sought their *Saviours* Praise,
Their *Soveraigne loyes* were to reclaime some Straye
With Constant *Faith the Gospel* they did blaze,
And daily wrought great wonders of amaze;
Till by *Romes Mace* the Type of *Antichrist*,
Which slue their *Master Christ*, they di'd for *Christ*.
In all their Deeds they were so farre from Pride,
That when some *Gentiles* would have *Deified*
Good *Barnabas* and *Paul* with glorious shout
In stead of yeelding thankes they ranne about
With cloathes all rent among the wondring throng,
And beg'd of them the *Deity* not to wrong,
Nor by detracting from their *Makers Grace*
With *Sacrifice* his servants to disgrace.
They vilified themselves, tooke up the *Crosse*,
Contemning *Pompe* and *Gold*, like scumme or drosse.

They

The 1. Age.

They varnish'd not *Gods Word* with *Glosse of schooles*
But sought the *wholsome spring*, not Muddy Pooles,
And spar'd their *New built Church* to interrupt,
With knotty doubts of Phantasies Corrupt.
Now for a Type of their essentiall Care,
I will produce this One Example rare,
When *Proselites of Pharisaicall* sort,
Would *Gentiles* to strict *Moses Lawes* exhort:
In *Salems Counsell the Apostles* sate,
And in few lines resolv'd their Questions state:
Whereas by some ye were perplext with Feare
About Old Rites, we warne you to forbeare
From Meates Prophane at Idolles Sacrifice,
From beastly Lust, or Wives Pluralities,
From strangled Flesh, and shedding Humane Blood,
If as your owne, yee Carke anothers Good:
And do abstaine from the said sinnes withall,
Yee shall doe well. By *Barnabas* and *Paul*,

And

The 1. Age.

And two of the Chiefe Brethren not they sent
These Pithy *Actes* the *Gentiles* to Content.
Whereby I note on *Weaklings* they impose
No heavier Yoake then what the *New-man* chose.
They combred not *the Church* with *Needlesse Lawes*
Nor with *Traditions Superstitious Flawes*.
They could not brooke *Food* dresst with *Satans* sa
Nor at *Christs Feasts* to glut their hungry Mawes.
Thus we observe how easie is *Christs Yoak*,
That to cleare doubts *Faith* beares the Soveraign sw
Faith linkt with *Love* requires us to forbeare,
And not for Toyes *Christs* seamelesse Coate to teare.

HOw wondrously did *the Good Spirit* breathe
The *New-Mans Gifts*, from darkenesse & from dea
To raise up soules? and Heathen Clouds to cleare?
Disperſing *Christs Disciples* heere and there?
By visions *He Immediate* lighted on
Cornelius and Saint *Peter*, both for *One*

Flesh

The 1. Age.

fect, to let the wavering *Gentiles* know,
hat *God* tooke care within their Hearts to sow
s seed of Grace, which stubborne *Iewes* abus'd,
d *Christ their Head*, Gods husbandman refus'd;
d that *without respect of high or low*,
loves all them, who to his Service bow.

Hat *Travels* did *good Peter* undergoe?
Sea and Land he did undaunted goe,
ough wanting *meanes*, unfurnished of *Money*,
t for himselfe to gaine a *Patrimony*
corruptible *mould*, or brittle *Masse*,
ich like fond *dreames* in time away doe passe?
for his Master *Christ* soules wrapt with mists,
Ignorance he made good *Catechists*,
od *Catholicks Apostolickes* he made,
rusting them in his Soule-fishing Trade.
d as some write, when *Simon* with his Whore.
ene brag'd, hee like a *God* would soare

The 1. Age.

And two of the Chiefe Brethren not they sent
These Pithy *Actes* the *Gentiles* to Content.
Whereby I note on *Weaklings* they impose
No heavier Yoake then what the *New-man* chose.
They combred not *the Church* with *Needlesse Lawes*
Nor with *Traditions Superstitious Flawes*.
They could not brooke *Food* dreft with *Satans Sawce*
Nor at *Christs Feasts* to glut their hungry Mawes.
Thus we observe how easie is *Christs Yoak*,
That to cleare doubts *Faith* beares the Soveraign stroke
Faith linkt with *Love* requires us to forbeare,
And not for Toyes *Christs* seamelesse Coate to teare.

HOw wondrously did *the Good Spirit* breathe
The *New-Mans Gifts*, from darknesse & from death
To raise up soules? and Heathen Clouds to cleare?
Dispersing *Christs Disciples* heere and there?
By visions *He Immediate* lighted on
Cornelius and Saint *Peter*, both for *One*

Flesh

The 1. Age.

fect, to let the wavering *Gentiles* know,
at *God* tooke care within their Hearts to sow
s seed of Grace, which stubborne *Iewes* abus'd,
d *Christ their Head*, Gods husbandman refus'd:
d that *without respect of high or low*,
loves all them, who to his Service bow.

Hat *Travels* did *good Peter* undergoe?
Sea and Land he did undaunted goe,
ough wanting *meanes*, unfurnished of *Money*,
t for himselfe to gaine a *Patrimony*
corruptible *mould*, or brittle *Masse*,
ich like fond *dreames* in time away doe passe?
for his Master *Christ* soules wrapt with mists,
Ignorance he made good *Catechists*,
od *Catholicks Apostolickes* he made,
tructing them in his Soule-fishing Trade.
d as some write, when *Simon* with his Whore.
ne brag'd, hee like a *God* would soare

The 1. Age.

Above the Clouds, by Peters vowes he fell,
And brake his Necke, left by his Guard of Hell.

TO *Iewes* and *Gentiles* He *the Gospel* taught,
But chiefly he the *Iewes conversion* sought;
Deputed for the *Circumcisions* Charge,
Unto *the Elect* dispersit hee shew'd at large
The *Patent* of his sealed *Apostleship*;
Yea, and, if *Fame* belies him not, his Ship
And *Fishing-nets* hee left at *Tibers streame*,
Where some them sojourn'd of *Ierusalem*,
As in the *Acts* wee read; there he baptiz'd,
(If there he was) till *Nero* tyrannizd.
Now whether *Rome* hath cause of him to boast,
As for his *seate* more then *the Holy Ghost*,
Which living *Peter* gave to *men of Faith*,
Some since have knowne, not following *Peters* path:
'Tis certaine, that he wore no Triple *Crowne*:
None kist his Foot, nor trod he *Princes* downe.

'Tis knowne, that *Gold and siluer he had none*:
A *Tanners house* was of his *Lodgings Ones*
'Tis credited, that to *the Crosse* he bow'd,
A kind of *Death* which onely *Rome* allow'd,
Till *Constantine* in loue to *Christ* forbad
This cruell paine and spectacle most sad;
That being *Old* against fraile *Natures* will,
Others did *Peter* lead his *Bloud* to spill,
As *Christ* foretold; but his *Crosse-fixed* place
(*Romes Empire* lay so large) I dare not trace.

But sure I am *Saint Paul* in bloudy *Rome*,
When *Nero* raign'd, endured *Martyrdome*.
There, having twice before that *Tyrant* stood,
His *Fathrs* Defence he sealed with his *Bloud*
About the time when that mad *Bouteseu*,
Had fir'd the *City* with his wanton Crew,
Because he long'd to sing *the facke of Troy*,
And by such Types would execute his Toy,

The 1 Age.

To cloake the Fact, and ſtop the Mutiny,
Yet not repenting of his villainy,
He authour'd *Chriſtians* of thoſe *diſmall eryes*,
And butcher'd them to bleare the Peoples eyes.
Among that *guiltleſſe Troupe* then ſuffered *Paul*,
Who had fore-wrote what ſhould him there befall.
This choſen Saint hath left brave *Monuments*
Unto the *Church*, which *Satans* Ambuſhments
Can never trap, nor Canker-fretting Age
Conſume, but they ſtand firme in ſpight of Rage.

IN *Albions Orbe* an arched ſtately *Roome*,
The chiefeſt *Pile*, I thinke, in *Chriſtendome*,
Of *Pauls* ſole *Name*, revives his memory,
Till *Doomes-dayes* blaſt the River *Thames* ſhall dry:
In the meane time grave Saint-like *Miniſters*,
Accompanied with *Aſaphs* Quiriſters,
Sing praiſe to *God* for gracing of *Saint Paul*,
Who once had beene a bloody-minded *Saul*.

Of late repair'd it shines with zealous Fire,
As erst with *flames* tag'd the stupendious *Spire*.
Blest be their Zeale, their Cares, and good Intent,
Which have re-built this famous *Monument*,
Resembling that of *Salems Second one*,
Renew'd by *Iewes*, first built by *Salomon*.

Like these, so did all *Christs Apostles* Fish,
And on some Coast or other never miss
To catch for *Christ* some choise and dainty Prey,
Bartholomew and *Thomas* knew the way
Into the East, and there engrav'd their Names.
Saint Matthews Pains *few* wounded Nubia tames,
And *pretious Iohn* the *Beluit Abissine*,
From him and *Philip* claimes *Christs Faith Divine*.
Achaia vaunts of good *Saint Andrewes* Cares,
With whom he pawn'd his Bones, till those rich wares
Some *Scottish Saints* by a *Greeke Monke* redeem'd,
Them and their worthies like pretious Gems esteem'd.

The 1. Age.

While *Mark* from *Peters* mouth *Gods Word* compil'd,
To leave it her, *Nyles Alexandria* smiles,
Sea-spousing Venice too did sacrifice
Unto *Saint Mark* a goodly Edifice.

The latter *James*, *Christs* kinsman by the flesh,
In *Salem* liv'd, disorders to redresse,
Where hee, though stiled *Justy*, as spectacle
Of shame, was throwne downe from the *Pinnacle*,
Which *Satan* mov'd to *Christ*. There he expir'd,
And *Roman* Force the place soone after fir'd.
Yet hath his *Fame* to after-Ages spred,
His *Bishops* Seat with *Christians* flourished,
By *Princes* grac'd, and for *Sanctity*
Puts *Antioch* downe, and *Romes* Priority.
At the First Councell *James* sat President,
There, *Saints* clos'd up the Circumcised Rent.
In *Salem* have the *High Commission* Court,
Where they decided doubts of most import.

Galicians since built upon *Iacob's Rode*
At *Compostell*, which *Iove* in it's profane,
Adoring *Limes*, as if *Humanity*
Should offer *Power* due to the *Trinity*.

ABout the Time of *Iewes* his death to shunne
The Fatall Web for sinfull *Salem* spunne,
Upon the *Siege* the *Christian Iewes* forewarn'd
By *Oracle* from *Christ*, fled thence unharm'd
With Humane helpes, but guarded by *Divine*
Supplies, themselves to *Pella* they confine,
Where they on *Iordans Banks* securely lay,
While *Rebell-Iewes* were slaine, and sold away.

SO stood the *Church* with them, who flourish'd first,
Next *Christs Absent* most pure, untill accurst,
The *Iewish Nation* for their *Crying sinne*;
And *hardned Hearts* deep woes were plunged in,

The 1. Age.

And then God pleas'd for Iewries unbeliefe,
The *Gentiles* to adopt to *Iewries* griefe,
And our *Church* seemes to them a stumbling sinne,
Till all th'*Elected Gentiles* be come in:
As unto them of *Antichristian Race*
She seemes, till *Babel* feeles her last disgrace.
But why were *Saints*, like *Christ*, so foulely slaine?
Because the more they suff'red here, more Gaine
They reape, the *Nobler* crowne in Heav'n they gaine;
And shall judge those, who put them here to paine.

IF you would know by Times Gradation mee,
Domitius and *Domitian* yeelds you store;
Read *Tacitus*, when *Rome* lay wast with *fire*,
How *Christians* felt the Formers Frantick Ire.
Some crucifi'd, some burnt, and some were chas'd
In wild beasts skins, by *Mastives* torne and chas'd
So cruelly, that who did them contemne,
In hate to *Neroes* spleene then pitied them.

Though

The 1. *Age.*

hough *Christians* were to manifolded paine,
hroughout the twelfe yeere put of *Neroes* Raigne,
et like to Palme suppreſt, the more they grew ;
he *Church* the more by *Martyrs* did renew.

Athmos with *Romes* whole Empire tells what paine,
he *Church* endurd in the laſt *Flavians Raigne*,
th greater Numbers *Martyrs Calendar*
monizing then in mad *Neroes* yeare:
uring which Rage ſome Brethren falſe did rove,
e Deacons Sect, lewd Family of Love ;
nd hee that durſt afore *Chriſts Darling* bath,
t felt the Doome of his incenſed wrath ;
he Bath-walls fell, cruſhd *Cerinthe* underneath,
s ſoone as *Iohn* had menac'd him with death.

THE

Though Christians were to manifolded paine,
Throughout the twelfe yeare put of Nerues Raigne,
Yet like to Palme toppeth, the more they preu ;
The Church the more by Martyrs did renew.

Pathnos with Romes whole Empire tells what paine,
The Church endued in the last Diocians Reigne,
With greatest Numbers Martyr Calendar
Conuicting them in mad Neroes yeare:
During which Rage some Brethren fayle did rore,
The Passions Seed, bread Family of Loue ;
And hee that durst adore (beside Darling hath,
Bar'd the Doome of his incensed wrath ;
The Bush-walls fell, crusht Cerinthe vnderneath,
As soone as Iohn had menac'd him with death.

THE

The 2. Age.

THE OCCVRRANCES OF THE SECOND AGE

From the yeere of our Lord 100. untill the yeere 200. At which time *Severus* raigned Emperour of *Rome*.

The Argument.

Saint John dead, Fiends Seeds of Error sow;
Yet doth the Church, though persecuted, grow
And from her Wombe spring up a Learned Crew
Of Saints, *who with their* bloud *do* Truth *renew.*

HE that desires a *Saint-like* Life to lead,
Let him the steps of *ancient fathers* tread,
Who neerest liv'd unto th' *Apostles* times
Thence gather the Counsels, Rules,

Which

The 2rt Age.

Which *Christ* his *Church* then for her *members* hold,
What Pathes they trac'd, and wherein she excelld,
If wee mislike her Plaineneſſe, or their Marts,
Love bids us chaſtely gaze, and winke at Warts;
For like the *Moon* at *full*, ſometimes the *Church*,
Raignes knowne from her, who lives upon the lurch,
Diſperſed through the World, *Apoſtolicke*,
Yet, like *our God in Three, one Catholicke*,
In ſundry ſhapes repleat with *ſacred Fire*;
With many Tongues, in Spirit yet entire
And *Eſſence one*; who, though *diverſifi'd*
For Rites or Forme, remaines yet *fuſifi'd*
By *Faith* with Him, who tryes mens Conſciences,
Beares with their ſlips, and heares her Grievances.
Returne, quoth hee, Yee people full of ſtrife,
Who Me have wrong'd, like a rebellious Wife.
Alluding to which challenge in his *Word*:
Before the *Lord* and *Angels* I record,
That I beleeve no Church on Earth this day,
Then *Britaines Church* goes a moſt ſtabbing way.

In

In substance pure, and in her good intents,
Seal'd rightly with the *Newmans Sacraments*.
And with the Best her *Elders* I conferre,
Yet dare not say her *Troupes* doe never erre,
Nor brag that shee hath neither *Mole* nor *Wen*,
While shee cohabits heere with *mortall men*:
But pray, that she in Fruit more pregnant thrive,
As shee in shape is like the *Primitive*;
And that with *flames* of *mutuall Love* wee glow,
As forward as in *height* we seeme to grow.

One thing I adde against her *Foes* in briefe,
And therewithall to ease our *Weaklings* griefe;
Although I honour with my heart and Pen,
The *Councells*, *Fathers*, and the *Ancient men*,
Who wrote before the *seventh Century*
Became bewitcht with *Babels Mystery*,
Yet we no more give credit to their Lore,
Their Matter, Tropes, and Topick Maximes store

Derived

Derived from *Old Adams double Tree*,
Nor further then wee finde them to agree
With *Gods* owne *Word*, or *Oracles Divine*;
Dare wee consent with them in every Line;
For men may erre, yea, *Learned Counsells* erre
By Factions sway'd, as other whiles they were;
And, as *Eusebius* markt, the *Church* began
To be unchaft, soone as th' *Apostles* wanne
The *Hower-glasse* out of their lives Pilgrimage,
By *Cerinths* Toyles, and *Nicholaites* Rage;
Or by those Fogges, which *Epiphanius* brands
For *Heresies* of *Antichristian Bands*;
Or *Sects*, whose *August ine* expells the mists,
Be they *Pelagians*, or the *Donatists*.

AT the *New Rising* of the *Second Age*,
In the First yeere came *Traian* on the Stage,
Adopted *Cæsar* by good *Nervaes* choise,
Broiles to prevent, and Cares to counterpoise.

In

In his precedent Reigne *Domitianus* Act
Against the *Church* in *Rome* was somewhat slacke;
But otherwhere the *Pretors* for their Gaine
By *Christians* goods of best, rose 'gainst them fayne
The *Old Decrees*, and in their Edicts
Practiz'd on *Saints* their former Cruelties.
But leaving them a while to rage and rave,
I now glance on the *Wonders* of this *Age*.

OF Him I sing, who would have kneeled downe
But was forbod, unto an *Angel*, knowne
Of all the *Apostles* longest to have seene
The *Churches* course eclips'd by Tyrants spleene.
One while assail'd, anon strong *Militant*
Iohn saw her curbe Countries exorbitant.
Thou hast, O *glorious Saint*, beheld her Pury
Like to the *Sunne* dispelling Clouds obscure.
When Shepheard *Pan* decreas'd, then *Oracles*
From that time ceas'd through *Christian* miracles;

For

The 2. Age.

For when *Tiberius* swayd, Fiends waild their losse,
While they *shipt Tames* forc'd to bruite the Crosse,
And to proclaime in *Midland Seas* with dread:
That *Pan*, *the great God Pan*, was newly dead.
Thou hast survived thy *Brethren*, and thy *Mates*,
Thou hast beheld strange Turnes of worldly *States*,
The *Temple* sackt, *Jerusalem* destroyd,
Thy Native soile all harried and annoyd,
Thou liv'st to see weedes of blacke Heresies,
Amidst the *Church* spring up, *Apostasies*
Grow rife, the *Saints* with *Persecutions flame*
Scorcht every where, and put to open shame,
Thou hast out-dar'd a *dozen Emperours*,
Since thy good *Lord* triumphed over powrs,
When thou beganst to shine, *Tiberius* raignd,
They saw thy Lifes sun-set, whom *Trajan* painde.
What dangers, wrackes, and buffetings of Fiends,
Hast thou oft felt? What snares of glozing Friends?
Portents to make the *Patient'st Iob* dismaid,
Thou hast out-liv'd thy Charge, the *Widow-Maid*.

Thy

The 2. Age.

Thy *Mother* deare adopted on the *Crosse*,
To thee his *Minion* left, to ease thy losse,
When therehence out thou tookst her to thy house,
As a true *Nunne*, to helpe thy *Christian vowes*.

HOw long shee liv'd with thee, to calculate,
An *Angel* must the certaine Time relate,
Or name the Place where her *Blest Body* lyes,
Whether she was in Body *Enoch*-wise,
Immediately to *Heaven* assumed up?
Or dwelt with *Iohn* till Age made her to stoup?
And payd her debt as other Mortalls doe
To *Nature*, much it skills not us to know?
Since now with *Christ* her *Soule* Triumphant rests,
And as her Life deserv'd with him she feasts:
Admitting no such *Mediatrix* style,
Or *Goddesses*, as some themselves beguile;
That she doth oftentimes command her *Sonne*
To heare a *Sinners* suite, or *Orison*?

The 2^d Age.

SAve that I might be into Whirle-pooles brought,
Or for my Gueſſe be too Sagacious thought,
I would Conjecture at the Time when *Iohn*,
Before the Siege of *Salem* undergone,
Departed into *Corinth*, *Epheſus*,
Or other Coaſts, where *Titus* and *Timotheus*,
Were by Saint *Paul* ordain'd to Over-ſee,
There, to confirme each Saint in his Degree,
As they, by Him, who all thoſe *Churches* bare
Upon his ſhoulders firſt, were bred with Care.
There, he conſum'd the Remnant of his Age,
Untill to *Pathmos* by *Domitians* Rage
Confin'd, he ſaw *in ſpirit Chriſt* againe,
Who then and there by *Revelations* plaine
To his Rapt Sence, though hid from *Carnall Braine*,
Did propheſie the future Churches ſtaine.
For Comfort of th'*Elect* the *Lord* appear'd
Unto this *Saint*, and his Wits Sences clear'd,
To underſtand what plagues he will effect
In the laſt dayes for his true *Words Neglect*.

Theſe

THese Myſteries *Chriſt* opened unto *Iohn*,
Whom he reſerv'd ſo long. And thereupon
I humbly glance by leave of *Holy Wits*,
To whom my *Muſe* her *Raptures* here ſubmits:
That when One asked *Chriſt*, what *Iohn* ſhould do?
Whether he ſhould remaine behinde or go?
His Anſwer was unto this bold Aſſay:
If my will be to have him here to ſtay
Vntill I come, what matters that to thee?
And long he ſtaid, as all may cleerely ſee.
Before his Death he did ſo ſettle things,
That *Greece* his Praiſe aſwell as *Aſia* rings.
In *Nervaes* Raigne he came with his Releaſe
To *Epheſus*, where he deceas'd in Peace,
While *Trajan* ſway'd, as *Græcian Clearks* relate,
Having eſcap'd an *Oily ſcalding Fate*,
Impos'd on him by fierce *Domitians* Rage,
Who then exiled him to *Patmos* Cage,
Where, though cub'd up a while from *Chriſtians* ſight,
He ſaw what cheer'd his *Soule*, *His Maſters Light*.

Both

The Art Agayl.

BOth in his time, and after, ſoone began
The Divels Plots to ſcare the *Chriſtian man*,
Which *Valentinian* and *Menander* ſpred,
And many moe, which Weaklings then miſled:
For whoſe Miſtakes *Saint Irenæus* griev'd,
Two hundred yeeres ere *Epiphanius* liv'd,
To blazon them and other Hereſies,
Which then obſcur'd the *New Mans* Sacrifice,
After *Saint Iohns* deceaſe, till *Adrian* raign'd,
The *Roman Prætours* ſtill the *Chriſtians* Pain'd,
Who ſo confirm'd were for the *Fiery Croſſe*,
They fear'd not Death, nor Paine, nor Fortunes Loſſe.
The *Truth* when rackt by *Inquiſition ſtrict*,
That *Chriſtians* much were wrong'd by *Romes* Edict,
Great Trajan then did unto *Pliny* write,
To mitigate the Fiery Trialls Spight;
Yet not to ſpare them, if they were brought in,
(Damn'd policie ſo cloaking Bloody Sinne)

The 2. Age.

In which implicite Snare *Ignarius* bound,
Like *Christs* fine Corne, by Lions Teeth was ground.

NExt after this, the *Second Century*
Points at some *Saints* of Glorious Memory,
As Pillars of that *Age*, with whom as Chiefe,
Succeeding those fore-nam'd I ranke in Briefe
A Martyr'd Sire of *Naples Palestine*,
One that foretold his death to *Antonine*,
When shortly after did a *Cynickes* Hate
Conclude with Flames the *Swans* Prognosticate,
Having first wrote, to calme the Emperours
Spleene his Defence, and to *Romes Senatours*.
In *Iustines* time, which by the yeeres account,
Since *Christs Ascention* up from *Olives Mount*,
One Hundred shone, good *Christians* liv'd content
With simple Meanes, and scorn'd the Blandishment
Of Gaine or Pompe, with all false worldly Wares:
But fixt on *Christ*, and Cure of *Soules* their Cares.

The 2. Age.

*Plato*es and *Moores Eutopiaes Common-Wealth*,
Compar'd to them ſeemes but *Promethean ſtealth*,
Phantaſticke Dreames, or Speculations Flame,
Which being unpractiz'd breed the *Authours* ſhame,
They taught and wrought with *Reall Charity*,
As if that day they were arraign'd to dye;
Not like to *Stoicks* diſſembling Lookes auſtere;
But againſt *Sinne* with *Diſcipline* ſevere,
With Vowes and Faſts the *Outward man* to tame;
Not for Repute, or Superficiall Fame,
But with intent *to keepe their Veſſels* pure,
And to ſeale up their *Chriſtian Calling* ſure,
They promis'd not but what they did performe,
And ſquar'd their *Deedes* to the *Apoſtles Forme*,
Such *Pious Deedes* with Zealous Sparkes beſet,
As I for *Saints* have in my *Preface* ſet.
From *Juſtines Workes* likewiſe I apprehend
The *Euchariſt*s Religious Uſe and End:
We take no Common Bread nor Common Wine,
(Saith he) but like as *Chriſt* by the *Divine*

Bright

The 2. Age.

Bright Word became true *Fleſh*, and for our Good,
Tooke on him our *Attire* of *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
So we by Vertue of his *Word*, Record
That *Food* to be the *Body of the Lord*;
Yet *Sacramentall Wine* and *Sacred Bread*,
Which have our *Soules* by the *Remembrance* fed.
With this ſhort Courſe the *Prefect* of the *Feaſt*,
Inſinuates *Vowes* into each *Sacred Breaſt*;
They fed with *Zeale*: the Throng *Thankſgiving* ſing,
And *Deacons* did unto the Abſent bring
The *Conſecrated Food*, that they likewiſe
Might have a Taſte of the *Soule-ſacrifice*:
Such was the *Ancients Forme*, to diſtribute
The *Holy Food* without *Quirkes* or Diſpute.

IN thoſe Dayes Croſſe to Food bleſt by the *Word*,
Was *Sacrifice* of Fleſh at *Heathens Boord*
To *Idoll-Gods*, which *Chriſtians* did refuſe,
By reaſon of the *Curſed End* and *Vſe*,

The 2. Age.

(As we likewiſe that *Carnall Food* deſpiſe,
Which ſome Create a *God* at *Sacrifice*)
And yet the *Food*, ere it was ſo diſgrac'd,
Could not pollute the honeſt *Takers* taſte:
So when *Gods Word* hath bleſt Ours to record
Our *Saviours Croſſe*, it quickens by that *Word*,
Which full of Life breathes *Spirit*, *Life*, *Reliefe*,
If it be tane by *Soules* firme of *Beliefe*;
For otherwiſe the preſent *Eſtaſy*
Doth uaniſh, and away thoſe *Bleſſings* fly:
They at their Feaſt *Emanuels* Preſence loſe,
His *Preſence*, whoſe rare *Forme* ſome Clearks appoſe.
Though they beleeve, that *Chriſt* is *God* and *Man*,
And ſtiled *God* with us, his *Forme* they ſcan,
And queſtion, how could *Paul* and *Stephen* ſee
Emanuel, while on Earth Men living be?
As to the *Pure* this *Myſticke Trance* turnes Pure,
So tis *Damnations Bait* to the Impure.
And when *Faiths Feaſt* becomes a *Sacrifice*
To *Idoll Gods*, it tends to prejudice;

For

The 2. Age.

For this grave Cauſe good *Chriſtians* doe refuſe
Falſe *Altars Meate*, where *Satan* Poiſon ſcrues.

WHat ſhall I write of *Mark Aurelius* Raigne?
When all his Campe diſtreſt for want of Raine,
Were at the point to periſh, *Chriſtians* then,
By *Miracle* gain'd *ſhowres* to ſave his Men?
While hopeleſſe *Pagans* dig'd, by *Prayers* they
Gain'd in One Night what they had toyl'd by Day.
Such wondrous Deedes of the *Church Primitive*,
Like thoſe Bleſt Showrs, will cauſe our *Muſe* to thriue,
If therewithall we moiſten *Thirſty Soules*,
Which long to taſte of our *Nectareon Bowles*,
In hope from *Brutes* to be trasnform'd anew
To better ſhapes, then *Ouid* could renew,
Or *Samian* Forge. Our *New-Man* ſings more ſtrange,
Of Manners, not of Bodies, the *Exchange*.

Within

The 2. Age.

WIthin this *Age* liv'd *Ireneus* knowne
A *Biſhop*, where *France* built her *Lions* Towne.
He ſtoutly did the *Marriage-ſtate* defend,
Whoſe Foes, he writes, blame *God* and *Natures* End.
He taxed *Romiſh Victors* Lightnings Flaſh,
And qualliſi'd his Squibs denounced raſh,
Which he preſum'd againſt the *Eaſt* to throw,
For *Eaſters* Date with Supercilious Brow:
(Or did perhaps not excommunicate,
But barre with them *Rome* to communicate.)
So likewiſe did Grave *Policrates* blame
His Cenſure-cauſing Schiſme, and *Chriſtians* ſhame.
This *Reverend Man*, to win the more Applauſe
For his Defence of that propounded Cauſe,
Demonſtrated, that his *ſeven Anceſtours*,
And he the *Eighth* from thoſe *Progenitours*,
Were *Biſhops* all of *Epheſus*, and held
Their yearely Courſe of *Eaſter* unrepeal'd,

Imply-

The 2. Age.

Implying, that his *Lineall Holy Race*,
Confirm'd the *Truth* to cleare that wrangling Caſe.

NExt unto thoſe ſhone *Athenagoras*,
Tatian, and *He*, who with his *Sire* would paſſe
To *Martyrdome*, and but for *Mothers Teares*
Partake, like *Adamant*, not ſhrunke with Feares.
He gloſs'd *Gods Word*, & would have bin more priz'd,
If he had not too much allegoriz'd.
Severus ſent for him (ſuch was his Fame)
To *Antioch*, where he ſtuck to *Chriſt* his *Name*,
And blaz'd his *Word* with ſuch rare Eloquence,
That he return'd by *Ceſar* grac'd from thence,
Diſmiſs'd with Gifts, and *Courtiers* good report,
He came againe to the *ſev'n Flouded Port*,
Where he much *Oyle* in *Alexanders* Towne,
Conſum'd, untill his Errour put him downe.
Where well he wrote, no better *Writer* knowne:
Where ill, none worſe then *Origen* is ſhowne.

Famous

The 2. Age.

Famous for this: he termes *Christs Flesh and Blood*
The *Spirits Type*, his *Word Soule-quickning Food*;
Most infamous for this; that first he Gelt
Himselfe, and then for feare he should have felt
A *Buggering Rape* by a *Black-hired Moore*,
He Sacrific'd to *Idolls* (a farre more
Scurfe-spreading *sinne*) for which with Bolts accurst,
By *Alexandriaes Church*, to Teares he burst,
Whenlighting on a *Text* in *Salmes* Towne,
And there desir'd to Preach, he found his owne
Unhappy Act by *Lot*, nay by Divine
Appointment: How the *Precepts* which are mine,
Dar'st thou presume within thy Mouth profane
To teach or read, O thou ungodly Man?
Upon which *Text* poore *Origen* abasht,
With Teares his Crime and his Presumption washt.

THE

The 2. Age.

THE STATE OF THE BISHOPS OF *ROME* DURING THE TIME OF PERSECVTION, and while they were subject to the *Emperours*.

IT may be heere some Curious Wits expect,
That I their Lives and Deedes should recollect,
Whom Priestly Votes have voyc'd for Roman Popes
In *Peters Chaire*, on whom they fixt their Hopes
To binde and loose their manifolded Crimes
Both then and now, and in ensuing Times.
But such a Taske I dare not undergoe,
Nor will I have with Fraudfull Styles to doe;
The Servant, which of Servants One proclaimes
Himselfe, and yet a *Monarques* Power claimes.

Let

The 2. Age.

Let them who build on Flesh and Blouds Desires,
Entangling their *Beliefe* with needlesse Fires
Of High Ambitious Thrones, not warranted
By *Gods deare Lambe*, who for our sakes here led
An Humble Life: Let them I say bow downe
Before the *Gold-crost Shooe* and *Triple Crowne*.
But I am sure they no *Record* shall finde,
Nor *Chronicle*, that mentions in that kinde
The least Reflexe of *Royall Majesty*
Due to *Romes Popes* with *Both Swords Soveraignty*,
Untill the *French* the *Lumbards* overcame,
Till *Charlemaine* did *Desiderius* tame.
Since *Photius* Time they Nine score yeeres before,
Above all *Priests* the *Chiefest Miter* wore:
Since *Constantines*, who *Photius* did preceede
Three Hundred yeeres, a *Patriarchs* sway I read
They had heere in our *West*. But till that Time
They scarce found space to breath, much lesse to climb,
Or claime a *Mace*, and to be called *Lord*,
A Style, which *Christ* forbad, and *Saints* abhorr'd;

For

The 2. Age.

For till the Raigne of *Conſtantine* the *Great*,
Thirty they were, which grac'd *Romes Paſtours Seat*,
And of theſe *Thirty Biſhops* there were None,
But they were ſlaine, or did through Troubles grone:
As *Engliſh Saints* were in Queen *Maries* dayes
By *Tyrants* ſpleene diſtreſſed ſundry wayes,
Impriſon'd, rackt, and put to Open ſhame,
Depriv'd of all their Goods, and burnt in Flame:
So *Chriſts New Church*, tho with rare Dowries bleſt,
Neere for *Three Hundred yeares* was ſore oppreſt.
Ceſars without, and *Herteickes* within,
Did perſecute, and plunge her Members in
So many Toiles, that hardly they could meet
In Private Place, nor one another greet
With Common ſhewes of Neighbours Amity;
How then could they thinke on *Priority?*
And ſtand on Points of *Prelates Primacie*,
Without diſtruſt of ſome Conſpiracie?

The

The 2. Age.

THe Truth is this: who were styl'd *Bishops* then,
They fish'd not for fraile Wealth, but *Soules of Ma*
Not to enrich themselves with Private store,
But like Saint *Paul*, the *Crosse* they thought on mo
From *Christian Cesars* they got *Liberties*,
But not so great to claime *Regalities*,
About the Yeare *Sixe Hundred sixty sixe*,
We finde that *Rome* began to play more Tricks
Then she durst act within the *Ages* past,
As *Paul* and *John* fore-told her *Breach* at last)
And never left to lift her *Lofty Creft*,
Till she *Gods Word* had darkned in the *West*,
And dar'd upon the *Cesars State* to prey,
The maine great Let to her Prodigious Sway.
She never ceas'd to stirre up raging Fires,
Till she at *Trent* concluded her Desires,

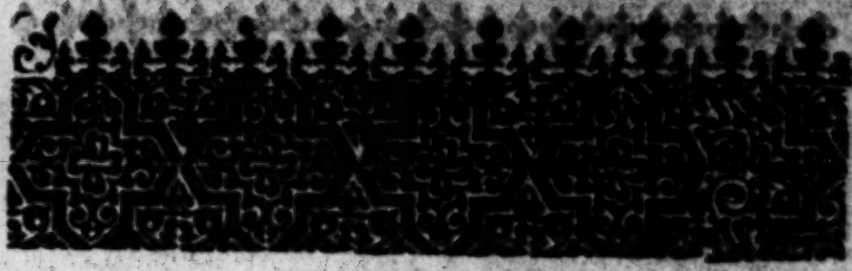
The

The 2. Age.

Repugnant to the *Vow*, which she profest
At her *First Rise, Sixe Hundred yeares* at least,
At such wild Fits I onely glance, not carpe;
This Taske I leave for an *Iambicks Warpe*.

F THE

THE



THE OCCVRRANCES OF THE THIRD AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 200. untill the yeere 300. At which time *Diocletian* and *Maximinus* raigned Emperours of Rome.

The Argument.

Next to the Greekes *the* Latine Scribes *begin;*
Idolaters unto Christs Church *to win.*
Romes Tyrants *fret, and* Saints *they martirize.*
Saint Anthony *into a Desart flyes.*

WIthin this Age the *Church most Militant*
And Cautious, strove to shun exorbitant
Attempts of Foes; one while to secret (Caves
Constrained to retire; sometimes to tame the Braves

Third Age.

Of her owne Tribe, Domestick Murtherers,
Shee-us'd the Sword; even on the Jewes
And Flouting Scoffes of Forraigners to flaunt,
Which did at her Poore Robes and *Altars* taunt,
She fought against *Catilins* and his *Traine*,
And prov'd their *Vaunt* for *Outward Glories* vaine.
Her State was then unsetled, New, and Poore,
But Time to come might make her flourish more.
A thousand of such Taunts and Fiery Darts,
A Thousand of great Dangers, Envious Arts,
By *Satans Plots* she daily underwent,
While *Cæsars* sought their *Pagan-Gods* Content.
The oterst that the *Christ* drew to her Time
Of Liberty, least that too high she climbe,
Satan suborn'd his Agents in this Age,
Against her Race to shew their utmost Rage.
He knew her *Thraldomes Date* to *Iohn* foretold,
Would shortly end. And that made him so bold.

AS otherwhiles a *Woman* Chast and Faire
Dishevel'd seemes, or with loose dangling Haire;
So without Art, and in her *Native* Dresse
The *Church* at first for want of Time to dresse,
And to compose her *Outward Ornament*,
Came forth to spread her *Saviours Testament*,
Not caring much for Superficiall Weare,
But in the Heart the *New Mans Gifts* to beare;
And yet both Chaste and Faire She comely shone,
With Constant *Faith* built on the *Corner-stone:*
And though she liv'd and raign'd of Men unseen
With *Carnall Eyes*, yet of *Good Angels* seen,
Heard in the Quire, which to the *Lambe* belongs,
Answer'd by *Saints* with *Sympathizing Songs*,
Nay, seene and knowne of Men Reborne anew
Both then and now, who never *knee'd* to *Baal*,
But to *One Christ the Saviour of us all*,
Who by his *Word*, and bright *Diurnall Light*,
Hath late disperst the Tempests of the *Night*,

The 3. Age.

Sav'd us, like *Peter*, out of *Herods* fayle,
From *Babels Powder-traine*, for *Saints* availe.
For which sweet *Grace*, redintegracious *Love*,
The *Saints* on Earth with Those of *Heaven* above,
Unitedin One League shall ever sing
Melodious Songs to our *Triumphant King*.

OUr *Latine West* unto the *Church* of *Greece*,
Acknowledge must her selfe in some degrees
Inferiour and oblig'd, From her she had the Forme
Of *Christian Rites* false Altars to reforme,
As she the *Subsistence* from *Ierusalem*,
More neere to *Greece* then *Rome*, the *Church* Supreme,
From her she borrow'd her prime Words of Art,
Those *Second coin'd Intentions*, to impart
From Man to Man by Termes, Discourse, and Tongue,
What otherwise would dormant lye unstrung.
Her Noblest Name of *Christian Catholick*,
The Eucharist, *the Faith Apostolick*,

Types,

The 3. Age.

Types, Symboles, and *Ecclesiasticke Lawes,*
What be they but *Greeke words* for *Christian* Cause
Disguis'd in *Latine* Robes *Faith* to expresse?
And to worke on Mild Hearers more or lesse?
The *Sev'nty Scribes* translated *Iewries Ioyes*
To the *Greeke* Tongue by *Philadelphus* Choise:
Saint *Paul* and *Luke* divulg'd in *Græcian* Tone
Christs Mysteries, yea, and Saint *Iohn* wrought on
His Auditours in *Grecian* Vestiment,
Fit in that Age to further his Intent.
Greece more to praise, ere *Rome* saw *Christ* his Light,
Some *Greekes* of *Philip* cray'd his *Masters* sight.

NO marvell then, that *Greeks*, ere *Latinists*
Did publish *Workes*, fought in our *Christian* Lists
With *Infidells* against their Rites obsceane.
Towards the Period of the *Second Sceane*,
To celebrate this Age, *Tertullian* rose,
With *Tullian* Phrase to daunt the *Churches* Foes,

The 3. Age.

False *Heretikes* and *Jewes*, whom he refells;
And but for *Dreaming Fathers* his Part excells,
Whilst he 'gainst *Marcion* makes *Christs Body* good,
Truths Figure, not *Imaginary Food*,
Since *Figures* shew not false, but things indeed.
And in another Place, quoth he, *We feed*
By Hearing on the Word Incarnate blest,
With Understanding chew, through Faith digest.

SAint *Cyprian* him succeeds, who famous made
By *Monuments*, which cannot faile nor fade,
The *Churches Union*, and the *Martyrs Crowne*,
Which since himselfe receiv'd in *Carthage Towne*.
This *Saint* bids us the *Holy Bread* to part,
And breake by *Faith*, not with sharpe Teeth nor Art,
While we confesse; *That, which is broke to Parts,*
Divine-Humane both God and Man imparts.
Out of his Bookes we cull, at *Carthage Towne*
How he did fret, and all the *Councell* frowne

To heare, that any should *Romes* Pope installl,
The *Bishop of all Bishops Generall.*

NExt after him *Minucius Felix* came
In *Roman Robes*, *Cæcilius* overcame
With *Dialogues*, and foil'd his *Heath'nish Dreames.*
So did *Arnobius* by the *Spirits Beames.*
In the like Garbe the *Gentiles* Rage abate;
And shewes the Cause, why *Christians* Idolls hate.
By *Fabian* Bath'd. He grac'd this *Cenery Age.*
Who first of *Cesers* wore the *Christian Badge.*

LOng had the *Church* been rackt with bitter woes,
In travell, like a *Woman* tir'd with Throes,
To bring that faire *Light* forth, and *Blessed Birth*,
Which in th'*Elect* shines with *Harmonious Mirth*,
The *Inward Man*, I meane, whose Praise we sings.
Grac'd to that end with Will by *Heavens King.*

Through

The 3. Age.

Through all the *Roman Empire* tortured,
And by fierce *Tyrants* hands sore Martyred;
In every Age during her Pilgrimage
Heere in this World, untill *Maxentius* Rage,
Became suppreſt by zealous *Conſtantine*,
She felt what *Diocleſian*, *Maximine*,
And what their *Prætours* could impoſe of Force
Upon her *Limmes* without their leaſt remorce
She felt, *Chriſt in his Members* felt againe,
What *Hangmen* could inflict of Helliſh Paine,
And what their Predeceſſors could inflict
Upon her *Lambes* by *Proclamations* ſtrict,
(Preſiguring our late *New Chriſtian Fry*,
Whom men profeſſing *Chriſt* in Flames did fry)
And yet they fail'd by their *Decrees* ſevere,
Or Wolviſh *Decius* them to daunt with feare,
But that in midſt of Paine, by *Satan* ſtung,
They to the *Lambe Alleluiaes* ſung.
Slighting the *Gridiron* through the *Holy Ghoſt*:
Now chuſe thy *Fleſh*, quoth *Lawrence*, Raw or Roſt.

Faire

aire *Theodora* to the Stewes confin'd,
er Friend holp her to ſcape in Masked kind,
ay'd in her place, He thrall'd, ſhe came againe;
et did the *Iudge* for *Martyrs* both arraigne.

MAuger all Rackes and Flames Saint *Alban* here
n *Brittaine* firſt, and Noble *George* appeare,
Who arm'd on Horſe-backe with a *Sangraine Croſſe*
Leagu'd *Salems* Knights, and oft fear'd *Englands* Foes,
As Ancient Wits conceiv'd their Aiery Signe,
Like that, which meteour'd once to *Conſtantine*.
Which *Signe* they might more fitly to their *Head*
Impute then with his *Members* quartered.
Their *Crimſon Gore* transform'd to Robes of White,
By vertue of their *Faith Beames-darring-bright*.
With *Amphibale* they live yet in our *Weſt*,
And with thoſe *Twaine*, whom of her *Martyrs Beſt*,
With ſacred *Bayes* at *Vsk Carleons Towne*
Saint *Aaron*, and Saint *Iulius* ſtill doth Crowne.

Within

The 3. Age.

WIthin this *Age*, like to th'*Essences Salts*
Good Men of Life austere did *Cells* erect
Of *Christian Hermites*, or *Anachorites*,
In *Ægypts Deserts*, there, that Convertites
Might solitary dwell, from Passions free,
And from those *Baites*, wherewith we daily see
The greatest Part, ev'n of the *Churches Brood*,
Ensnar'd (a Mystick Point not understood
By *Libertines* in these our Carnall Dayes)
There, cloystred up from foule *Temptatives* stayes
Alone and farre from Mortalls Company
The *Holy Saint*, the long-liv'd *Anthony*,
His life sustaining onely by the Fruit
Of one *Palmitoe Tree*, whose *Rind* did suit
And cloath his Limmes, as did the Fruit him feed.
His Patterne then good Saint *Macarius* trac'd,
Whose Presence since the *Nicen Councell* grac'd,
O happy Types! If *Superstition* since
For *Hypocrites* Some came not to convince;

As

The 3. Age.

As *Savoyes Hermite* through Confessions shrow'd,
Since Cuckolded the Best of all the Crowd.

ABout the end of this *Third Century*,
When *Diocletians* Rage and Butchery
Did persecute the *Saints*, God raised up
Lactantius to confirme them not to droup,
For now their Time of *Liberty* drew neere,
Which by *Gods Grace* did after soone appeare:
For saving *Philip*, whom Pope *Fabian* blest,
All *Cæsars* hitherto *Christs Flocke* oppress.
The *Church* as yet fixt on no *Constant Formes*
Of *Government*. So grievous were the *Stormes*
Of *Persecution* rais'd by Tyrants Rage,
The *First three Ages* of her Pilgrimage,
That she could not *Correct*, but now and then,
Judge, nor with Tythes reward Industrious men.
As *Lollards* were by our *Lancastrians* curb'd,
And *Huguenots* in *France* by *Kings* disturb'd,

So

The 3. Age.

So her aw'd *Starres* durſt ſcarce a Synod call
By ſtealth, much leſſe a *Councell Generall*,
Where her Chiefe *Watchmen* of the *Chriſtian Run*,
Might Congregate in one convenient Place.
Popes ſtood not then on high Prerogatives,
Glad oft to flye, to lurke, and ſave their lives:
But *Chriſtians* now began to be more bold,
The Time in the *Apocalipſe* foretold,
The two and Forty Monthes being full expir'd
(Monthes counted for Yeares Sabbaths) they aſpir'd
By the *Imperiall Leave* to ſettle things
In Order without Gall, or Envious ſtings,
As ſhall appeare after *Licinius* Death.
Meane while Ile reſt, ſo to reſume more breath.

THE

The 4 Age.

THE OCCVRRANCES OF THE FOURTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 300. untill the Yeare 400. being the Second Yeare of the Raigne of *Arcadius* and *Honorius* the Sonnes of *Theodosius* the *Roman* Emperour.

The Argument.

The Glorious Church, which Constantine hath up,
At his Decease, by Arrians *vext doth droupe.*
For Schooles Restraint of Julian *she complaines,*
Which Rise againe through Theodosius Paines.

THough I be slow the Strumpet to unmaske,
Yet I contend to blaze the New-made Tacke,
And to performe enough to satisfie
My Noble Friends, where the True Church did lye!

Since

The 4. Age.

Since *Christ* his Time untill our present Age,
Maugre *Hells* spight during her Pilgrimage:
Because she did on no Foundation stand
But *Christ*, none shall her Name with Errour brand;
Because she built upon the *Living Rocke*,
Which *Peter* voucht, she shunn'd the Fatall shocke
Of the fierce *Dragons Floud*, in Darknesse shin'd,
Though to a *Desert* rude she seem'd confin'd.
Because she squar'd her *Doctrine* and her *Rites*
According to *Gods Word*, her *Opposites*
Can never blacke her *Fame* and *Memory*;
Nor need she feare Proud *Babels Mystery*,
That *Errours spirit* can obliterate
The *Gospels Text*, which she enjoyes of late.

I Will make good, that though some Curse & Barrier,
Yet by *Gods Eyes*, or his Saint *Michaels Banner*;
She spreads *Christs Name*, in *Saints* and *Martyrs* blest,
In Dangers oft, and seldome times at Rest;

Out

One while in Tents, in Warres against her Foes:
Another time beleaguer'd, feeling woes,
When seeking *Christ* in time of *superstition*,
The *Watchmen* smote her in the *Inquisition*,
As *Salomon* sung in his *Canticles*;
As *Christ* himselfe by *Scribes Conventicles*,
And *Roman Doome* in person felt what Grace
His *Limmes* with Men finde in their *Holy Race*.
By Martyrs Bloud and spoiles of the *Old Man*,
Our *New man* first his Sacrifice began,
Continues still his *Feast*, though some conspire
To marre the same, and Our *Good Church* to fire.

AND yet for all Mens Hate, our *Mother* lives,
Yea, from her *Flames* the *New Man* buds and thrives,
Not much unlike the *Phœnix*, whom they say,
That being burnt her Like revives alway,
Though alway not so Vigourous or Faire,
By reason of the Climate, Food, or Aire,

The 4. Age.

Too high Conceit of her ſplendidious Worth,
Or of the *Keyes* to ſhut the ſtubborne forth;
Or other *Accidentall Lets* ſhe ſeeme
But vile, or lacking *Tythes*, in poore eſteeme,
Nipt with hard *Winters Froſt*, or ſcorcht with Heat,
Courſe Dyet, or with changing Soile or Seate.
Yet at the laſt the *Bridegroome* in extreames
Shewes her the way to his *ſpirituall* Streames,
To pray with Zeale, more cautiouſly to watch,
Leaſt Fiend-like Pride her or her Brood attache,
To feed his Flocke, though they ungratefull be,
Combining to keepe backe his *Tythes*, her *Fee*.
For whether Poore or Sicke by dankiſh Aire,
She ſleepes not, till ſhe doth to *Chriſt* repaire
With contrite thoughts, and *Luſts* Mortification,
With the *New-mans* and Soules Reſuſſitation,
Of whom ſhe begs, and humbly ſues for *Grace*,
Which on her *Teares* ſhe gaines, then ſees his Face,
The ſplendour of his *Spirit* working wonders;
With mildeſt Gales reſtraining *Sinaies Thunders*;

And

The 7th Age.

And thereupon is throned on a *Hill*,
With large Command, according to his *Will*,
To Bind or Loose her Childrens Sinnes to keepe,
To watch, and Feed, but not to Flay his Sheepe,
Like her with *Triple Crowne on seven Hills*,
Who with false *Fires* now *sits as God*, and fills
Mens Consciences with Smoaky Pardons, Wares
Of the *Beast's Marke*, with Lies and Bugbeare Cares.

ABout three hundred Yeares the *Gospell Light*,
Had through our *Saviours Bloud* acquired Might
And rooting, when restrain'd it faster spred,
Enlightning Soules whom Forged Tales misled.
When he had foil'd *Maxentius*, *Maximine*,
And to a Nooke *Licinius* did confine,
The *Christian Church* was rear'd by *Constantine*,
Most Glorious over Hill, with *Rites Divine*,

The 4. Age.

And decent States, as well from Foes Contempt,
As from home-scandalls to become exempt.
Soone as that *Signe* had meteour'd in the Aire,
Which Conquerour him styl'd, he did repaire
The Ruines of the *Church*, recalled home
Those whom late Tyrants had proscrib'd from Rome.

SUch Grace *she* found: But soone her *Sonnes* forgot
To thanke our *God* the Author of their *Lot*,
Who had inspir'd th'*Imperiall Majesty*
With Zeale to serve *One God in Trinity*,
And at the *Nicene Counsell* to restore
By *Publick Acts* what prostrate lay before,
To build up *Temples* with large Liberties,
There, to serve *God* with Vowes and Sacrifice,
To chuse *Grave Mitred Sires* to oversee
Least *Christ his Flocke* by *Wolves* should scared be,
And by Decree to quasball *Idolls* downe
At *Synod* held in *Eliberis Towne*.

This

This Course he tooke by his Good *Mothers* Lere,
Whose *Birth* much Fame to *Brittaine* did restore;
And *Helens* Name deserves to be engilt,
For finding *Christ* his *Crosse*, for *Temples* built.

Five Bishopricks he rais'd to mighty Height,
Whereof each One possest a Severall Right;
And None of these in one anothers Charge
To meddle, but their owne Taske to discharge,
O're-seeing their Proper Flockes. The Chiefest Roome
He gave the *Popes of New and Ancient Rome*:
The *Third* he granted to *Jerusalem*:
Then *Antioch* fell and *Alexandrias* stem.
This stinted Course they long observ'd, and None
Swarv'd from the *Stem at Nice agreed upon*,
But Brethren-like liv'd in true Amity,
Not striving for more *States Priority*;
Then *Constantine* out of his bounteous *Grace*
Allotted them in their distinguish'd Place.

The 4 Age.

The *First*, that ſithence kickt, was *He of Rome*,
Who at *Byzantiums Councell* would become
The Chiefeſt Prieſt as of Old Rome the Pope,
Sometime the *Empires Head* of ſpatious ſcope;
The which *the Pope of New-built Rome* gaine-ſayd,
And there to hold the *Prime Place* he aſſayd;
At which *Vigilius* did ſo powte and frowne,
He would not meet with them, though then in Town
Thus they, who ſhould a *Lowly Minde* poſſeſſe,
Began to climbe to *Lordly Loftineſſe*,
Perverting to wrong Sence *the Living Rocke*,
Gods Word, the Keyes, and Feeding of Chriſts Flocke
That they might raigne here in this World a while,
For a few yeares puffe with a *Princely Stile*:
When they know in their Conſciences they Erre,
That after Death they fall, like *Lucifer*,
But they for *Faith* lean'd unto *Humane* worth,
And ſcatt'red Doubts againſt *Gods Spirit* forth;
They mutined againſt the *Holy Ghoſt*,
Apoſtate Arians raung'd through every Coaſt.

They

The 4. Age.

They ſoone forgot the *Myſticke Croſſes* ſence,
The *New-mans Vewes*, and the *Words* Excellence.
Their *Plenty* puffe them up, and the *Signes* Light
Bedazzeled them, like *Gazing Birds of Night*.
For the *True Subſtance*, *Shadowes* they ador'd,
For the *Creator*, Creatures they implor'd.
The *late Baptiz'd* emur'd to *Pagan Rites*,
To *Saturnalian Feaſts*, and *Idoll* ſights,
Could not away with that *Religions* Forme,
Which typing *Chriſts* their Lives ought to reforme.
Their *Flamines* grudg'd, that the *New-clergy* held
The Conqueſt over Soules, themſelves expell'd.
The *Lay-men* wav'd betwixt the *Old* and *New*,
Like *Æthiops* loath to change their priſtine Hew.
To puniſh theſe, when *Conſtantine* was urg'd,
Not ſo, ſaid he, Mad men ſhould rather purg'd
By *Phyſicke* be. We muſt, though *Curres* do bark,
With Gentle Gales to Port bring *Chriſt* his *Ark*.
This *Prince*, when he *Paphnutius* ſaw at Nict,
His *Hollowes* kiſt, whom Foes depriv'd of Eyes.

The 4. Age.

The *Roman Empire* was most fortunate
Under his Sway. He rais'd *Rome's* falling state
To such a Height, that never Kingdome since
His Paralell enjoy'd, nor any *Prince*
Succeeded like to him in *Pieties*
True *Practice*, farre exempt from *Avarice*
And *Crying sinnes*. His *Palace* with the Poore
Then with *Prætorian Bands* abounded more.
He was not serv'd in Gold or Silver Plate,
Though he might set on all the World a rate,
But Earthen Vessels or of Wood he chose,
He curbd himselfe, because he would not lose
His wavering Subjects hearts. And what he spar'd
Above the Pensions of his *Souldiers*, *Guard*,
The Publike Troup, and his owne Private Charge,
He yeerely did conferre the same at large
To Pious use, and *Temples* up to build,
But more *Christs Living Temple* to rebuild.
Blest was the *Church* while his good *Monarch* raign'd
Having Peace, Freedome, Wealth, and Honour gain'd.

But

The 4. Age.

But after his decease by *Arrians* vext,
She like a *Widow* stood long time perplext,
But not with Open Force, for *Satan* then
Was for a Thousand Yeares from *Murthering Men*,
For the *Faiths* sake begun to be restrain'd,
Yet so, that *Saints* for Tryall might be Pain'd.

SInce I my Taske for *Constantine* have spun,
I must not leave *Constantias* Web unspun.
This zealous *Princesse*, whether *Fancies Flame*,
Or to become Corrivall of her Fame;
Who late had found the *Crosse* in *Calvary*,
Or *Satans Plot* into her *Creed* to pry,
Whether these *Tempting Baites* wrought on her Will,
To shake her *Faith*, and her Best Part to spill:
She sought the *Picture* of our *Saviour Christ*,
As if her *Creed* did on the same consist.
To bring to passe her Project frivolous,
She wrote unto *Eusebius Pamphilus*,

Requi-

The 4. Age.

Requiring him to ſend it her to *Greece*,
To make her happy in that *Graven Peece*.
The *Holy Father* with diſdainefull Eye
Perus'd her Lines; he feard *Idolatry*,
Leſt the Connivence at ſuch Paſſages,
Might blurre the *New-mans* Ghoſtly *Images*.
He therefore anſwer'd her with *Piety*,
In Zealous *Lines*, not without *Majeſty*:
Your *Grace* deſires, *Chriſts Portraiture* to have,
But which of his *Two Perſons* would you crave?
Which doe you meane (quoth he) His *Shape Divine*,
That beares the likeneſſe of the *Firſt* in *Trine*?
Or elſe the *Image* of a *Servants Forme*,
To which for us he did himſelfe transforme?
If you aſpire his *God-heads* Shape to ſee,
Take heed you touch not on *Old Adams Tree*;
None knowes the Father but the Sonne alone,
And none but by the *Father* knowes the *Sonne*.
But if that *Perſons Picture* you demand,
Borne of our Fleſh, you muſt then underſtand,

That

The 4. Age.

That now by Art and Oily Colours di'd,
Can limne *His Bodies Frame now Glorifi'd*;
For since that his *Disciples* could not see
His *shining Face* at *Tabor*, how shall wee
View his bright *Face* and *Persons Lineaments*,
Which till Doomes-day he hath removed hence?
On this Monition the Good *Empresse* staid,
And of such Carnall Types became afraid.

WHile Luke-warme Thoughts contended much with Zeale,
False *Arrius* crept into *Christs* common-weale,
Where *Six* score yeers his sect Good Men so griev'd,
That in those dayes the Most part mis-believ'd.
Two Councels then the *Arrian* side preferr'd,
The *Nicene* fenc'd, the *Arrinian* err'd.
Yea, *Bishops* both of *New* and *Ancient Rome*,
Subscribed, and to *Heretiks* gave roome.
Against them all did *Athanasius* warre,
And therefore may be stil'd *The Ages Starre*.

By

The 4. Age.

By his true Zeale and Pen the *Arrians* quail'd,
And *Truth* at last with *Victory* prevail'd.
During *Soules* Time of Blindnesse, *Satans Warre*
Began againe both neere at hand and farre,
Against false Hearts, not by Blouds violence,
But by sly Arts to try *Saints* Innocence.
To dim the *Churches* Splendour, he sent out
His slyest *Fiends* to compasse them about.
Mad *Iulian* he stirr'd up, till he perforce
Did yeeld unto the *Galileans* Force:
Where *Magick Spells*, nor his *Deare Porphiry*,
Could stop *Gods Doome* due for his Trechery,
Which unto *Christians* interdicting Schooles,
Made Wits more hot, his *Counsellors* but Fooles.
As bad prov'd *Valens*, since to *Arrians* sold;
But *Gothes* by Fire purg'd his Presumption bold.

WHat *Iulian* spoild, did *Valentinian* raise,
And *Gratian* grace. But *Theodosius* Praise

Deserves

Deserves much more. He by *Pope Damasus*,
And *Millains Priest* did *Arrian Fumaire* crush.
Blest be his Name, who barr'd for his *Amisse*
From *Church* restrain'd, till he gain'd *Ambrose* blisse,
And though a *King of Kings*, yet not withstood
Checks for rash Doome of *Thessalonians* Blood.
O *Godly Prince!* who when he might command
A *Pardon*, yet most humbly demand.
Of him One sung: Each thing with him prevailes:
So Winds Conjurd descended to his Sailes.
For him the *Heavens* fought, the Waves went backe,
And *Natures* course for all his Foes ran slacke.
This *Claudian* blazd with *Panegyrick* straine,
And *Ambrose* of his Death did much complaine:
I lov'd this Prince, quoth he, *because he car'd*,
More for the Church then his owne Weale regard.

MUch owes the *Church* unto his Memory,
For after he had chas'd *Idolatry*,

And

The 4. Age.

And calm'd the *Arrians* Rage to *Catholicks*
Content, he ſetled *Chriſtian Biſhoprick*,
And leaſt the *Church* for want of Meanes ſhould fade
Confirm'd the *Act* which Good *Iovinian* made
For *Tythes* to *Paſtours*, which hath ever ſince
Reviv'd the Fame of this *Religious Prince*.
What Good this *Act* hath done in *Ages* paſt,
Till *Mungrell Monkes* the *Churches* Hire defac'd
Encroaching on the *Clergy Secular*
For their Support of Sloth and Private Care,
Let Godly *States* obſerve, and waigh what Loſſe
Enſues of *Soules* by ſuch as doe ingroſſe
Impropriate Tythes, while many Thouſands 'pine
For want of Meanes to ſpread the *Seed Divine*.

THE

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE FIFTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 400. untill the yeere 500. At which Time *Anastasius* Raigned Emperour of *Rome*.

The Argument.

Priests Marriages Confirm'd. Foule *Heresies* Burst out. False *Christians* plagu'd by *Enemies*. What wondrous *Wits* that *Age* brought forth *Divine*. Now bloom'd the *Irish Church* and *Abissine*.

THat Parcell of false *Babels Mystery*,
Broacht at the End of the *last Century*
Inhibiting *Priests Marriage*, in the *Rise*
Of this *New Age* returnes to *Hell*, and dyes.

For

5. Age.

For while the *Arrians* Heat began to ſlake,
Siricius made *Romes Clergies* hearts to ake,
When he would them in the laſt *Age* conſtraine,
To live without their *Wives* in *Tantales* Paine,
Without their *Plighted Mates*, whom *Chriſt* had joy'nd
As Type of his *Church-Myſtery*, injoyn'd
From *Strangers ſheets*, as well with *Holy Seed*
To ſtore his *Church*, as to partake ſome Meed
For Solace of their *Lives* anxiety,
While they ſoil'd not Chaſt Society,

Like *Heathen* Men, with *Wives* Pluralities,
Or haunted *Whores* in ſurreptitious wiſe.
But quickly was this Cloud diſperſt and gone,
As not by *Mortalls* to be undergone,
When Wiſer Men condemned his *Decree*,
And prov'd the *Marriage State* for all men free,
Aſwell by Leſſons out of *Sacred Story*,
As *Nicens* Warrant to *Paphnutius* Glory,
Who though himſelfe had never married been,
Yet he to barre *Prieſts Marriage* deem'd it Sinne,

And

And ſo the *Counſell* held at *Gangren* paſt,
The like *Decree* for evermore to laſt,
That *Married Prieſts* might ſafely Miniſter,
And who enacted otherwiſe did erre,
With thundring Doome accurſing every Wight,
That dares maintaine that *Tenets* Oppoſite.
Saint *Nazianzen* ſung that he *was borne*,
The third Yeare ſince his *Sire* a *Prieſt* was ſworne.

THough this and other *Fire-drakes* choake in ſmuſſe,
Yet did not Other Clouds leave off to puffe
And poiſon *Soules*. Each One muſt have his Guard
Of *Angels* two both Good and Bad, to ward
Or tempt his *Soule*, that the *Sect Manichee*
Might conjure them, but not without a Fee.
To ayde them with *Free-Will* and *Merits Charmes*,
Pelagius offers now to lend them Armes.
For theſe two *Sects* together with the Miſts
Breath'd forth by *Arrians* and the *Donatiſts*,

The 5. Age.

The World then suff'red condigne Punishments,
In Lives and Fortunes with distract.d Rents.

THat *Ages Church* was so with *Heresies*
Beset, and from the *Truth* seduc'd with *Lies*,
That though she fled into a *Wilderness*,
To sojourne there safe from their Wickedness,
And damned Plots, yet did the *Dragon* spew
A Flood of Filth in hope to drowne her new.
But missing her he persecutes her Seed,
And seekes by Open Force to slay her *Breed*.
Which though he fail'd because of his restraint,
Yet he prevai'ld her Luke-warme *Race* to taint.
For this great *Warre* he rais'd up Bloudy Foes,
Gothes, *Vandalls*, *Hunnes*, all prest at his dispose,
By *Rhadegase*, *Alaricke*, *Totilas*,
By Him, whom *Ætius* foil'd, proud *Attilas*,
Who had proclaim'd himselfe the Scourge of God,
To chastise Mortalls with an *Iron Rod*;

Besides

The 5. Age.

Beſides the *Vandall Arrian Genſericke,*
Who ſackt at *Auſtines Death* his *Biſhopricke.*
By theſe whom Rome had ſometimes kept in Thrall,
God ſuffred Fiends for Sinne to worke *Romes* Fall,
To let lewd *Worldlings* know, that when they faile
In *Zeale* and *Love*, then *Satan* will prevaile.
Before theſe Stormes, when as the *Church* was like
To periſh quite, *God grac'd her Catholike*
Againe by Meanes of *Athanaſius Creed*,
By *Ambroſe, Jerome*, and good *Auſtines* Deed.

BEſides thoſe Foure, how many radiant *Lamps*
Did the *Good Spirit* raiſe againſt the Damps
Of Helliſh Fiends in that fam'd *Century*?
From *Gratians* Time, till *Zenoes Empery*?
No *Age* before nor ſince hath ever ſeene
Such *Lights* to Crowne *Theology* a Queene.
No *Age* more *wiſe*, more *Learned Wits* brought forth,
Since the *Apoſtles* Time of better *Worth*

The 5. Age.

Then those fore-nam'd, then famous *Hillary*,
Theodoret, *Eusebius*, *Gregory*,
And *Basil* his deare Mate, then *Chrysostome*
Rare *Homilies*, whose fluent *Golden Tomes*
Ravish the dullest sence, Or who can share
With *Epiphanius*? Or for skill compare
With both the *Cyrills*, or with *Emissene*?
And Others, who renown'd that *Ages Scene*?
Extirping *Arrians*, and the *Manichees*?
Daunting *Donatus*, and his Complices?
And striving to keepe downe *Pelagians* Pride?
Or for a time to stint their swelling Tide,
Which but for them had sooner made the way
For sale of Soules, and *Antichristian* Sway?
These shone as *Starres* within the *Firmament*,
And did then *Satan* in that *Age* prevent
From his deep Reach. And we might doe as much,
If next *Gods Word* upon their Stone we touch
Discreetly without Passion, or Selfe-love,
Since Men are prone the worst things to approve.

Tempted by Fiends, which wheele about the Braine,
To misconceive the Right for Worldly Gaine.
Such bred in Errour from their Infancie,
Will hardly see the *Truths* resplendencie.

BUt soone relaps'd that *Ages Proselytes*,
They whoor'd againe as did the *Israelites*.
On which Relapse He that for *Abrams* Seed
Could raise up *Stones*, a Stony-hearted breed,
Stirr'd from the *North* his Blessings to partake,
Which *Christians* soil'd. These did in time forsake
Their *Pagan Gods*, and the *True Faith* embrac'd
In milder Climes, which *Hypocrites* disgrac'd.
At last they fell likewise through pamp'ring Ease,
And with grosse Sinnes their *Saviour* did displease.

SO stood where *Cæsars* raign'd the *Churches* state:
But now I must looke backe where *Belul* sate,

The 5 Age.

The *Southerne Queenes Succeſſour, Sabaes Heire,*
Who was Baptiz'd in the Fourth Hundred Yeare.

LOng had the *Church* of th'*Equinoctiall Line*,
Candaces Clime, ſince ſtil'd the *Abiſſine*,
Been toſt on *Nilus* Lakes by Mungrell Windes,
Compos'd of *Iewiſh Rites* and *Heath'niſh Mindes*.
But now thoſe Stormes allay'd, attonements made,
That *Chriſtians* might through *Circumciſion* wade,
And each partake of Others Lawes and Love,
Both leagu'd, both vow'd *Baptized* to approve
The *Chriſtian Eunuches Faith* by *Philip* taught,
And long before to *Ethiopia* brought,
Above Three Hundred Yeares the *Goſpels Spring*
Had cheer'd their parched *Zone*, and every thing
Began to grow with various faire Encreaſe
Of Ghoſtly Gifts and Homilies of Peace
By their *Abunaes* Care, and *Clergies* Toyle,
Onely the Great Ones ſtill did them embroyle

With

The 5. Age.

With *Carnall Snares* to croſſe their good Attempts.
Like as the *Romaine Cæſars Saints* intents
By Tyranny had interrupted long,
Till *Conſtantine* redreſt the *Churches* wrong.
So likewiſe *Saints* among the *Abiſſines*
Were trod vpon, or by ſore Mulcts and Fines,
Oppreſt, that ſome kept cloſe, ſome fled away,
Some as it were in hugger mugger lay:
Others for feare recanted from the Light,
Diſſembling what they knew to be the Right,
As many here gloz'd in Queene *Maries* dayes,
And ſome in *France* with our Reformed wayes;
Vntill their Foes were calm'd, and *Liberty*
Of Conſcience ſign'd to the *New Chriſtian Fry*;
About which time *Hells* Rage became allay'd,
Which for Three Hundred Yeares the *Saints* oreſwayd.

BVt now on the Approach of this *Fifth Age*,
By his *Graue Counſaile* and *Abunaes* ſage.

The 5. Age.

The Emperour of Ethiopiaes Land
The Gospel more began to understand,
And rais'd the Christian Faith with Publike vowes,
Yet mixt with Iewish Rites and Levites showes,
And though their Formes appeare extravagant,
In Substance yet their Faith is Protestant,
And little diff'ring from the Primitive
Which we professe, Like Ours their Clergy Wive;
They Minister the Cup unto the Lay;
They honour Saints with a Memoriall way,
But worship not Shrines, nor Imagery,
Least they might fall to flat Idolatry.
Sound Christians, were it not that they too much
On Moses Lawes the Observation touch:
Or else that they for their Dispense do plead,
That to eate Bacon, Hares-flesh, or the like,
Might make them Leprous, and their Bodies sicke,
Their Climates Sunne diseasing Bloud and Braine;
That what agrees with us procures them Paine.

Per-

The 5. Age.

Perhaps they ranke their *Circumcision* vse,
And shrowd it with *Indifferent* things excuse.

DEvout they are, when in the *Church* they meete,
They spit not there, nor come with durty feete.
Their *Lent* is long, which by their Foes obserу'd,
They oft surprize the̅ through their Feasts halfe starу'd.
Some Ancient Bookes among us lost they hold,
Which they esteeme as *Gemmes*, more deare then *Gold*,
The *Oracles* of *Enoch*, and the Booke
Of the *Apostles Canons* they d're-looke,
And the lost *Acts of one of Caledone*
Old Councells they retaine like Precious Stones.
The *Patriarch* still of *Alexandrians* Bay
Claymes from Saint *Marke* their Sacerdotall Sway.
These *Negroes* here for *Christians* I assigne,
To shew that *Christ* his *Church* doth elsewhere shine,
And that she might grow strong within the *South*,
When in our *West* she seem'd a *Dwarfe* in growth.

Our

The 5. Age.

Out of the *Christian Church* exil'd by *Romes*
Fierce *Cæsars* for the *Faith* some left their Homes,
And fled for shelter to *Remoter Climes*,
In hope to shun the malice of the Times;
To shun the ten great Persecutions Rage,
Many were forc't their Fortunes to ingage,
Some past the *Bosphors Straights*, som *Gibraltar*,
Others retir'd themselves where Sunne-burnt *Cares*,
Twice yearely touch on both the *Hemisperes*,
That they might live secur'd from worldly Feares.
The like, whilst that mad *Diocletian* rav'd,
Our *Brittaines* did, and Neighbours succour crav'd,
Who giving them Corporeall Nourishments,
Were by their *Guests* with *Souls-Food* recompenc'd.
A Saint-like Bounty, where both Parties Blest
Partake of *Love*, the Greatest with the Least.)
Among these *Nations*, now my *Muse* invites
The *Reader* to review some Neighbour Lights.

That

The 5. Age.

THat *Humid Weſterne Ile*, whoſe Soile reſiſts
twiſts, Ireland
Snakes, Toads, and Moules, whoſe Wood no Cob-web
Stor'd with true *Saints* a *Saint-like* Stile now gaines,
Trampling *Pelagians* downe by *Patricks* Paines.
For while they skream'd in *Brittain*, *France*, & *Rome*,
He Preacht *free Grace* to reeling *Chriſtendome*;
He Preacht ſweet *Peace*, dehorting men from Jarres,
From Crying Sinnes, from Murther, Spoiles & Warres;
Though ſome of late in *Printed Legends* tell,
That by his *Word* he Thouſands packt to *Hell*.
(A ſtrange Narration, that a *Saint* ſhould act
So oppoſite to *Chriſt* a Bloudy Fact.)
But after his Deceaſe, *Hybernia* loſt
Within few Yeares the Style which grac'd her moſt:
And then mad Broils her Members prickt like Goads,
Worſe than the Stings or Bane of Snakes and Toads.
Yea, *God* with Wolves plagu'd her Back-ſliding Fry,
Becauſe they like *Samarians* went awry:
In mingling with *Gods Worſhip*, *Idoll ſights*,
Traditions Flawes, and *Superſtitious Rites*.

THE

The 6. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SIXTH AGE,

Chiefly what hapned in the Ile of *Brittaine* after the Arrivall of the *Saxons* from the Yeare of our Lord 500. untill the Yeare 600. being the Sixteenth Yeare of the Raign of *Maurice* the *Romaine Emperour*.

The Argument.

The Christian Church, *which* Greeks *&* Latins rear'd,
In Brittaine *lyes with* Pagan Rites *besmear'd*,
Trod on by Saxons Troupes, *and* Wodens Brood,
But worse by her Owne Natives *sheading Blood.*

FIve Hundred Yeares from Christ not fully told,
When Arrians slept, when stept Pelagians bold
With more sly Tricks of Humane Worth to boast
Then that Dull Sect, which wronged the Holy Ghost.

Where-

The 6. Age.

Wherefore New Broiles infested *Christendome*,
To chastise men for *Schisme*, as to make Roome
For *Antichrist* the Head of *Heretickes*,
Which Mystick wise from *Mungrell Catholickes*
Deriv'd his Birth, and will a *Tyrant* grow.
Because Men loved Lies, such Plagues did flow.
Great Plagues indeed; which since defil'd the *East*
With *Carnall Baites* by an *Arabian* drest;
And with Soule-tainting Charmes by *Popes* profest,
Cookt by *Pelagians* first within the *West*,
Confounding *Faith* by Whimseyes of the Braine

With Flesh and Blouds Desires, and Merits staine,
So that Our *Ile* her *Former Glory* lost;
There was no Roome left for the *Holy Ghost*.
Pelagius had her *Motions* so engrost,
And then her *North* to *Humbler* all was lost
By *Scots* and *Picts* usurpt with direfull woes:
Because she *Grace* blasphem'd, God sent her Foes,
Which like a Deluge broke through *Adrians Wall*,
Till Strangers came with Armes to end the Brawle.

Yet

The 6. Age.

Yet ended not her *stinke* of *Ghostly sinne*,
Nor *Carnall Snares*, where she involv'd had beene.

THe *Sunne* had run One Hundrid Yeares at full,
Ere *Heathnish* hands could all her Feathers pull,
Or part asander her Old *Seameleſſe Weare*,
Which *Christ* his *Font* had dipt with *Reverend Feare*,
In *Dies* sent her from *Eleuthere* in graine,
And by *Great Helens Sonne* Confirm'd againe;
Plaine without staine, I meane, and free from Pride,
Or that foule *Schisme*, which did her since beride
By her *Abortive Brood*, *Pelagian Crew*,
The Sect that made Millions of Soules to rue.
Plaine Robes she wore without Embroidery,
Or Worldlings Garbe, when Antient *Hillary*
Greeted his Brethren here in *Brittany*,
Those whom *Faith* linkt to *Saints* sweet Company.
So well had *Damian* and *Fugatius* bore,
Christs Ensigne here two hundred yeares before,

That

The 6. Age.

That at the *Councell Grave Theodoret*
Rejoyc'd to see our *Brittish Elders* met.

WIth Purest Flowres *Our Brittain Church did bloom*,
Till in *Honorius Raigne*, *Gothes* ransackt *Rome*.
She flouriſh'd under *Romaine Legions* long,
But thole being gone, ſhe *faded* and went wrong;
And then *Fiends* watcht the Time while *Hereſie*
Poſſeſt weake *Albions* Braine with *Lunacie*.
They ſaw how ſhe colleted her Child
Pelagius, how ſhe was by him beguil'd,
They loath to loſe advantage, nurſt the Hate
Betwixt her and her Aydes. Although of late
The Remnant which the *Romaine Cæſars* left
Of Souldiers here to guard this *Ile* from Theft,
Were with the ableſt *Brittiſh Tourb* to *France*,
Tranſported there to lead a Warre-like Dance
Againſt *Romes* Foes, where by Warres-caſualties
Few liv'd to ſee their Home-Calamities:

Yet

The 6. Age.

Yet *Brittaines* rather here for *Empire* fought
Then to gaine Soules for their *Redeemer* sought,
Or rather *Romaine Fry* in *Brittaine* borne,
Their *Factions* made *Our Brittish Church* a scorne:
Their *Church*, which late with *Twenty eight* did towre
Since counted *sev'n*, and ebb'd to *Bishops foure*.
Their *Temples* and *Romes Legionary Townes*,
Were quarter'd out for *Teutons Garrisons*;
Before the *Sunne* had *Forty yeeres* his Race
Run through, since *Hengist* rais'd *Old Wodens Mace*,
Those *Germains* then did them, like *Wolves*, devoure,
Since Home and Forraigne *Saints* did faile to scoure
Their Vessels cleane from Filth, since both did faile
Saint German and *Saint Lupus* to prevaile.

After these *Starres* declin'd to Natures Course,
For Thirty Yeares the *Church* oft fared worse,
Some times aloft she mounted; other times
She stood amaz'd at Change of Worldly Climes;

The 6. Age.

Peace ſetled her in a Calme Aire againe,
When *Dubrice* did *Pelagian Blaſts* reſtraine,
About the time of *Great Juſtinians Raigne*,
And then a while Our *Church* rene w'd againe,
When after home bred Jarres and Civill ſtrife,
Our *Petty Kings* choſe *Valiant Arthur* Chiefe
Over their Troupes in *Brittaines* Weſterne Lands
Againſt fierce *Wodens Race*, and *Saxon* Bands,
But ſoone relaps'd the *Brittaines*, proud of ſpoiles,
Not caring for *Devotion*, all for Broiles.
They one another ſtrove more to ſupplant
For Elbow-roome, then *Chriſtian Faith* to plant.

SUch impious Blurres obſerv'd by *Helliſh Fiends*,
They ſow'd Debate betwixt them and their Friends,
Made them ſo ſlight their *Patriarchs* grave adviſe,
That in diſpaire he from *Carleon* flies;
Whence cauſe he brookt not the *Silures* Crimes,
Demetia beg'd his *Crozier*, *Harpe* and *Chimes*.

But

The 6. Age.

But why didſt thou, *Saint David*, fly from *Vſk*,
To ſmell of *Herrings*, when thou mightſt have *Muſk*
And *Frankincenſe* to offer unto *God*,
Neerer then where thou fixeſt thy Abode?
Amidſt the *Craggy Hills* and *Foaming Floud*,
So farre remote to doe the *Saxons* good?
Why mightſt not thou beat downe *Idolatries*,
As thou didſt daunt *Pelagian Myſteries*?
Which by *Free-will* had ſtrove *Gods Grace* to rend,
And on Mans owne Poore *Merits* to depend?
Feare caus'd thy Flight, or elſe thy *Clergies* Hate
Brookt not the *Glory* of a *Riſing State*;
Or *Diſcontent* to finde the want of *Love*,
Among thy Flocke procured thy Remove.
Meane while behold thy *Country-men* at ods,
Struggling for brittle Sway, like *Demy-Gods*.

AT the Deceaſe of that brave *Martiall Prince*,
Whoſe *Tombe* was found in *Glaſtenbury* ſince,

The 6. Age.

All went to wracke, like *Alexanders* State,
They parted that which he had gain'd of late,
And by their Strife with fell inteſtine Rage
The *Victours* loſt the *Saxons* Vaſſalage.
While they obey'd *One Soveraigne Generall*,
Nor *Scots* nor *Picts* could work their finall Fall.
Their Foe-men paid them *Tribute*, and the *Eaſt*
Of *Wodens Brood* cring'd to the *Brittaines Weſt*.
But *Suſſex* now out-braves proud *Conſtantine*,
While *Vortipore South Cambria* makes to whine.
Looke how the *Nymphes* of *Dee* and *Severne* grone
To beare the yoak of *Conan* and *Malgon*;
How *Mone* and *Man* with the *Lancaſtrian Laſſe*
Cry out: *Alaſſe*, that they ſerve *Cunoglaſſe*,
Who, though the *Greateſt of the Brittaine Kings*,
Shames *Chriſtians* more then *Humbers Pagan* ſtings.

THeſe leagu'd with *Arthur* late for *States* Defence
Againſt their Foes, now for Preheminence

Contend,

The 6. Age.

Contend, and kill their Kinne, like Sheep or Beeves,
And, which to blaze as yet my Nation grieves,
More prone to smother Truth with glozing Cardes
Then heare their Twnysogs Fall by honest Bardh's:
Two harmelesse Youths of Arthurs Princely Ligne
Were slaine in Wintons Church by Constantine,
That Cornish Wolfe, who had usurpt their Right,
He slew them there in their owne Mothers sight,
Without regard unto that Sacred Place,
To Christ his Altar, or their Noble Race.
And as their Kings, so did their Iudges rave,
Sheading Inferiours Bloud, whom Christ forgave.
They sit on Theeves, themselves the greatest Theeves,
Deflowre the Daughter, whilst the Father grieves.
Their Plighted Mates they murther or divorce,
And spare not Altars to profane with Force.

THe Bruit of these Misdeeds inhumane strikes
Such Odiousnesse, such Horrour, and Dislikes,

The 6 Age,

That their *owne Bloud*, whom Britiſh Seas divide,
Gaules Britonants, diſdaine with them to ſide;
And their *Old Friends* of *Patricks Iland* ſcorne
To ayde a wicked State through Diſcord torne;
Nay worſe, inſtead of aide *Gurmundus* came
From thence for Spoiles, and ſoone them overcame,
The *Brittaines* thus forlorne, *Northumbria* gaines,
Mercia ſtarts up, and the *Weſt-Saxon* Raignes,
Which *Laſt* will laſt, and ſhall chalk out the way
In times to come for a *Monarchique Sway*.

NO wonder that rude Strangers gained roome,
And baniſhd them from their beſt *Native* Home,
Sith neither *Dubrice*, *David*, nor ſuch Starres
Could them reforme, *God* ſent them bloudy Jarres;
Not all at once, but by Degrees he ſent
His whips of Wrath whereby ſome might repent;
But all in vaine. No Threats could *Brittaines* tame,
They did thoſe Sinnes which *Painims* bluſh to name.

Hengiſt

Hengist at first did but *East-Britaine* claime;
And Thirty Lustres past ere *Anglet* Preasse
Durst *Severne* passe, and longer Yeares the Sea
Ere *Offa* could his *Marches Meeres* enclose:
During which Terme had *Brittaines* trodden Path
Of Penitence, they might have calm'd *Gods* Wrath;
Exchang'd with Foes the Chain of Thraldomes yoak,
And scap'd what since they felt, *Bellonaes* stroke.

SO sung a *Swan* of *Claudius Cæsars* Towne,
Whose *Birth* fell out that *Teare*, when *Brittaines* won
The Day with *Frobers* at the *Barbour hill*,
And did their *Trench* with *Saxon Coarses* fill.
He not a Rush did for lewd *Tyrants* passe,
But against *Five* stood like a Wall of Brasse.
He shew'd what heavy Plagues would them befall,
How they and none but they caus'd *Brittaines* Fall;
Their *Incests*, *Thefts*, and their loud Crying Sinnes,
Which to commit they car'd no more then Pinnes,

The 6. Age.

With Tragick *Buskin* and Prophetick ſtraine,
He fear'd not of their Treaſons to complaine,
Who though but weake againſt the Common Foe,
Divided Kings, at home yet raged ſo
With Bloudy ſpoyles, that through their Tyranny,
They loſt the moſt Part of *Weſt Brittany*,
For all, which they poſſeſt from *Winchester*
To *Cornewall*, *Pagans* got with *Gloceſter*.
Now *Suſſex*, and the *Mercian Kings* ariſe
On *Severnes ſhoare* to plant *Dutch Colonies*.
Such *Threnes* of thine, *Good Gildas*, proved true,
As *Chriſtians* felt ſo that which did enſue.

THeir *Champions* then to *Woods* & *Mountains* fled,
Where Savage bent, and with ſuch Rancour led
For the *long Knives* Complot, which like a Torch
From time to time did their gall'd Entrailes ſcorch,
Their *Clergy* at no hand would joyne to Preach
The Goſpel, nor the *Saxon Rout* to teach,

Unleſſe

The 6. Age.

Unleſſe they would to them againe reſtore
Their Country back, which they had ſnatch'd before:
Untill at length *Romes* bleſſed *Gregory*
Diſpatcht a *Monke* of Famous Memory
To *Englands Kent*, where ſoone he did convert
Prepar'd by his *Faire Queene King Ethelbert*,
Whence thouſands moe with all their *Kings* became
By *Auſtines* paines Baptiz'd, to *Brittaines* ſhame,
For which neglect of theirs, and Neighbours ſcorne,
Their State all rent, and through Diſſention torne,
Northumbers ſince did to *Weſt-Cheſter* ruſh,
Slay *Bangors Monkes*, and *Brocmaels* Forces cruſh,
So deadly, that thenceforth they ſeldome dar'd
To try the Fields Event with *Foes* prepar'd.
And this ſore Blow in Judgement them befell,
As *Gildas* firſt, and *Auſtine* did foretell.

THus ſtood the caſe with *Brittains* Commonwealth,
Becauſe they gave themſelves to Rapines, Stealth,

To

The 6. Age.

To Fraud, Revenge, and chiefly to contemne
Those, who they might have made good *Christian* men
Without the helpe of more *Competitours*,
Brought from proud *Rome* to build up *Babels Towre*,
For *Austine*, when he came, began to strive
With them for *Rule*, and *Romes Prerogative*,
Which compli'd not with *Saints of Christian sort*,
As an old *Hermite* guess'd by *Austines* Port,
Who *Pope-like* let disdain'd to rise and greet
Sev'n *Christian Bishops* with Love-congies meet.
Such harsh Salutes, or *Inhumanity*,
So farre remote from sage *Urbanity*,
What could they but distracted Rents produce?
Ending in *Schisme*, and Holy things abuse?
Our *Saviour Christ* was meek, all made of *Love*:
The *Devill* proud, and so his servants prove.
O what adoe they kept? what Coile? what sturres?
With *Synods* Pleas, with Quillets, and Demurres?
Like *Turkes* for Turbants, *Monkes* for Frizes Hew,
So *Christians* then did one another sue.

To:

The *Easters* Time procur'd this Factious Brawle,
The *Romish* Claim'd from *Peter* and from *Paul*,
The *Brittish* by Prescription from Saint *Iohn*,
And their *Feasts Date* the *Greek Church* grounded on.
But nothing could appease the Adverse side,
Till Force at last the Quarrell did decide,
Untill Saint *Colman* and the *Scottish Clerkes*
For Unions sake were faine to yeeld to Quirkes,

POpe *Felix* now sign'd the *Last Unctions use*,
Which did in time a *Sacrament* produce,
That by more *Fees Priests* might enrich themselves
For sacring *Oiled Feet* from *aiery Elves*.
One thing of Note must not forgotten be,
How in the Yeare Five Hundred Fifty Three.
Then at a *Councell* in *Byzantium* held
The *Romaine Pope Vigilius* was refell'd
For *Heresie*, *Iudg'd Excommunicate*,
And doom'd to be deprived of his State.

For

The 6. Age.

For which and murthers prov'd the *Emperour*,
With ſlender diet ſtarv'd him in a Tower,
A juſt reward for claiming all that Scope
Of Liberties due to the *Weſterne Pope*,
Which *Nicens Councell* under *Conſtantine*,
Did long before betwixt *Five Popes* aſſigne,
Betwixt them of *both Romes*, of *Salems* Flocke,
Of *Antioch*, and of *Alexandriaes* ſtocke.
So that our *Popes* in the *Weſt Franchiſe* watcht
The Soules, which *Peters Net* for *Chriſt* then catcht,
Not with *Helle Huſkes*, *Traditions*, *Dreames*, and *Lies*,
But them to feed with *Scriptures Homilies*.
So wily was the *Serpent* to begin
With our *Prime men* and *Starres*, to plunge them in
The Gulfe of Worldly Pride and Avarice,
That by their meanes they Others might entice,
For when the *Head* feeles Peſtilentiall Flame,
How ſoone puts it the *Members* out of frame?
If, like Saint *Peter*, He that claimes his Place,
Had liv'd, *Romes Church* had ſtood in better Caſe.

The 6. Age.

But how should then the Prophesies of *Paul*,
And of Saint *Iohn* beene verifi'd at all?
In vaine the *Man of sinne*, *Perditions Sonne*,
Long time by *Cæsars* Pompe barr'd in that *Throne*
To sit as God, and *in Gods Temple too*,
The use of Meates and Marriage to undoe;
To wrong the *Church* by Carnall Sacrifice,
Of Soules and Bodies making Marchandise;
In vaine *Great Babels Whore the Scripture* hath
Describ'd, if *Rome had kept her Former Faith*:
By thrall'd *Vigilius* mark, that *Popes* were then,
Ev'n for Six Hundred Yeares to Mighty Men,
Earths Lords, enthrall'd aswell for Life as State;
Yea, *Christ* our Head to *Cæsar* paid a Rate
Both for himselfe and *Peter* from a *Fish*
Without excuse, Grudge, or repining Pish,
As they did since, which challenge *Peters Chaire*,
Under pretext *Romes* ruines to repaire.
And herewithall let all true *Christians* know:
As long as men *are kept in aw and Low*,

The 6. Age.

" *At ſome High Powers* beck, who m they doe feare,
" So long they vertuous are, or ſo appeare.
This of the *Popes* may well be verified,
" While they were by the *Cæſars* terrified,
" And ſubject to the *Lawes*, ſo long they thriv'd
" In Goodneſſe, Preacht the *Croſſe*, in order liv'd.
But when they once obtain'd the *Primacie*
Above their *Peeres*, and the *Supremacie*
Above the *Cæſars*, then they wantoniz'd,
Grew *Avaricious*, *Proud*, and ill adviz'd.
But this great *Flame* will not breake throughly out,
Untill th'*Eleventh Age* ſhall wheele about,
When with *Falſe Chriſts*, like *Capernaites Chymeres*,
The *Dragon* more will charme *Great Babels* eares.
Thinke on theſe *Sparks*, yee *States* and *People* all,
From the *Kings Bench* to the poore *Coblers Awle*.

THE

The 7. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SEVENTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 600. untill the Yeare 700. in which Tract of Time the *Romaine Pope* got the Style of the Universall *Bishop*, and *Mahomets* Sect began.

The Argument.

What Heresies *sprung up ere* Antichrist
Broke from his Swathes *into the* Church *of* Christ.
He growes, but not to full maturity,
Till he hath got the Two-fold Soveraignty.

NExt to *Gods Word*, or *Oracles Divine*,
Contemplating on *Martyr'd Iustine*,
Tertullian, Irene, Tatian, Clementine,
Lactantius, Euphreme, Ierome, Origen,
Eusebius, Leo, Cyrill, Nazianzen,

On

The 7. Age.

On *Epiphanius*, *Basil*, *Hillary*,
Theodoret, *Ruffinus*, *Gregory*,
And their more Ancients *Cyprian*, *Chrysostome*,
With those of *Affrick*, *Asia*, *Greece* or *Rome*,
Whither they in th' *Abissines Libraries*,
Or *Vaticans* immur'd for *Antiquaries*;
Whether in *Print*, or *Manuscripts* they be,
Musing, I say, on them with insight free,
Who wrote within the First Six Hundred Yeare,
Besides the *Synods* of the *Sacred Peeres*,
Chiefly at *Nice* (to sort New-things with Old)
I wish this *Posterit* set in stamps of Gold:
Those Wits, who can *Grave Epiphanius* scan,
May helpe to fan *Romes Church* from the *Old Man*,
Like Wheat from Chaffe, or Gold from dust and drosse.
I wish this done, but dare not it ingrosse,
Or undertake my wishing to fulfill
Or want of time, of Strength, of Levites skill.

Though

THough while proud *Cesars* rav'd, some *Christians* (pain'd,
Yet *Pliny* shewes their state when *Trajan* raign'd;
Nor could their *Rage*, nor *Victors* thundring *schisme*,
For *Easters Rites* impeach *Faiths Catechisme*.
Curst were those *Weeds* sprung of *Idolatries*,
Which by *Truths Flame Good Epiphanius* tries:
And Blest the *Flowres*, or *Herbalis* of the *Fields*,
For *Quintessence* which *Epiphanius* yeelds.
There, *Millenaires*, and grosse *Monothelites*,
With other Clouds dim the *First Churches Lights*.
There, see wise men then *Fire Drakes* more unsure,
Yet others there more sure then *Oracle*.
Though *Origen* and *Cyprian* in some things
Have err'd, yet *Saints* by Union Calm'd their stings.
While *Arrians* Rage Chiefe *Rulers* of the Roast,
The *Orthodox* proclaime the *Holy Ghost*,
While *Capernaites Christs Flesh* most grossely take,
True Saints by Faith that *Mystick Food* partake.

The 7. Age.

Where *Ebionites* and *Manichees* taxe *Marriage*,
There, *Gods Elect* diſſolves ſo ſtrict a Carriage.
Where *Montaniſts* for Merit *Faſts* erect
At Times prefixt, there, *Saints* a *ſnake* ſuſpect.
Priſcillians teach men to Equivocate,
But *Chriſtian Saints* all Double-dealing hate.
Caianes Sect did *Angels Help* implore,
And with fond Vowes their myſtick Shapes adore:
As likewiſe did thoſe doating *Hereticks*,
Whom ſome in *Auſtines* Time term'd *Angellicks*.
But *Saints Chriſts Father ſerve, that Mighty One*
In Perſons Three, and three in One alone,
Not Creatures, nor the Members, but the Head
Of Creatures Life, the Iudge of Quick and Dead.
All others Help they utterly diſclaime,
Save that, which they through *Chriſt his Merits* claime.
Some to *Our Lady* offer'd Sacrifice,
But *Epiphane* blames them of *Heath'niſh* vice,
Suites *Womens Cakes* for her Idolatriz'd
With Trash, which to *Heav'ns Queen* were ſacrifie'd,

Equalls

The 7. Age.

Equalls their Deed to that which snared *Eve*,
Yea, to the *Serpents* which did *Eve* deceave,
And likewise teares the *Vaile* where *Christ* was painted
Forbidding Dead Mens Pictures to be Sainted;
Wherewith by *Letter* he upon this *Theame*,
Acquaints the *Bishop* of *Ierusalem*,
Advising him not to endure the like
Scandall, or Crime within his *Bishopricke*.
This of the *Veile* at *Anablata* hung
Was then from *Greek* turn'd to the *Latin Tongue*.
Novatus dam'd men after *Baptismes* Breach,
But no Despairing Fate *Mild Christians* teach;
They rather will raise up the *Bruized Reed*,
Then Thunder out what is not in their *Creed*.

Such *Lamps* this *Holy Worke* of Ancient Date
Exemplifies for us to imitate.
Such *Damps* likewise expelled in that *Work*
May warne th'*Elect*, where doth the *Dragon* lurk.

The 7. Age.

There, *Heretickes* in ſundry Formes appeare,
There, *Chriſt his Church* you may diſcerne moſt cleare,
And how good *Chriſtians* liv'd in Dayes of Yore,
With what they taught before that *Rome* turn'd whore,
Or which of Either *Church* are growne of late
In *Faith*, or *Manners* more Adulterate,
There, with ſome Paines we might gaine knowledge more,
Which *Worke* I wiſh, but want the *Lydian Lore*
To touch, *to try the Spirits*, and apply
The *Extracts* to the *Moderne Policy*.
Let ſome *Graue Elder* with *Seraphick Loue*,
Indifferent, Juſt, and Mild, *the Spirits proue*.
Let *Uſher*, *Hall*, or Learned *Montague*,
My *Mate* ſometimes in *Eaton* thoſe renew,
Which, if my Mindes preſaging Augury
Faile not, will yet to us more Newes diſcry;
Or if Affaires afford them not the leaſure,
To levy, rate, and draw the hidden Treaſure,
Some *Good Profeſſour* of Judicious Braine,
Which wants a Flocke, may undergoe the ſtraine;

Or

The 7. Age.

Or ſome brave *Spirit* of our *Academes*,
Start up to blaze thoſe ſacred *Theoremes*,
Which adding wings to our *Reformed Flights*,
Would ſerve to guard our *New-born Lambs* from *Kites*
And ſhew them Gentle *Barbes*, when to the Brim,
Old *Tiber* fill'd cauſe *Elephants* to ſwim;
While *Honeſt Swains* them greet: *God bleſſe the weak*,
And grant they not their *Chriſtian vowes* do breake,
While *Saints* doe *Saints* ſalute: *God ſpeed the Plow*,
And make us all content with what we ſow.
So that their *Seed* be pure, full well we know,
They with Increaſe and *Peace* ſhall reap and Mow,
The *Harveſt* great, no doubt but *Chriſt* enow
Of Workemen will provide, though I be ſlow.

I now review another *Century*:
About the Sev'nth of *Chriſt*, the *Myſtery*
Of *Ghoſtly Sinne* began to domineere,
And here-hence-out a *Pilot* falſe will ſteere

The 7 Age.

The *Churches Ship* exalted by his *Mace*,
Who durſt uſurpe his *Lords Imperiall Place*,
Bereaving Him, his *Wife*, and *Babes* of Life,
(An *Omen* ſure portending future Strife)
From *Phocas* firſt receiv'd *Pope Boniface*
Inveſtiture of his *Supremeſt Place*,
And to be ſtyl'd, *The Churches Soveraigne Lord*,
Which ſome have wreſted ſince to *Peters Sword*,
Which ſmote off *Malchus Eare*. In the meane while
Hypocriſie did all the World beguile,
For from the Yeare ſince *Boniface* began,
The *Dragon* wrought upon the Braine of Man,
With more ſly Trickes then in the Times before
On *Heretickes*, or Wits of weaker Lore.
Pope Gregory fore-ſaw this Myſtick Cloud,
And *New Romes Patriarch* therefore warn'd aloud:
That *who aſpir'd to be the Soveraigne Prieſt*,
He was fore-runner of Falſe Antichriſt.

This

The 7. Age.

THis *Gregory* fore-told, although himselfe
Had left his Ship on a suspected Shelfe;
When here in *England* he gave *Austine* leave
To winke at *Heathen Feasts*, to interweave
Their Stuffe with *Faith*, which some resemblance had
With *Christian Formes*, to weane them from their Bad
And damned Garbes, that so by Easie steps
They might ascend, and not by sodaine Leapes.
These *Pagan Rites* by *Saints* conniv'd at first,
Like tainted Vessels savour'd of the Worst,
And long retain'd their mixt Religions Taint,
Till the *Last Age*, on the *New-mans* Complaint,
Had purifi'd what the *Good Spirit* knew
Expedient in the *Church Christ* to renew.

THat *Monster*, which since the *Apostles Age*
Crept *Mysticke-wise*, grew big, began to rage,
And Raigne soone after *Gregories* Decease,
Under the *Keyes* pretence disturbing *Peace*,

The 7. Age.

And shall for *Gold* assume *Iehovahs* Might,
To Thunder, Blesse, or Curse each Mortall wight;
For now henceforth a *Mixt Religion* flowes,
To marre *Good Seed* the *Tempter* Darnell sowes.
With Dreggish Dreames, which here *Pelagians* first,
And *Monkish* Braines had brew'd, they quench their Thirst.
With *Reliques*, *Shrines*, and *Lies*, *Monastick* Cells
Abound, and *Darkenesse* now the *Light* expells.
Foule *Sodomy* instead of Lawfull Flames,
And now our *West* Blacke Superstition shames.
As *Mungrells* of *Samaria* Sacrific'd
Some unto *God*, some *Creatures* Idoliz'd:
Some this besaint, that *Image* they observe,
But really the Most Part *Mauzzim* serve.
On Creatures they the *God-heads Right* conferre,
And while they kneele to Shrines most grossely erre;
The *Sunne's Eclipsd*, The *Gospel* they mispriſe,
And slight the *Crosse*, the *New-mans Sacrifice*:
The Fiery *Crosse* they slight, and hope by Deedes
And Humane Craft to blot out all Mis-deedes.

Both

BOth *East* and *West*, since *Mahomet* began,
Since *Mecha* roar'd the *Moorish Alcoran*,
Find much adoe their Credit to excuse,
But must confesse the *New-man* they abuse,
While the *Old Man* with his *Voluptuous* store,
Traditions, and his *Trident* they adore;
While *Dust* and *Ashes* they extoll too much,
Gods Word concealing, where they only grutch
At Him, who did Poore *Fishermen* inspire
With sundry Tongues appearing then, like Fire,
Unlesse they will mad *Iulians* cause support,
Restraining *Light* from all the *Vulgar Sort*,
Who burnt the *Scriptures*, interdicted *Zeale*,
And forbad Schooles to *Christians Common-weale*:
As from the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Sixe,
Rome did obscure *Gods Word* to raise her Pixe.
And what more Signe of a *Tyrannick Sway*
Could be, then with One Tongue to oversway

The

The 7. Age.

The *Christian Church* compos'd of many Sounds?
The *Catholick* of unrestrained Bounds?
Within this *Age* likewise the *Agarens*,
By changing of their Names to *Saracens*,
Intruded on the *Right* of *Abrams Heire*,
On *Christs* as *Moses Lawes*, and on the Faire
Possessions of the *Church* in *Syriaes Land*,
With *Ægypt*, which to his *Arabian strand*
Now *Mahomet* doth adde, that by those Three
The *Hornes* in *Daniel* might accomplished be,
With Hodgepodge-Dreames Cookt for a *Fairy Feast*.
And so himselfe of those *Three Realmes* possest
Dar'd to spue out the most Presumptuous thing,
The *Alcoran*, I meane, against our *Christ*,
Whereby he grew *One of Great Antichrist*
His Chiefest Limbs to *Lord* it in the *East*,
As *Popes* already crept into the *West*;
And save for *Christian Name*, which they doe beare,
Shall over-match him in our *Worldly* sh beare,

For

For as the *One* himselfe styles *Lord of Lords*:
So *Ours* shall goe beyond him by lowd Words,
And *Thundring Bulls* accursing men to *Hell*,
Dethroning *Kings*, and seating *Soules* aswell
In *Heaven*, as in *Purgatory-Cells*:
In which Attempts the *Pope* the *Turk* excells.

But whether for *Pelagian Heresie*,
Or for her Fraud *Romes* great *Apostasie*
Fell out? (For though *Pelagius* she may blame,
Yet his Conceptions with implicite Flame
She hugges) Or when she turned *Courtezan*?
Or when was *Satan* curb'd? I leave to scan,
Loath to resolve such Questions Scrupulous,
Till Fresher Gales, for their more cleere discusse,
Shall quicken up my gravell'd *Intellect*
From Ancient Scribes the *Truth* to recollect.

I had

The 7. Age.

I Had almoſt forgot here downe to quote
Among theſe Broiles one memorable Note,
About the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Foure,
When *Saraſens* and *Popes* began to rore,
A *Female-Saint* of *Yorke* did Prophetize,
And ſpeake againſt *Romes* New Enormities:
She ſtood againſt the *Shaving of the Crowne*,
Which then the *Romiſh Church*, to know her owne
Falſe Prophets by, as Publike *Mark* or *Seale*,
Had forc'd on *Prieſts* with a lowd thundring Peale.
Againſt the ſame, and *Eaſters Romaine Date*
Good *Hilda* ſpake, but *Popes* ſaid ſhe did prate:
For ſince they durſt the *New-mans Courſe* exchange,
Why might not they all Ancient Orders change?
Adde to the *Church New Sacraments*, as *Lights*?
And alter Times aſwell as *Outward Rites*?
He, that preſumes above all *Counſells*, *Kings*,
And *States*, will do farre more *prodigious* things.

Thus

The 7. Age.

Thus *Popes* have done, Therefore I ſtrongly fixe
Upon the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Sixe.
When *Gog* with Force advanc'd the *Alcoran*,
When *Magogs wiles* ſet up the *Outward Man*:
Then did thoſe Foes, though diff'ring in their wayes,
Begin with *Filth* to ſoile the *Churches Rayes*.

THE

THE

The 8. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE EIGHTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 700. untill the yeere 800. At which Time *Irene* raigned *Empresse* of *Constantinople*, being the Mother of *Constantine* and *Nicephorus*. About which Time *Egbert* began his *Monarchy* in *England*.

The Argument.

The Churches Brood *seduc'd with* Monkish Lies
And Mechæs Dreames, *the* Gospel *they misprize*;
Mungrells themselves, *then* Mixt Religions *flow*,
Yet some reclaim'd, *their* Mothers Voyce *did know*.

About the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Sixe,
Strife dimm'd the use of the true *Crucifixe*.
For *Pictur'd Saints* the *Greek Imperialists*
Began to take our *Westerne Latinists*,

Whose

The 8. Age.

Whose Right or Wrong *Serenus*, *Gregory*,
And *Epiphane* did long afore descry.
Some priz'd those *Types*, like Bookes, to edifie:
Some them defi'd, least *Gulls* them *Deifie*.
Some thought their *sight* did quicken much the *sence*,
Whilst others held they dull'd the *Conscience*.
But to summe this: we must our Bodies yeeld
As Mindes to serve the *Lord*, or lose the Field.
We outwardly must to *Gods Rites* attend,
As inwardly on his *Good Gifts* intend,
For what the *Heart* adores, the *Tongue* sounds out,
The *Knee* bowes to, the *Sight* puts out of doubt.

Then, *Agars seed* prevail'd to Tyrannize,
Popes to usurpe, and both to Sympathize
With *Satans Genius*, by false-masked zeale
To over-sway *Christs Church* and Common-weale,
Fraud taught them first to crouch and to dissemble,
Then *Fiends* train'd thē to make their Foes to trēble.
Thus darkned stood our *Westerne Hemisphere*,
Till She that's with the *Sun* clothed did appeare.

By

The 8. Age.

By *Trumpets sound*, and *Priestings Mystery*,
Recalling home her Sentyes from *Popery*,
Among which Lutes harmoniously *Diuine*,
Would I could shrust this *Oaten Pipe* of Mine.

But was *Our Church* on Earth invisible,
Till *Luthers* Time? No sure. Most visible
She lay to *Saints*, though to some *Romish* hid,
Like *Diamonds* in Mines, yet clearly did
She breath in *Christ*, although not eminent
To Carnall Eyes, or on a *Hill transparent*,
Yet *Catholick*, and through the World diffus'd,
She sojourned with *Holy Rayes* infus'd,
Like a Poore *Pilgrim*, one while in the *East*
She liv'd recei'd. Another while the *West*,
She put in mind of *Jeremiues Threnes*:
Anon the *Northerne Iles*, and *Esters Fennes*
She visited, and oftentimes the *South*,
Or all at once she wakened from their *Sloth*,

The 8. Age.

Which fruitfull *Greece*, and rich *Arsaces Land*
Could testifie with *Ethiopiaes Strand*:
Which *Chams Tartaria* and the *Moguls Ground*
Could blaze how she *Nestorians* did confound.
Which *Snow*, *Moschoes Clime* could justifie;
Yea, many in our *West* could verifie,
That she, *Good Soule*, with Teares and Doctrine sound
Sought to redeeme them in *Hells* Fetters bound,
And on *Christs Merits* onely to rely
Without Distrust or Ambiguity,
Tendring her Glosse *Christs Gospel* to expound,
But most were deafe, or would not heare her Sound,
For either in a Tongue unknowne, by roat,
Or carnally they would her *Dictates* note.
Nay, when she would *indifferent* things to use
Permit her Babes, her Love they would abuse;
And for her Care, her *Champions* they would raze
Out of their Files with *Curst Anathemaes*.
Yet some of better Mould attentively
Gave eare; and these I praise deservedly.

Some

The 8. Age.

SOme *Godly Monkes*, and the *Old Saxon Bede*
Shew us what Life a *Christian* ought to lead.
He *dying* wisht, as *Cutbert* wrote, that Men
Would read *Gods Word*, and humane dreams contemn
To which Good End himselfe in *English Tone*
Christs Gospel left according to Saint *Iohn*.
Those *Holy Monks* liv'd not on others sweat,
Nor idly did by *Strangers Tythes* get Meat;
But earn'd repast in *Gardens* by the Spade,
Or in foule weather by some Houshold Trade.
To keep their thoughts frō sensual Plots they wrought,
And on *High Dayes* or Festivals they taught
Their *Auditours* what sence *Christs Mystery*
Beares to imprint his *Passions* Memory:
Or Catechis'd the weake and tender Braine
With *Scriptures Text*, and intelligible straine.
But when the *Lumbards* were by *Charlemaine*
Repress't, then *Popes* rais'd up their *Peacocks Traine*,
With Carnall Sence and Carnall meanes support,
Transforming Rites ingrosse stupendious sort.

The 8. Age.

And by Degrees transferr'd to *Catholickes*
Traditions hatcht by Former *Hereticks*.
What Wheele is this? what strange Extravagance?
Religious Rome, like *Dina*, gads to Dance.
Nay more, she paints her Face, like *Jezabel*,
Darkning those Gifts, wherein she did excell.
She that most Honour'd was next *Salems Church*,
Spreads *Lying Dreames*, and now lives by the larch.
She, that was once the *Westernes sacred Dame*,
Converting *Heathen Soules* unto the *Lambe*,
Usurps Saint *Peters Place* with Lofty Style,
Depraves *Gods Gifts*, and reares up *Babels Pile*.
She, that was *Chast*, delights to play the *Queane*,
And more then Good to practize Deeds obscœane,
But these are Trifles in respect of those
Great Sinnes, to which she will henceforth dispose
Her *Whorish will*, for wicked *Sodomy*
She will commit, cheat men with *Alchimy*;
She will proud *Nembrod* from *Damnation* free,
And will besaint false *Magus* for a Fee.

She

The 8. Age.

She will Create *New Christs*, burn *Saints*, force *Hell*,
Mew up *Gods Word*, and *Vertue* quite expell.
She *Christendome* will topsie-turvie turne,
Dethrone her *Kings*, and make their *Subjects* mourne.
But here the Comfort lyes: though *Rome* playes false,
And *Nero*-like, debauch'd, yet all her Brawles,
Plots, Menaces, and Tortures cannot stop
The *Pens* of Some the *Truth* to underprop
With *Learned Workes*, to blaze in every *Age*
Her *Breach of Faith*, and tyrannizing Rage.

[illegible]

THo strong Conceit of the *States Holinesse*
Saint *Peters Keyes*, and Shrines did so possesse
Remoter Braines, that *Rome* they did prefer
Before all Climes. Thither *Gad* wallader
Our *British King* for Refuge in Distresse,
And sundry Others went for *Happinesse*,
As they then dream'd: Some for *Monastick Rest*:
Some to become there by such *Merits Blest*.

The 8. Age.

And if *Ravennaes* Feare, and *Lumbards* Sway
Had not then blockt them in their *Pilgrims* way,
With dangers by *Banditi* in some Straight
About the *Alpes*, where Theeves for Preyes awaite,
(Such was the Blindnesse of that *Ages* Zeale)
Romes Mart had greater been; more lowd her Peale,
As sithence for her *Marchandize* encrease
Fell out, though to their Losse of Inward Peace.

WHile *Rome* thus vaunted of *Imagery*,
Greece seconded her Sinfull *Mystery*.
And though *New Rome* long struggled with the *Old*,
Yet now her *Keyes* then Ice become Cold:
And so prevail'd damn'd *Errour* at the last,
That *Nicens second Councell* made agast
Our *Christian Church*, when that *Romes glorious Head*
She saw Accurst, and yet themselves mis-led
Would set forth *Acts* for *Images* Adore,
Which their *Greek Church* condemned had before.

Honorius

Honorius was most justly Censured,
But *Idolls* use they ill determined.
For *Heresie* the *Romaine Pope* they quaild,
Yet *Heresie* within themselves prevaild;
And what the *Forme Age* brookt as a Booke,
An *Image* now like to a God they tooke,
And held an *Idoll* in no lesse esteeme.
Then *Pagans* did to honour *Dagon* seeme,
This *Ages Griefe* I point at, that the *East*
We may conclude as faulty as the *West*.
None can excuse themselves. Alwell *New Rome*,
As did the *Old*, for *Antichrist* made roome.
Because, like *Rome*, a *Mungrell Faith* they chose,
The *Greeks* their Fame of *Ironomathes* lose.
Yet this stole in but like an *Ague Fit*,
They soone recover'd, and confounded it.

THey did not since so Superstitious grow,
To vow that Service which to *Christ* they owe,

The 8. Age,

They kneel'd not downe, nor crav'd their *Idolls* ayde,
As if their *Church* to *Baal* they had betray'd.
They minister the *Cup* unto the *Lay*;
Their *Clergy-men* doe Marry to this day;
And in the *Mother-Tongue* the *Gospel* read,
Not like the *Westernes Rome* so much misled.

A Nd yet no doubt *their Church* went much astray
In many points, though not so grosse a way,
As *Rome*. They held, and made apparant Boast
Of idle Quirkes about the *Holy Ghost*,
That they might share, and be intangled in
The Mystery of the Lewd *Man of Sinne*,
For which Foule Crime, and Depravation, *Christ*
Did then with-draw his *Grace*, and in that Mist,
The *Dragon* did worke on their Enemies,
As on their Wits, their *Empire* to surprize,
And to prey on their *Chiefe Metropolis*,
As *Turkes* still doe. And all for their amisse.

Ere

The 8. Age.

ERe I conclude this *Ages Century*,
I muſt not over-ſlip, how *Zachary*
The *Romaine Pope* againſt *Gods Word* gave way
From *Childerick* the *Crowne* to put away,
And to Depoſe the *French Mens Lawfull King*
On *Pipins Plea*, and for no other thing
Then for a ſlothfull Life, and that a *Bee*
Was fitter then a *Drone* to Over-ſee
And Rule a *Realme*, that he tooke all the Care,
While *Childerick* lay ſtill in Pleaſures Snare,
Or lull'd a ſleep, not caring but for Eaſe,
Whereby he did the Common-wealth diſpleaſe.
On this ſurmize, the *Pope* gave his Aſſent,
That the Poore King be to a *Cloiſter* ſent
And ſhorne a *Monke*, that *Pipine* weare the *Crowne*,
The lawfull *Heires* from *Native* Right quite thrown.
For this good Turne the *Pope* to gratifie,
The *Franks New King* combin'd to fortifie

Saint

The 8. Age.

Saint *Peters Seat* against the *Lumbards* strength,
That he *Ravenna* forc'd to yeeld at length.
The Yeare of *Christ* Seven Hundred Fifty Sixe,
When men did much on *Outward Objects* fixe,
Then *Constantine* to *Pipine* in the *West*
Sent first the use ~~use~~ of *Organs* from the *East*,
In imitation of King *Davids Harpe*,
A Godly Use, though Some thereat doe carpe,
Which though *Pope Paul the First* did not abhorre,
Yet afterwards he dar'd that *Emperour*
With *Curses* for opposing *Images*:
On these *Popes* doated so with Passages,
Of Glorious Shewes, that *Adrian Peter* all
In Silver cloath'd, and *Paul* with Golden Pall.

THus by Degrees *Rome* that was fam'd for Chaste,
Began to paint her Face, and proye unchaste.
But though *Popes* daub'd, & were more proud become
Others went Plaine like *Old Religious Rome*;

And

The 8. Age.

And in *Our West* will ſo continue ſtill,
Till to adore *Falſe Chriſts*, *Fiends* bane their Will.
All were not Bad; although the *Head* was craz'd,
The *Lord* yet ſome of *Romes* poore Members grac'd.
No doubt, He bleſt ſome of the *Romain Brood*;
Caiphas was Bad, but *Nichodemus* Good.
When that *Elias* thought the *Church* downe reel'd,
Sev'n Thouſand were to *Baal* that never kneel'd.
As in the *Eaſt*, ſo in the *West* there were
Thouſands which then from *Idolls* did forbeare,
Fixing their onely *Faith* on *Maries Seed*,
The *Churches Head*, which ranſom'd *Evaes Deed*.

(I
Now the firſt uſe to *Chriſten Bells* began,
Whereby (I thinke) they *Baptiſme* did profane,
When they deprav'd the *Rites of Sacred Font*,
Wherewith to type the *New-man* we are wont.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE NINTH AGE,



From the Yeare of our Lord 800. (About which Time *Charles* the *Great* of *France* after his Conqueſt of the *Lumbards*, was Crowned by *Pope Leo* the Third *Emperour* of the *Weſt*) untill the Yeare 900. About which time the *Danes* ſore afflicted *England*.

The Argument.

Charles *builds* New Schooles, *ſubjects the* Weſterne (Broiles,
And with the Pope *ſhares Faire* Ravennaes *Spoiles*.
Though ſome rare Wits *renowned then that* Age,
Two Monſtrous Deeds *yet ſhame the* Romaine Stage.

BRave *Charlemaine*, like *Romes bifronted Sire*,
Whom *Pagans* at the Former Yeares expire,
And at the Newes Approach renew'd with *Bayes*:
So merited this *Prince* redoubted Praiſe,

For

The 9. Age.

For clozing up in the Laſt falling Age
Our *Weſterne wounds* made by *Barbarian Rage*.
No Fate of Worldly Wheeles, nor length of Yeares
Shall cancell *Martells* Deedes, nor the Twelve Peeres
Dimme, nor expunge from *Honours Calendar*,
For their Exploits and Memorable Warre
Againſt the *Moores*, with whom they did ſo cope,
That they quite loſt their proud Ambitious Hope
Of Conqu'ring *France*, as they ſubjected *Spaine*,
But left behinde Two hundred Thouſand ſlaine
Of *Mooriſh Coarſes* for a Pawne or Signe,
That none ſhall *France* but *Chriſtians* make to whine.

CHarles after Broiles in this *Ninth Age* began
Three *Academes* to found for the *New-man*,
To propagate in *France* and *Italy*,
By whoſe faire *Patterne* Moe did fructifie
In other *Chriſtian Lands*, from whence Some roſe,
Some *Rome* to ayd, and ſome her to oppoſe:

For

The 9. Age.

For though the Head of the *Vertigo* wheel'd,
Some Members yet there were, which never reel'd.

ANd surely *Charles* the Name of *Great* deserves
Aswell as *Constantine*, but that he serves
Too lavishly in my Conceit to prop
Rome with more *States*, when she had need of stop.
He *Desiderius* for her sake immur'd,
And her with him to share the Spoiles endured.
He did to her that *Patrimony* signe,
Which since she falsely forg'd from *Constantine*;
For which henceforth we must expect but Force,
Spirituall Rapes, and the *New-mans Divorce*,
Truth crying out, that they the *Lumbards* wrong'd,
And that the Fee to *Irens* Sonne belong'd,
Great Constantines Successour, New Romes Lord.
But how should then proud *Babel* be ador'd?

Alas,

The 9. Age.

ALasse, that such Effects from *Kings* did streame,
To taint the Springs of *New Ierusalem*,
Since what they gave out of their *Love* and *Zeale*,
Redounded to corrupt *Christs* Common-weale.
The more *Rome* had, the more she coveted,
(*Ambition* perkes with reines unlimited)
And never will the *Pope* in quiet rest,
Till he rides on a *Scarlet colour'd Beast*,
Till he Crown'd with a *Triple Diademe*
Shall both his Mates and *Emperours* contemne.
But the *Red Dragon* yet workes coverly,
He spues not all his *Dregges* but lees them by
At randome, whilst this *Age* amaz'd doth passe
Like to a Dreame; and that the Next an *Asse*
Shall turne, extinct of Light, and *Learnings Fruit*,
Which *Charles* had left for Honours faire pursuit:
Whereby more Roome shall for ambitious *Rome*
Enlarged be for *Soules* abroad to roame.

Abou

The 9. Age.

About the Yeare Eight Hundred Sixty Six,
Romes Church being growne of late a *Meretrix*,
Chaſt Marriage more to bring into Decay,
And to promote the *Antichriſtian Sway*
By *Sodomes Snares* and *Brothelries* accurſt,
Conſented that *Pope Nicholas the Firſt*,
With *Lucifers* and all the *Monks* applauſe
Should then enact theſe groſſe *Tyrannicque Lawes*:
That no *Lay-men* receive the *Sacrament*
By *Married Prieſts*, though with devout intent;
As if *Gods Myſticks* from *John Baptiſts Sire*,
Or *Peter* ſavour'd of Profaner Fire;
And that thenceforth no *Prieſt* ſhould celebrate
Within *Precincts* of all the *Chriſtian State*
Gods Service in the *Vulgar Mother Tongue*,
But in the *Latine*, which did all belong,
As he ſurmiz'd, to *Peters Government*,
And ſo to him by reaſon conſequent,
Excepting onely the *Sclavonian Rout*
And *Polanders*, whom he of *Grace* left out.

The 9. Age.

Thus hath *Romes Lord* the *Devils Doctrine* broacht,
And falsely on the *New-mans* Right encroacht.
Where was *Christs Church* the while? gone from that *Clime*
Elsewhere (perhaps a Thousand Yeares) to chime,
That so *Rome* being for her unthankfulnesse
Cut off, the *Gospels Sound* might Others blesse.
But while this Eighth *Centurian* Age did last,
Some *Wits* barr'd Sinne from spreading too too fast.

OF these I praise good *Bertrams* Unity
And *Haymons* Cares, because the verity
Of our late Doubts about the *Sacrament*
Of the *Lords Feast* they quote, and what is meant
By that *Divine* and *Mystick Ordinance*,
Which *Carnall Clerkes* by *Transubstantiate Trance*
Broacht to confound our *Weaklings* Apprehension
For his true Bodies Forme, Site, and Dimension:
Ærigera then glosst the *Sacrament*
Like them, from which our Moderne *Popes* dissent.

So

The 9. Age.

So learned *Raban* did, and *Isidore*,
Who held those Points, which *Bertram* held before.

NO *Clarks* then cloy'd *Christs Flock* with heavy Mass
But dreſt his *Feaſt* fit for the *New-mans* taſt:
They *Christ* Receiv'd by Intellectuall Trance,
And upwards taught by *Faith Soules* to advance.
They taught their *Flocke* the *Old Man*, to deface,
And to embrace the *Holy Spirits Grace*:
The Chaine 'twixt *Christ* and us incorporate,
Christs Fleſh and *Bloud* with Ours Regenerate;
The *Sacrament* not taken in One kinde.
(Who would bar *Wine* from Gueſts but men unkind)
The *Reall Forme* whereof unſpeakable
If I deſcribe, the *Saints* will ſay I babble,
For *Carnall Reaſon* knowes not to define,
How *Christ* deſcends at our *Great Feaſt Divine*.
Upon our *Faith* the *Holy Ghoſt* alights,
And He with *Christ* our rapt-up Soules unites,

The 9. Age.

Makes us in Minde and Body Sympathize
With *Christ* his *Humane Nature* Myſtick-wiſe,

But then before this *Century* expir'd,
The *Romiſh Church* two Monſtruous Meteours fir'd,
And by their Dampe gave warning to thoſe Times,
That Vengeance was at hand, unleſſe betimes
They would *New Babel* ſhun with her falſe charmes,
And damned Plots portencing after-harmes.
The One fell out when the *Whore Moguntine*
In a Mans habit plaid the falſe Divine,
So blear'd the *Romaines Eyes*, that they for *Pope*
Elected her, to ſhew how they did grope,
And ſtumble in re-building *Babels Walls*,
Which they ſhould let, leſt they become her Thralls.
A reall Signe, that *Rome* then turned *Whore*
With Carnall ſoil'd, with *Ghoſtly* Traffick more.

The

The 9. Age.

THe Other Prodigy *Pope Sergius* spred,
When he the Corps of *Pope Formosus* dead
Dig'd from his Grave, beheaded him with shame,
And into *Tybers* Streame then flung the same,
How well *Romes Head* deserves the Name by *John*
Fore-told of Old: *The Whore of Babylon?*

BY these two Flaming Brands and Papall Jarres,
Good *Watch-men* may dissever *Fiends* from *Starres*,
And by the Fruit proud *Antichrist* discerne,
If foggy Mists impeacht them not to learne.
His *Empires wound* which long since *Gothes* had made
By *Constantines* Remove, had for his Trade
Of Soules beene soone recur'd, yea, *Antichrist*
Been sooner knowne: But *God* that Cloudy Mist
Permitted by degrees the *West* to blinde,
Which grew of wild degenerated kinde,

The 9 Age.

Untill *Romes* cup of *Fornications* full
Were mounted to the height the World to gull,
That so his *Word* fulfill'd, her fearefull Fall
Amaze them more, who her a Queen install.
While she deferres her *Coronation Day*,
The Next farre duller Age prepares her way,
To climbe above all *Christian States* and Kings,
And to invert for *Gold Gods sacred things*.
Marke, *Reader*, but with Feare; and Glory not
In that *Old Churches* Fall, leſt that thy Lot
For thy proud *Peacocks* vaunt of thine Owne Worth,
May hap, like her, from *Grace* to be caſt forth.

While thus the *Popes* their Monarchy contrive,
Within the Yeare Eight Hundred Ninety Five:
In imitation of brave *Charlemaine*,
Who founded *Schooles* poore *Students* to maintaine,
And likewiſe of the *Saxon Sigebert*,
Who rear'd the like in *Cambridge* to convert

Two

The 9. Age.

Two Ages past rude *Wits* from Ignorance
King Alfred built for *Schollers* Maintenance
An *Academe*, or *Universitie*
At *Oxford*, which with Men of Pierie,
Men skilfull in the *Tongues* and *Arts* he stor'd,
Such as could well expound *Gods Sacred Word*,
Whereof himselfe a present Patterne was,
And might be stil'd true *Vertues Looking-glasse*,
Ev'n as our *Iames* was *Learnings Oracle*,
Styl'd *Faiths Defender*, *Britaines Miracle*;
For as the One clad Part of *Davids Hymnes*
In *Saxon Garbe*, wrote Bookes, and *Catechismes*:
So did Our King of Famous Memory
New-clothe those *Psalmes* in Verse, and Poesy
Convince with sundry Bookes, and *Babylon*,
For which Our Age inscribes him *Salomon*.

IN Turne of Time, as *Faith* did ebbe and flow,
Or as the *Moone* eclips'd, or *Winds* did blow,

Religion

The 9. Age.

Religion wav'd, ſprung up another Fry,
Which grounding *Faith* on vaine *Imagery*,
And their owne *Merits* puffe, for *Penance* ſake,
Or with *Great Rome* to pare *Vaine-glories* ſtake,
Took up Good *Alfreds* Taske, to build more Roomes
In the *Oxonian* Towne, upon whoſe Tombes
Faire *Violets* and *Roſes* ſithence grew,
Becauſe they living ſtrove *Arts* to renew.
This moved *Wainflet*, *Witham*, *Chicheſley*,
And Others with more *Fabrickes* to ſupply
That *Nurſery*; Some brought in Wood, ſome Clay,
Some Stone, aſwell the *Clergy* as the *Lay*.
Hence as from *Sinons Horſe Miner-vaes Knights*
Came forth, well skill'd in Fences and in Fights.
Hence as from *Saplings* ſhot up *Goodly Trees*,
Hence as from *Hives* came up *Induſtrious Bees*,
Whereof ſome did the *Conſcience* edifie,
The *Common-wealth* ſome Others beautifie.
Hence *Wickliffe* roſe, *Bale*, and laborious *Foxe*,
Who holp to build *Our Temple Orthodoxe*,

Though

The 9. Age.

Though not in *Zeale* to match the *Primitive*,
Yet by ſuch Good Mens Cares through *Grace* wee (thrive,
By *Martyrs Acts* fetcht from *Old Regiſters*
To ſtop the Mouthes of falſe Interpreters,
As by thoſe *Wits* nurſt up with *Food Divine*
On *Oxfords Paps*, which now in *London* ſhine,
And likewiſe by a Thouſand Other *Starres*,
Whoſe *Radiant Rayes* excell the *Sunny Carres*,
At whoſe rare Gifts and Voyce our *Brittains* wonder,
When they ſtrike Sinne, like to the *Sonnes of Thunder*.

THE

The 9. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE TENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 900. vntill the yeere 1000. At which Time raigned Emperour Otho the Third, whom the *Almaines* call the *Worlds Wonder*. About which Time King Etheldred Raigned in England.

The Argument.

The Dulnesse of this Age. The Pope Supreme In Rule vnto the Latine Tongue *binds them Who are his Thralles. Yet to the Truth some stand Most firme. The* Electours *now grace* Teutons *Land.*

Who can count the *Churches* dolefull Teares,
Her Woes, Her Fits, and Manifolded Feares?
By *Saracens*, the *Pope*, and *Heathnish* Bands,
Who forraged, and rackt all *Christian Lands*?

No

The 10. Age.

No sooner had Victorious *Charlemaine*
Parted with *Popes* the *Scepter Soveraigne*,
Adding unto the *Keyes* a *Diademe*,
But *Rome* grew proud of that brave *State Supreme*,
Although as then it was a single *Crowne*,
And not, as since, like *Gerions*, *Triple* growne;
So seem'd to have her former wound heal'd up,
Which *Cæsars* gave by their Remove; her *Cup*
O're-flow'd, her *Mace* renew'd, which *Gothes* had rent,
She frolicks now, forgets her Banishment;
She hopes, that the like Blow shall never light
Upon her Limbs, nor work her more despight.
She stands secure, and builds up *Babels Walls*,
And by *New Kings*, her Tributary Thralls,
Whom she hath train'd with Fetches into serve
Her Turne, and as their *God*, her to observe,
She flores her *Palace* with the price of Bloud,
With Sinnefull Spoiles vail'd with an *Angels* Hood,
While thus she vaunts of Carnall Dignities,
And slights the *Serpent*, which concealed lies,

Religion

The 10. Age.

Religion goes to wrack: and few there be,
Which will, or dare the *Gospels* Splendour see.
Dumbe are her *Priests*, and muffled are the *Flock*;
Both Honour Stocks more then the Living *Rocke*.
Instead of *Scriptures* now, Traditions strange,
The *Divels Huskes*, dispersst. Lord! how those range!
Which though but light at first in Wise mens Eyes,
None fannes them, lest they might disgrace the *Keyes*
Usurping Lord, who, whilst he graced those Toyes,
Stopt Strangers murmure at the *Latine* Noise.

O Tyranny, worse than Our *Norman Kings*!
Such was Great *Henries* Spleen, and such his stings
Towards the *Welsh* or *Brittish Nation* bent,
Because they had by their Troupes Ambushment
Neere *Snowdon* Hills defeated in their Woods
And Straights his *Forces*, in his angry Moods
He meant, if he sped in a Victours way
Old *Cambers Tone* quite to exile away,

And

The 10. Age.

No ſooner had Victorious *Charlemaine*
Parted with *Popes* the *Scepter Soveraigne*,
Adding unto the *Keyes* a *Diademe*,
But *Rome* grew proud of that brave *State Supreme*,
Although as then it was a ſingle *Crowne*,
And not, as ſince, like *Gerions*, *Triple* growne;
So ſeem'd to have her former wound heal'd up,
Which *Ceſars* gave by their Remove; her *Cup*
O're-flow'd, her *Mace* renew'd, which *Gothes* had rent,
She frolicks now, forgets her Baniſhment;
She hopes, that the like Blow ſhall never light
Upon her Limbs, nor work her more deſpight.
She ſtands ſecure, and builds up *Babels Walls*,
And by *New Kings*, her Tributary Thralls,
Whom ſhe hath train'd with Fetches into ſerve
Her Turne, and as their *God*, her to obſerve,
She ſtores her *Palace* with the price of Bloud,
With Sinnefull Spoiles vail'd with an *Angels* Hood,
While thus ſhe vaunts of Carnall Dignities,
And ſlights the *Serpent*, which concealed lies,

Religion

The 10. Age.

Religion goes to wrack: and few there be,
Which will, or dare the *Gospels* Splendour see.
Dumbe are her *Priests*, and muffled are the *Flock*;
Both Honour Stocks more then the Living *Rocke*.
Instead of *Scriptures* now, Traditions strange,
The *Divels Maskes*, dispersst. Lord! how those range!
Which though but light at first in Wise mens Eyes,
None fannes them, lest they might disgrace the *Keyes*
Usurping Lord, who, whilst he grac'd those Toyes,
Stopt Strangers murmure at the *Latine* Noise.

O Tyranny, worse than Our *Norman Kings*!
Such was Great *Henries* Spleen, and such his stings
Towards the *Welsh* or *Brittish Nation* bent,
Because they had by their Troupes Ambushment
Neere *Snowdon* Hills defeated in their Woods
And Straights his *Forces*, in his angry Moods
He meant, if he sped in a Victours way
Old *Cambers Tone* quite to exile away,

The 10. Age.

And force the Vanquiſht from their *Native Tongue*
To learne the *Engliſh Tone*. But of this wrong
Conſulting with an *Hermite*, when he heard
How hard that Plot would prove, he ſeem'd afear'd;
That though their Perſons he might ſubjugate,
Yet he could not that *Tongue* obliterate,
Which was ſo Ancient, but it ſhould endure
Till *Doomeſday* came, the Pure from the Impure
To ſeparate, and that this *Sound* among
The Chiefe ſhould vent *Alleluiaes Song*.

MUch then hath *Rome* to anſwer for this wrong,
And they have Cauſe to waile, who were ſo long
Barr'd from *Soules-Comfort* in the *Mother-Tongue*
By Rapſodies unknowne, or *Parrats Song*.
Before this *Ninth Centurian Age* began,
Although the *Head* turn'd giddy, the *New-man*
Forſooke not to reclaime the Chiefeſt Parts
Of the *Church-Body* from the *Serpents Arts*.

Of

The 16th Age.

In all the Course of the *Church-Pilgrimage*,
From the *Apostles* Time untill this Age,
I apprehend no Pleas in that long *Trast*
Of Time, nor reall *Motives* to substract,
(Some *Schismaticques* excepted, and some Few,
Who seiz'd on Rights to their *Creatorsdue*)
From her *Essentiall Worth*, and *Purity*.
But that *Romes Church* leagued in *Integrity*
With *Cyprian*, *Ambrose*, *Ierome*, *Augustine*,
For the Resolve of *Mysteries Divine*;
And that with those, whom I have named last,
We hold *True Faith* in spight of *Babels* Blast.
The *Faith*, which they did *Catholicke* professe;
Yea, and the very same untowardnesse
Of *Factious Spirits*, which they scorn'd, we scorne,
Hating to see our *Masters Rayment* torne.

DId any Famous *Writers* from *Christs Age*?
Or in Eight Hundred Yeares since *Christ* engage

Their

The 10. Age.

Their Auditors to credit thoſe lewd Points,
Which with lewd threats *Trents Councel* late appoints
Did either *Popes*, or *Councels* then ordaine
From *Wedlock Bonds* the *Clergy* to refraine?
Did they compell their *Flockes Gods Word* to heare
In a ſtrange Tongue, as if they ſenceleſſe were?
Did they without their Troupe Communicate?
Or let them without *Wine* participate
The *Holy Bread* alone? with curſt intent
So maiming halfe our *Chriſtian Sacrament*?
Did they kneele downe to *Images* or *Shrines*?
Or offer Bribing Gifts? Or pay them Fines?
Did they believe the *Pope* diſpenc'd with *Oathes*?
Or could diſpoſe of *Realmes* to *Franks* or *Gothes*?
Did *Popes* within ſev'n Hundred Yeares exempt
States from their *Kings*, or *Kings* hold in contempt?
Did they beleeve that *Popes* could Pardons ſell?
And ranſome *Soules* from Purgings Flames of *Hell*?
Or do the *Greeks*, the *Eaſt*, or *Abiſſine*
Hold to this day, like *Rome*, their *Rites Divine*?

But

But rather joyne with us in most of these,
Holding her Sick of *Schismaticques* Disease?
Did they before the *Councell Popes* preferre?
As though, like Other Men, they could not erre?
No *Romanist*, although he loves the *Pope*,
Unlesse he rackes too much, will prove I hope,
That any *Doctours* broacht that *Doctrine* out
Untill the *Sunne* the *Ninth Age* brought about;
Or till indeed long after by degrees
Popes thundring *Spells* forc'd *Monarques* on their knees
Against *Christs* Rule, who never grudg'd to pay
Cæsarean Toll, nor *Pilate* did gaine-say,
And if they should by *Romes* Type patronize
Those Errours, which the *True Church* doth despise,
Let them looke backe upon the *Word Divine*,
And see if there they can such Points define;
Or if before, or after *Constantine*,
Till this *Tenth Age* from Pureneſſe did decline,
They apprehend that *Saints* did Sympathize
With those grosse *dreams*, which now they dearly prize.

The 10. Age.

ONely some *Shrines* in *Austins* Time began
To be in some request, by their *Old Man*
Devis'd to soile the *New*, but not, as since,
That they might from *Gods Adoration* flinch,
With an *All Haile* to the *Triumphall Wood*,
To *Martyrs Ashes*, or Saint *Benets Hood*.
Though in our *West* Some us'd thus to comply,
The *East* remembred yet Saint *Anthony*,
Who at his Lives last gaspe, Sinne to prevent,
Requir'd his *Friends*, that not with Monument
They would enclose his Corps, but secretly
Conceale the same, lest men might foolishly
It *Idolize* in Zeale to doe him grace,
Which would redound at last to their disgrace.
To *Iohn* the Twelfe now *Cæsar* Homage swore,
And that the Mid-time of this *Age* did gore.

The 10. Age.

OF all the *Ages* since the *Word* made *Flesh*
First rose on Earth none for the *Church* had lesse
Of *Learnings Light* then this *Tenth Century*,
Dull'd through the Damps of *Hells* great *Mystery*.
Full Fourescore yeares so Ignorance prevail'd,
That *Knowledge* seem'd extinct, the *Gospel* fail'd.
Who could repeat the *Pater-Noster*, *Creed*,
And *Ave Maries* oft, though with small heed,
Or gloss'd on *Shrines*, or mumbled *Latine Masse*,
In *Schooles* he did for a good *Graduate* passe.
But if he made *Monastick Legends* knowne,
A *Doctours Cap* became his *shaven Crowne*.
Whether this chanc'd by *Romes* deep *Policie*,
That none might dive to her *Supremacie*,
Which she had newly *Crown'd*, or that the *Warres*,
Anxiety embroyling Soules with Cares
Prevented *Learnings Growth*, we find small Signes
In that tempestuous Time of Vertuous Lines,

The 10. Age,

Or Monuments to move Posterity
Not to accuse them of Impiety:
Such was the Blindnesse of this darkned Age,
That none scarce acted on the *Muses* Stage
Parts to be seene of *Gotams Auditours*;
So busie were *Old Fooles* in building Towres
And strong *Monastick Cells*, where they found Peace,
Or to defend their *Reliques* from the Preasse
Of *Souldiers stormes*, which from the *North* did fall,
Norwegians, *Danes*, and *Pirates* robbing all.
Onely some Foppish Tales they left behinde,
Thereby to cheat, not edifie the Minde:
What Miracles were wrought in such a Place,
Which they conceiv'd their *Monkish Haunt* to grace,
How *Dunstan* hookt, catcht *Satan* by the Nose,
With many moe absurder Lyes then those;
Like *Oberons* imagin'd *Fairy Dance*,
Or *Arthurs Knights*, or the Twelve Peeres of *France*;
How *Patrick* kill'd Five Hundred Yeares before
Thousands of *Irish Kernes* by Charmed Lore;

How

The 16. Act.

How *David* did a mighty Mountaine move,
And by his Word the Massy Earth remove.
With such Fond Tales they gull'd the Multitude,
That 'tis no marvell we account them rude.

YEt o're his *Church* the *Spirit* vigilant
Neglected not their Dreames extravagant
To interrupt, by raising up the Wit
Of *Ælfrick* to reforme their raving Fit,
Which worke perhaps not usefull for that Age,
But for our Doubts we doe conceive them sage,
I meane for *Christ his Body* in suspence
With Some, which till this Age in *Ghostly Sence*,
I dare be bold to say, *Saints* ever tooke,
Not Carnall-wise, but by the *New-mans Booke*.
This Reverend *Clerk* in ancient *Saxon* Style
Describes what Blots the *Sacrament* defile,
And proves the Sence and Manner of the Feast
To suit with None, but with the *Spirits Guest*.

The 10. Age.

From the tenth Chapter of the *Corinths First*
He thus compares: The *Israelites* a thirſt
Dranke of *Chriſts Rock* with a *Spirituall Taſt*,
And on his *Fleſh*, though Clouded, brake their Faſt.
As our *Newman*, or zealous *Catechiſt*
Admires *Chriſts Body* in the *Euchariſt*:
So they prais'd God for *Manna* and *Rock-water*,
Types of the *Churches Twinnes*, how he begat her.

OUt of the Forreſt of this *Century*,
Excepting, Rudeneſſe, Broiles, and Butchery,
I apprehend no memorable Courſe.
To beautifie my Lines; But worſe and worſe
All things decline. This onely I conclude
Imperiall Otho to extinguiſh Feud,
And mortall Jarres for Chuſing *Emperours*
On *Sev'n* conferr'd the firſt *Elective Pow'rs*,
Eternizing the Period of this *Sceane*,
Whoſe *Former Acts* we count *Rude* and *obſceane*.

This

This *Otho* by *Pope Gregories* Assent
Did to assure the *Almaines Government*,
And to content the *Rhines Count Palatine*,
Because he next of *Charlemaine* his Ligne
Deserv'd that *Honour*, which his Race hath held,
Till Force of late the *Golden Bull* expell'd.
For this brave *Act* the *Author* got the Praise,
To be enstil'd the *Wonder of those Dayes*,
As they, who do that *Order* violate,
Shall be proclaim'd *Usurpers of the State*.

FOr an *Appendix* to my *Register*,
I must not over-passe *Pope Sylvester*,
Who by *Hell-Charmes*, *Spells*, *Negromantick Lies*,
And *Magick Arts* defam'd the *Papall Keyes*,
Preparing roome by that *Catastrophe*
To the Next Age tost with a Sinnefull Sea.

THE

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE ELEVENTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 1000. vntill the Yeare 1100. About which time *Godfrey* of *Lorraine* became King of *Ierusalem*, and *Henry* the First Raigned King of *England*.

The Argument.

Hells Highest sleights a Thousand Yeares restrain'd,
Breake out, when Priests the Scarlet Hat had gain'd.
The Clergy *barr'd of* Wives. *The* Masses Cake
Turnes Flesh. The Holy Land *now* Christians *take.*

NOw to glance on the *Churches Darken'd wane*,
Who can deny but *Rome* became profane?
When *Satan* was let loose a Thousand Yeares
After St. *Iohns* Prediction, as appeares

Even

The 11. Age.

Even till theſe Times with *Curſes*, *Fire*, and *Sword*,
And ſecret Slights to martyrize *Gods Word*?
Both *Sun* and *Moone* ſtood then eclips'd of *Light*,
And *Starre-like Men* from *Grace* declined quite.
The *Heav'ns* were mov'd, *Strange Meteors* ſcar'd the (*Eaſt*,
But *Earth-quakes* moſt appall'd the troubled *Weſt*.
Mens *Conſciences* o're-clouded were with *Miſts*,
When *Satan* rang'd from his *Confined Liſts*,
With leave to prey upon thoſe *Romaniſts*,
Who had forſooke *Chriſts Word* for *Antichriſts*,
In giving heed unto *Erroneous Spirits*,
Caſhiering *Marriage*, and their *Saviours Merits*:
Yoaking their *Flockes*, not of Neceſſity,
But to ſubvert true *Chriſtian Liberty*,
(I meane the *Spirits Freedome*, and *Gods Word*,
Not that which *Fooles* do to the *Fleſh* afford)
By *Pilgrimage* to *Saints*, *Idolatry*,
With wonders wrought by *Fiends* their *Faith* to try,
By Lies and Dreames bred in *Scholaſtick Braine*
For *Belly-work*, *Ambitious Ends*, or *Gaine*:

With

The 11. Age.

With Carnall Sence advancing *Superstitions*,
And spotting *Faith* with needlesse *Mens Traditions*.
With such *Flim-Flams*, since *Satan* was let loose,
And since *Romes Clergy Christ* his Rivall chose,
Were there *False Church* possest; and to this day
Some goe in those strange *Labyrinths* astray,
Not willing to be won, nor to decide
By *Scriptures Light* the Quarrells of their Side.

ABout this Time the *Cardinalls* arose
Unto their Sway, till then a Secret Close,
For though the *Name* were knowne of *Cardinalls*,
Yet were they rankt but *Deacons*, *Principalls*,
Or *Parsons of Romes Parishes* to serve
The severall *Cures*, not *Prelates* to conserve
The Papacies Resplendent Majesty,
As since they grew by *Satans* Subtilty.
On each of these his *Holinesse* conferres
A Scarlet Hat, to Higher Place preferres,

And

The 11. *Age.*

And amplifies with *Biſhopricks* their State,
Whereby they might live eminent, from Hate
And Envy ſafe, the better to ſupport
Their *Princely Pompe*, and his Magnifique Port.
At their Inſtall he ſo much *ſcarlet* ſhares
To cloth their *Mules*, that by thoſe Scarlet Wares
Saints may divine where *Babels Whore* abides,
Which on a *Beaſt of ſcarlet Colour* rides.

THeſe Men ſhut up within the *Conclave* cloſe,
And having by moſt Suffrages him choſe,
Who ſtands for *Pope*, they then his uſuall weare
Pluck off, and in their ſtead bring glorious Geare:
A Scarlet ſuit, Red ſtockings, and Red ſhooes,
On which, becauſe he claimes that he can looſe
Or bind mens Sinnes, a *Golden Croſſe* they place,
That ſome might *kiſſe* the ſame whom he would grace:
A Girdle red then they about him clap
With *Buckles all of Gold*, and a *Red Cap*

Preſent

Preſent to him with *Band of Gold and Pearle*,
Wrought and engirt fit for a *King* or *Earle*.
Thus trimm'd, they put him on a *Scarlet Cloak*;
And to puffe up him more with *Glories Smoak*,
Upon his *Head* the *Triple Crowne* they ſet
With *Carbuncles* and *Diamonds* beſet.
At laſt they mount him, though a mortall Clod;
And on an Altar Throne him, like a *God*,
The *Holy Place*, where their *Maſſe-God* remaines:
There none of them to *kiſſe his Foot* diſdaines.
His *Chaplaines* now turne *Politick Diviners*,
More prone to ſpoile then prop up *Sions Vines*.

THus every *Age* hath added *Royalties*,
Since firſt the *Pope* affected *Soveraignties*
In *Ghoſtly* things above his *Ghoſtly* Mates,
To ſcandalize the *Church*. This animates
The *Turks* and *Moores* to counterpoize his *Crowne*
With the like *Tares* by their *Arabian* ſowne.

For

The 11. Age.

For when they ſaw *Religion* mixt with Theames
Of *Humane ſtampe*, they forged idler Dreames,
That by ſuch *Carnall Baites* their Sect like thoſe
Of *Chriſtian Name*, might with ſuch Wordlings gloze
As loved Pompe, and by their *Muffry* hope
The like *Soule-bliſſe* as *Chriſtians* from the *Pope*,
Whereby both *Sects* make up the *Antichriſt*,
Turkes openly, *Popes* ſlily croſſing *Chriſt*.
The Former rav'd, and quickly were reveal'd,
The Latter grew by ſtealth, ſo lay conceal'd
In *Myſtick* ſort from Carnall Drowzie Braines,
Becauſe *Gods Word* was hid, none took the Paines,
Or durſt indeed proclaime with open Lippes
The Pope Chriſts Foe, or by th' *Apocalipſe*
Depaint him out in Coulours, leaſt that Hire,
Which *Saints* reapt ſince, they ſhould have felt by Fire.

But who would once ſuſpect within the *Church*
A *Graye Divine* to live ſo by the lurch,

As

As to deprave the *Holy Spirits Gifts*?
And in a *Saint-like* shape with *Satans* shifts,
Wherewith he tempted in the Defart *Christ*,
To take the place of a *Monarchique Priest*?
And by the *Keyes* pretence for *Gold* to sell
Mens Soules? and to dispose of *Realmes*, as well
As to encroach upon the *Churches* Ark,
That None should preach of *Christ* without his Mark?
Not onely in the *Westerne Empery*,
But o're the World he claimed Soveraignety;
And not alone he claim'd this Masse Round,
But Other Worlds, and the Abysse profound,
To order there, like *Heathens Rhadamant*,
Soules Torment due for Deedes extravagant.
How on the *Psalmists Clause* have *School-men* glos'd?
Thou hast all things under his Feet dispos'd:
As Cattell Living men, as Fish pain'd Soules,
As Aiery Foule High *Satans* the *Pope* controules.

Among

The 11. Age.

AMong the reſt of *Antichriſtian* Blots,
I may not overpaſſe *Romes* damned Plots
About th'inhibiting of *Nuptiall Rites*
Unto the *Clergies* Ranke by *Romiſh* Kites;
That *Divelliſh Doctrine* of the *Latter Dayes*
By *Paul* fore-warn'd now *Babels* Strumpet waighes
In a falſe Ballance by *Hells Oracle*;
Slighting the Type of *Genues Miracles*
And, as from *Chriſt* by *Revelations Name*
Authentick firm'd, ſhe doth the ſame renew,
Although that Plea Three Hundred Yeares before,
Had ordred been againſt the *Romaine Whore*
By the Sixth *Counſell* in *Byzantium* held,
And by th' *Apoſtles Canons* there upheld:
That Deacons, Prieſts, or *Clergy-men* might marry,
And if they ſhould from this Poſition vary,
The *Prieſt* not with his *Wife* cohabiting,
They cenſur'd him with *Deprivations* ſting;

And

And if he should his *Wife* repudiate,
They then judg'd him for *Excommunicate*.
But notwithstanding all the *Councells* Three
At *Gangren*, *Nice*, and This, they would decree
Suborn'd by peevish *Monks* to lay that Yoak,
Which they in Younger Yeares could hardly brook.
For quenching of this *Sodomiticque Flame*,
We finde two Workes under *Volusians* Name,
To prove the Weakenesse of that *Canons* worth,
By *Ausburgs Bishop Huld erick* set forth.
Pope Nicholas the Second of that Name
By this and other *Acts* quite out of frame
Set *Romes* weake *Church*. Ev'n he by *Hildebrands*
Lewd Counsel scorcht the *Church* with burning Brãds
And *coram nobis* brought good *Berengare*,
That *Babels Masse* might prove as *Market* Ware.

ABout that Time *Rome* framed a *God of Bread*
Turn'd into *Flesh*, like *Him*, whom she had read

The 11. Age.

In *Geneſis* Created of Red Earth,
Unto which *Wight* the Motion gave and Birth.
To this *New God* with ſupercilious Brow
She ſtrictly charg'd her Subjects all to bow.
Her *Courtiers*, and the Multitude confus'd
Obey'd the Charge, but *Gods Elect* refus'd.
Good Men refus'd, and *Berengarius* ſought
With *Monkes* ſupport and *Prelates* underwrought,
To contradict the *Tranſubſtantiate Maſſe*,
Or not to leave it unreformed paſſe.
But *Factious Wits* with Worldly Policie,
Tooke that to clinch and pinch *Romes Primacie*.
Yet this Good Soule, though ſince for feare of death
Enforced to recant, conſum'd his Breath
With Reaſons ſound, and Arguments profound,
Till *Tyranny* his *Patience* did confound,
In oppoſition to their *Sacrament*,
Which derogates from the *Man Chriſts Aſcent*;
And left behind what *Hell* can never blot,
The Sence of that, which ſeemes to Some a knot.

Nor

The 11. *Age.*

Nor wanted he Applauſes in that Age
Of *Abbots*, *Monkes*, and *Prelates* wiſe and ſage;
And *Hildebert* a *Norman Biſhop* wrot
His praiſe at large, which Time ſhall never rot.

TIs ſtrange to me how *Faction* then prevail'd,
That they had not in Diſputations quail'd,
Aſhamed of their *Ghoſtly Mans* relapſe,
Having been nurſt upon the *Churches* Paps,
As they ſuppos'd, and of the *Spirit* borne,
Yet they the Sence did *Intellectuall* ſcorne
Of that *Bleſt Food*, which *Chriſt* himſelfe fed on
Before his Death, and gave thereof Conſtruction
Spirituall plaine, as all the *Fathers* did,
That *Saints* might finde with eaſe the Treaſure hid,
But what they ſpake by *Oratories Trope*
Rome wreſted ſince her *Maſſe* to underprop.
Sometimes the *Fathers* by *Synecdoche*,
By *Metonymy*, or *Hyperbole*

The 11. *Age.*

Spake to advance the *Sacred Myſtery*,
Thereby to print in raviſht Memory
Soules healthfull Cure 'gainſt Paſſions Inſurrection
Typ'd by Our *Saviours Croſſe* and *Reſurrection*.

TOwards this Ages End *Pope Hildebrand*
Attempted by maine Force and armed Hand,
To wreſt from *Cæſars Gift* the *Papacies*
Elections Grant, and Paramounting Sway,
Which *Popes* receiv'd from them untill that Day.
At leaſt they tooke their Confirmations Weale
Not ſure without the High *Imperiall Seale*,
And ſo did other *Biſhops* in his Land,
Aſſume their Worldly States from *Cæſars* Hand.
But now the *Pope* by *Romes New Cardinalls*
More pow'refull growne into his Party calls
Aſwell the *Lay*, as *Clergy-men* to ayde
Him in his Warres, which *Cæſar* ſore diſmay'd;
For by his *Bulls* he gave his *Realmes* away,
And blockt from him and his the *Heavens* way.

Thus

Thus he that tooke himselfe to be the *Head*
Of *Christ* his Flocke claim'd Rule unlimited
Aboue all *Kings*, and Earthly *Potentates*,
And by the *Keyes* would alter worldly States.
The *Emperour* accurst, he sends a *Crowne*
To *Rodolfe* with this *Posie* written downe:
The Rock to Peter gave the Rule Supreme,
And he to *Rodolfe* gives the Diademe.
Upon this Warrant of his *Ghostly* Sire
Against his *Lord* proud *Rodolfe* did conspire.
The *Members* rav'd, and turn'd irregulare,
As if they felt the *Cramp* or *Riding Mare*.
Then, Thousands rag'd with *Frenzies Calentures*,
Till Thousands let them *Bloud*, or tooke their Cures.
This Quarrell made all *Germany* to quake;
With *Rodolfe* Some, with *Henry* more partake.
The *Crosse* and *Eagle* rear'd for Bloudy Signes,
Yet *Cæsar* foil'd Saint *Peters* false Assignes;
And *Rodolfe* in the last great Battell fought,
Lost his *Right Hand*, which to him dying brought

The 11. Age,

He ſhew'd it to the *Biſhops* ſtanding by,
Lo, here the Guerdon of diſloyalty,
That Hand, quoth he, which did to *Cæſar* vow,
I loſt by your Adviſe. Behold it now.
But notwithſtanding all theſe cruell Broiles,
Proud *Hildebrand*, late *Gregori*ꝛ'*d*, embroiles
Himſelfe againe, will hazard Soule and Body,
But he will prove the *Emperour* a Noddy,
His *Soveraigne* Selfe comparing to the *Sun*,
And *Cæſars* Perſon to his Vaſſall *Moone*.
So long he play'd, till *Cæſar* ſacked *Rome*,
Doom'd him, and ſet another in his roome:
As Others his Succeſſours *Herods Sword*
Drew out ſo oft croſſe to their *Maſters Word*,
That now of late *Popes* odious in their place,
Twice *Burbon* did and *Alva Rome* deface.

ABout this time our *Ruſus* to enlarge
New Forreſt, there to have a Chaſe more large,

Pull'd

Pull'd many *Churches* downe. But while he plies
The Game, into his Heart an Arrow flies.

ERe I proceed to the Next *Ages* Stemme,
I muſt reflect upon *Ieruſalem*.
Our *Weſternes* now by *Romes Croiſadoes* ſpurr'd
Made a brave League; and like good Brethren ſtirrd
With *Chriſtian Zeale*, they having *Antioch* won
To *Salem* went, and took that Famous *Towne*,
Mauger the Forces of the *Saracens*,
Erected there the *Croſſe* for *Chriſtian* Mens
Encouragement then living in thoſe dayes,
Wherewith the ſight they might, as Star-like Rayes,
Behold a glimpſe of ſome Pathetick *Love*
Home-frozen there renew'd, of force to move
Compunction in their hearts on *Calvaries*
And *Olivets* ſurvey, a Sacrifice
Well pleaſing unto *Chriſt*, while they with Teares
Muſ'd on his Griefes, his *Bloudy ſweat*, and Feares,

His

The 11. Age.

His *Paſſion* undergone for their Amiſſe,
His *Fathers Wrath* for Sinne appeas'd, and Bliſſe
Reſtor'd to them, and to the Penitent
By his Deſerts alone and Puniſhment,
Who without help the *Bloudy Wine-preſſe* trod,
And ſeal'd for us a New Contract with *God.*

THis *Citty* by victorious *Godfrey* gain'd,
When all his *Hoſt* would have him there conſtrain'd
As *King to weare a Golden Crowne*: Shall I
Moſt Sinnefull Man, quoth he, unworthily
Yeeld to be Crown'd with *Gold* in that ſame *Towne*,
Where *Chriſt* was forc'd to weare a *Thorny Crowne?*
Farre be that Thought from me, weak Mortall Clod,
To ſlight his *croſſe*, my Duty unto *God.*
Such Carnall Pomp *I* utterly contemne:
Pitch we our Thoughts on *New Ieruſalem*,
Where every *Saint* the *Vaſſall* as the *King*,
Shall Crown'd with Bliſſe *Alleluiaes* ſing.

The

The 11. *Age.*

The New-mans Complaint in the Name of Our Saviour Christ *for the* Romaine Churches *Apostasie and* Adulterate *Religion.*

WHilst in thy *Name* I vent this just Complaint,
Beare with my Song, *O Christ, my Soveraigne Saint.*
But thou, *Romes Cause of Sinne, thou Dotards God,*
Pack hence, or humbly waigh the *Word of God*;
I am *Truths Light*, yet None from *roaming* cease:
I am *the Prince of Peace*, yet None loves *Peace*:
I am *the Hill*, yet None climbes *Sions Mount*:
I am *the Spring*, yet None drinks of my *Font*:
I am *the Shepheard*, yet None heares my Call:
I am *Gods Priest*, yet None heedes me at all.
I am *Sinnes Death*, yet None from Sin will rise:
I am *Soules Health*, yet None me gratifies.

I am

The 11. Age.

I am *the Way*, yet none will tract my Pace:
I am *Lifes Vine*, yet none affoords me Place:
I am *Faiths Quinteſſence*, yet none partakes me:
I am *Soules Manna*, yet aright none takes me.
I am *Moſt true to Man*, None true to me:
I am *Raiſ'd up*, yet None my Forme will ſee:
I am *Mans Baile*, yet None doth con me Thankes:
I am *Hells ſcourge*, yet None hates *Satans* Prankes:
I am *the Golden Meane*, None waighes my Center:
I am *Heavn's Doore*, yet None the doore dares enter.
I am *Gods Word*, yet None will heare his *Word*:
I am *their Iudge*, yet None regards the *ſword*:
I am *Heavens ſtrength*, yet None ſticks to my *Fame*:
I am *Zeales-Mover*, yet None heedes the Flame.
I am *the Starre* of the *New-Eaſtern Morne*:
I am *the New-mans Head*, yet None's new-borne.
I am *the Thundrer*, yet None feares my ſtroake:
I am *Free-hearted*, yet None beares my yoake.
I am *the Lambe*, None will my Nature take:
I am *the Sunne*, yet None Sinnes Cloudes forſake.

I I am

The II. *Age.*

I am *Truths Rock*, yet None will now believe me;
I am *Mens Hope*, yet None will ceaſe to grieve me;
But in theſe Times with coulour of my *Rock*,
The *Dragons ſeed* doth perſecute my *Flock*,
And all *Romes Clergy* now doe liſten more
Unto the *Popes Decrees* then tó my *Lore*.
No wonder with *Hells Plague* that *Soules* are ſtung,
When ſuch foule *Miſts* riſe from the *Monſters Dung*.
O wretched Man! whom neither *Chriſt his Path*,
Nor *Goſpel* moves, nor yet his *Threatning Wrath*!
[*Nemo*]
Yet if the *Romaine None* thou backward ſpell,
[*Omen*]
I may to thee a *Converts* LUCK fore-tell,
Thou ſoone ſhalt chaſe our Aiery Foes to *Hell*,
If thou by *Faith* ſeekſt in the *Heavens* to dwell,
And by the *Croſſe* the *Old Man* to expell.
Here lyes our Task: think on it, and Farewell.

The

The ſame Complaint reiterated in Latine Meaſures.

DUm novus erumpo vates ſub nomine Chriſti,
Da veniam juſſæ, Rex Sacroſancte, Querelæ.
Sed, Romæ Terrene Senex, tu cauſa malorum,
I procul, aut humili pende hæc Oracula mente;
Sum Lux, ſed Nemo Tenebras Latebraſque relinquit:
Sum Rex Pacificus, ſed nemo eſt Pacis amicus.
Sum Mons, ſed Montem conſcendit Nemo Sionis:
Sum Fons, ſed potat Nemo de Fonte Perenni.
Sum Paſtor, ſed Ovilis adeſt mihi Nemo vocanti:
Sum Myſtes, ſed Nemo tenet mea Myſtica mente.
Sum Mors Peccati, Nemo expergiſcitur inſons:
Sum Rediviva Salus, ſed Nemo rependit amorem.
Sum Via, ſed Nemo ſequitur veſtigia noſtra:
Sum Vitis vitæ, ſed Nemo hanc Corde reponit.
Sum Liquor, at Nemo me ſpiritualiter haurit:
Sum Panis Cœleſtis, edit ſed Pectore Nemo.

Sum

The 11. Age.

Sum Fidus, *sed Nemo fidem mihi præstat* etiam?

Sum Sursum positus, *sed me vult Nemo videre.*

Sum Datus Obses, *agit mihi Grates Nemo libenter:*

Sum Satanæ Domitor, *sed vitat Nemo* Gehennam.

Sum Modus & Centrū, *tamen hos duo Nemo revolvit.*

Sum Pia Porta Poli, *sed Nemo precatur, ut intret.*

Sum Præco, *sed Nemo sacris accendit modos aures.*

Sum Judex, *sed Nemo fugit modo vindicis Ensem.*

Sum Cœli virtus, *sed adhæret Nemo vigori:*

Sum Zeli Motor, *sed flammis Nemo movetur.*

Sum Matutinum Sidus, *vatesque Diei:*

Sum Restaurator Populi, *sed Nemo renatus.*

Sum, Deus Altitonans, *melior sed Nemo fretu.*

Sum Mitis, *sed molle jugum fert Nemo modernum.*

Sum Patiens Agnus, *sed me vult Nemo Patronum.*

Sum Sol exoriens, *sed nubila Nemo retractat:*

Sum Rupes Fidei, *sed Nemo fideliter orat.*

Sum Spes sola hominum, *sed Nemo lacessere probris*

Meq; meumq; Gregem Petræ *sub imagine cessat.*

Sic hodie Semen *solet insanire Draconis,*

Ut

The 11. Age.

Vt Papæ Decreta magis quam Dogmata noſtra,
Iura Hominum non Iuſſa Dei bibit aure Sacerdos.
Nec mirum; Nubes *ortæ de ſtercore Monſtri*
Inficiunt animas: Eccleſia *peſte laborat*;
O vetule infœlix! qui Chriſti *Calle, nec Aris,*
Nec ſacris Monitis, nec moveare Minis!
Sin nomen NEMO *ſupplex inverteris,* OMEN
Deſtinat, & Chriſto *ſic* Anagramma *placet.*
Aëreos Hoſtes citò profligabis in Orcum,
Si modo rimaris Cælica Claustra Fide.
Proditor ille Senex *tunc evaneſcet in Auras,*
Succumbit Chriſti *cum tuo Maſſa* Cruci.
Hoc Opus, hic labor eſt; *Perlege, pende, Vale.*

THE

The 12. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE TWELFTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1100. untill the yeere 1200. At which Time King *John* raigned here in *England*, who to be absolved of the *Popes Excommunications* made himselfe Tributary to His *Holinesse*.

The Argument.

The Councell Lateran *confirmes the* Masse.
The Canon Lawes *for* Romes *maine Profit passe.*
The Pope *mounts up on* Cæsars *humbled Back.*
Schoole-men *now rise. And* Salem *goes to wrack.*

THose whom *Rome* styl'd the *Berengarian Sect*,
Because her *Masse* they ventur'd to correct,
Were censur'd at the *Councell Lateran*,
As at *Vercelli* the like *Act* prophane

Against

The 12. Age.

Against them past that *Politician Whore*,
For her *Trades* sake, in the last Age before.
And here likewise such *Labours* went to Pot,
As *Joachim* a *Latian Abbot* wrot,
To prove: the *Man of Sinne*, the *Antichrist*,
And *Babels Whore* jumpt with the *Romaine Priest*,
O Valiant man! who for this Mystick Point
On *Truths* behalfe adventur'd his best Joint!

NO better sorts the *Churches* Pilgrimage
In this obscure *Eclipse*, and *Carnall Age*:
Popes struggling still for Worldly Dignity
With *Emperours*, and for *Priority*.
Amidst these Broyles, although *Eugenius* storme,
Yet *Bernard* dar'd his *Popedome* to enforme,
How he in striving Both the *Swords* to hold,
Might lose them Both for his encroachment bold.

And

AND sure if *Popes* had not on *Princes* play'd,
Nor warr'd with Worldly States, but onely Pray'd,
And sought the Health of Soules by Lenity,
They might have raign'd in long Prosperity,
And by their *Doctrine* linkt with Holy Life
Drawn wrangling States from Faction, Bloud & strife.
Whereas for *Peace* they rather *Quarrels* spun,
Not caring by what sleights they Places won.
So that some call him *Pope* a Yeare or two,
And that great *Kings* or *Dukes* doe kisse his shooe,
Old *Adrian* wreakes not how he came to mount,
Nor by what Meanes, so he his Peeres surmount.
And yet this Fate with a repenting Breath
This *Pope* perplext lamented at his Death,
And said, that he, who got the *Papacy*
By Murther, trac'd the Steps and Policie
Of *Romulus*, who slue his Brother *Rheme*,
Alone to weare *Romes* New-found *Diademe*.

The 12. Age.

When that Eleven Hundred Yeares and Ten
Had wheel'd from *Christ* his Birth, a *Bishop* then
Of *Florence* preacht, that the Proud Man of Sinne,
The *Antichrist*, who long conceal'd had been,
Was surely come, and in *Gods Temple* sate,
Pretending Right to sway the *Christian State.*
The *Mystick Let of Cæsars Glorious Traine,*
Which made him hide his head, and did restraine
His haughty Thoughts and Plots unlimited,
Was thrust away, and neere extinguished
By the *Popes* Tumults, Threats, and Stratagemes,
Subjecting Bodies, Soules, and *Diademes.*
Priests Ghostly Charge into an *Earthly* chang'd:
The *Spirits Gifts Simoniously* exchang'd:
The *Words Eclipse: Idolatries encrease*
And *Sodomies*; with want of *Christian Peace:*
These *Hellish Crimes*, or Deedes irregulare,
Demonstrate, who the *Churches Foe-men* are.
When *Pope Paschalis* Second of that Name
Had heard diuulg'd his *Hierarchies* shame,

Most

Most Politick to stop the Bruit at first
Of such *New Sparkes*, by his Old wayes accurst,
He sent his *Briefes* at *Florence* to appoint
A *Councell* there to right things out of joint,
As he surmiz'd, where *Coram nobis* brought
The *Bishop* there was forc'd to be new taught,
With *Babels Glosse* to palliate what he knew,
The Cole-black for Snow white, the False for True,
And so to leave the *Pope* in *Peters Chaire*
Chaffring for Soules, till *Saints* disturbe the Faire.

But in the midst of all these brandling Cares,
Which rackt the *Church*, succeeded other Snares,
Soules to subject unto the *Vultures Clawes*,
Renewd with *Glosse Voluminous* of *Lawes*
By *Azors*, *Gratians*, and *Accursius* Paines,
That so Mens Wits by such divertive Trains,
In hope of Worldly Fees toild might not pry
Into *Sinnes* deep concealed Mystery,

The 12. Age.

But nimbly helpe to execute the *Bulls*
And *Briefes*, wherewith his Thralls the *Tyrant* gulls,
Emptying their ſtore, ſacking their Subſtance dry,
That he might joy at *Clients* Miſery.
And though the One the *Elder Siſter* were,
The *Younger* yet and *Canon Law* did beare
The primeſt Sway, and *Kings* durſt not gainesay
But muſt appeare at *Rome* on a ſet day.
For when the *Pope* enthrall'd the *Emperour*,
Romes Keyes then *Ceſers Lawes* did over-towre.

TO fortifie the *Canons* gloz'ing Gloſſe,
About that Time Our *Schoole-men* then aroſe,
Quaint Wits, who ſpun *Divinity* anew,
And by *Diſtinctions* would the *Goſpel* mew.
Such Knots and Wiles did Curious Wits compoſe,
That they to *Rome* might all the World tranſpoſe,
And ſo heale up, and cloze the grievous Scarres,
Which ſhe ſuſtain'd deſervedly for Jarres.

And

The 12. Age.

And for her Breach of *Faith* at *Christs* 2d Coming

Vow'd, that to him she 'gainst the *World* would cling.
But in the next Ensuing Age shall rise
Bald *Friers Sects* to help *Baals Sacrifice*.
To temper, or to stint these Busie Braines,
There shall start up Men of unwearied Paines,
Who seeme to raise *Devotion* at a pinch:
'Mong which I ranke Poore *Francis* Sainted since,
Who innocent in Life, by Poverty
Would faine restore the *Old Integrity*,
To imitate, as much as in him lay,
The Ancient *Monks*, or the *Essenees* way,
Or rather *Benets* Rules; but afterward
The *Dragon* brib'd his Mates to be his Guard;
His Sect soone stray'd, and his Fraternity
With Merits boast corrupted Purity,
Pestring the *Church* and *Christian* Common-weale
With Dreames adverse unto the Founders Zeale.

The 12. Age.

OUt of their Dung did other *Orders* grow,
Austere in Life, of *Sanctimonious* show,
Pretending Holinesse in Outward Sight,
But inwardly in Melancholick plight,
Now spending Dayes and Nights neere in dispaire,
Anon blowne up, like Bladders in the Aire,
With Meritorious Wind, *Pelagian* Worth,
And *Humane Workes* they set their *Doctrine* forth,
They lash'd their *Flesh* to keep the *Old man* downe,
And, like that Sect from craz'd *Montanus* flowne,
They stupifi'd through *Fasts* their Brawny Sides
In hope of *Grace*, and Worldly Fame besides.
Meane while the Bloud of *Christ* they frustrate made,
And by such blasted Buds *Faiths Tree* did fade.
Yet by their Deedes, and seeming Sacrifice
The *Scarlet Whore* thought to redeeme her vice;
And that their *Workes of Supererogation*
Suffic'd at least to win a Prorogation

Of

Of Vengeance due for her high Pamperd Pride,
If not to purge what *Christ* had left untri'd:
Like those who bought, to ransome *Iudas* Sinne,
Blouds Hire, a Field to bury Strangers in.

O What a Rabble doth my *Muse* descry
Of *Croakers* from the *Dragons* mouth to flye
Within the space of the Next Ages Rowle!
All bent the Praise of *Babel* to enrowle!
The *Dominicks*, *Carthusians*, *Augustines*,
The *Carmelites*, *Capouchins*, *Iacobines*,
Besides the *Order* of the *Ierome* Crowd,
To whom of late *Castiles* great *Monarch* vow'd
His *Marbled Palace* of th'*Escuriall Mount*,
Whose Structure cost him many Millions Count.
These *Orders*, though of despicable Forme,
In *Beggers* Rags, yet holp they to reforme
Some things amisse at their first shooting up,
Or else the *Whores Abominations Cup* Had

The 12. Age.

Had quickly been by *Kings* descri'd and spilt;
Her *Flock* had flinch'd, and soone espi'd her Guilt.
But the Conceit of these Mens Sanctity,
And manner of their Lives Austerity
Gain'd them Repute of *Wiss Prophetical*,
Whose Vowes would shrowd Sinnes ne'r so Capitall.
Yea, though a man had both his Parents slaine,
Romes Pardons and their *Vowes* salv'd all againe.

THis blindnesse lasted long, till *Christ* his *Spouse*
Returned from the Desart Soules to rowze
From Superstitious sleep, and Ignorance,
To brighter Light, and a more Lively Trance.
Like *Ravens*, *Frogs*, *Scritchowles*, and Dismall Fowle,
Whose *Augurries* type Weather-Faire or Foule,
So did those *Flying Spirits* of that Age
Seale up Dark Minds a Prey for *Satans* rage,
And on th'*Elect* betoken Calmer Gales
To blow, when tir'd with Old fanatique Tales,

They

The 12t Age.

They should in Time to come *Gods Spirit* see,
The *Martyrs* slaine reviv'd, from *Sodome* free.

WHile *Canonists*, the *School-men*, and those Swarmes
Of *Lawyers* rose, the *Romane Popes* with Armes
And Curses still, leaving the *Lawes* dispute,
To spurre their *League*, did *Cæsars* persecute.
No Treaties, Wars, nor Spoiles the *Popes* could tame
Till One of them of *Alexanders* Name
On *Cæsars* humbled backe got on his Mule,
As Foot-stoole to a a Lord of mad Mis-rule,
Detracting from *Christs Power*: Thou shalt tread
On *Basiliskes*, and bruize the *Serpents* Head.
I doe to *Peter* this, and not to thee,
Said *Cæsar*: Both to *Peter* and to me,
Repli'd the Mounted *Priest*; for *Peters* Throne
On Earth I hold, and he and I are One.
O where was then *Romes* Boast of Innocence?
Of *Catholick* Consent, and Penitence?

Their

The 12. Age.

Their Actions shew what *Spirit* raignes in them,
Who durst assume the *Triple Diademe*,
And manage both the Swords with more disdaine
Then *Bajazeth* complain'd of *Tamberlaine*.
But had not *Cæsars Sonne* in *Navall Fight*
By the *Venetians* been Captiv'd, such spite
He could not have endur'd so patiently,
Nor let such wrongs long unrevenged lye.

NOw for this Age to winde up *Babels* height,
One Thousand, and one Hundred Eighty Eight,
About that Yeare the *Machiavellian Pope*,
To settle surer his *Imperious* Hope,
And to confirme his proud Investiture,
Found out a Plot his Rapines to assure,
And to employ his Neighbours farre from *Rome*,
Lest they more pry into his Arts at home.
By his *Croisadees* Charmes Cri'd Sanctifi'd
In *Christ* his Name, but by his *Word* untri'd,

He

The 12. Age.

He packs from hence many a Valiant Band,
Under pretence to Conquer *Iewries* Land,
And there to build *Ierusalem* againe,
Like *Iericho* sometime, not Curst in vaine,
And to regaine it back from *Saladine*,
Who late had won the Land of *Palestine*.
But as no Good flowes from a Tainted Spring,
So hence then Losse ensu'd no other thing.

CÆSAR *Romes* Curses thinking to compound,
Took up the *Crosse*, and by the way was drown'd.
Yet could not so the *Fathers* Death appease;
The *Popes* his Sonnes by Curses barre from Peace.
And to redeeme their Bloudy Spoiles with Deedes
Of Merit, they spread Meritorious Seedes,
As that Fond Age then dream'd, they prostitute
To *Moloch* first, and then they institute
The Orders of the *Begging Friers*, so
To calme *Gods Wrath*, which kept such lowd adoe

The 12. Age.

At Rich mens Doores, that Superstition more
And more confirm'd *Baals* Power then before.
About this Time my *Learned Country-man*
Archdeacon Girald wrot, by whom I can
Disprove out of his Bookes of *Pilgrimage*
Which he set forth of *Cambria* in that Age,
The Wonders of the *Well* of *Winifride*;
Which *Friers Braines* in After-times discri'd,
When the Fourth *Henry* raign'd, that then, ev'n then
They coin'd those Tales to gull poore Simple men,
To haunt their Cells, and impious *Sacrifice*
Grac'd from the *Pope* with *Novell Liberties*,
And Leave to build a *Chappell* or a *Fane*,
As Men were wont for the like use profane;
And as they did in this Fond Age erect
Most Stately *Shrines* to *Becket* and his *Sect*.

BEcause some *Monkes* Night-Apparitions saw,
Which *Knaves* or *Fiends* invented there to draw

Con-

The 12. Age.

Concourſe of *Pilgrims*, and Oblations ſtore,
They built ſuch *Shrines*, and noiſ'd their *Dreames* the (more,
But Our *Newman* ſlights all ſuch *Miracles*,
As derogate from *Scriptures Oracles*,
Not ignorant of the *Old Serpents* ſleight,
That he may ſeeme an *Angel* of the Light.
Becauſe Men loved *Lies* more then *Gods Word*,
And tri'd them not by the *Spirituall Sword*,
He ſuffered *Satan* to pervert their Will,
That they believ'd what did the *Spirit* kill.
To let our *Blinded Strayes* to know their Crimes,
Derived from the Courſe of faultring Times,
I warne them to looke back into this *Age*,
And there to waigh what Cunning mixt with Rage
Popes practiz'd then by more of *Councels* ſtore
To raiſe their Creſt then in the Times before,
How many *Councels* did the *Romiſh Clerks*
Aſſemble in our *Weſt* for their vaine *Quirkes*
Support? what Age before hath ever ſeene
Of *Councels* held One Hundred and Fifteene?

For

The 12. Age.

(For just so many did this *Century*
Produce) Some to confirme *Sinnes Mystery*
With *Attributes* of the *Divinest Style*:
That as the *Head* conspired to enstyle
A Wafer Cake a God, so they likewise,
As *Members* would a *God* him solemnize
With Power rais'd above the *Cæsars* farre,
Since he could *Soules* from *Purgatory* barre.
Some *Councells* leagu'd to send *Croisadoes* out
To *Palestine* against the *Persian* Rout.
Others were call'd the *Married Priests* to curbe;
And some were held the *Cæsars* to disturbe,
Exempting from their *Lawes* the *Clergies Crew*,
Though nere so faulty, whence great scandalls grew.
Some *Councells* did against all *Kings* contest
Of *Bishops* their *Investiture* to wrest
Unto the *Popes*. And some Pluralities,
Of *Popes* restrain'd and their Enormities.
And which seemes most uncharitable, foule,
And *Schismatick*, some *Councells* did controule,

Nay

The 12. Age.

Nay, put to silence the *Reformed Flock*,
Who built their Faith upon the New-mans Rock,
I meane, that *Flock*, which *Lions Waldus* won
From *Darkneſſe* to look on the *Goſpels Sun*.
Such *Acts* above One Hundred *Councells Tomes*
Contain'd to pleaſe the *Popes*, like *Hecatombs*,
Within the ſpace of the *Twelfe Century*;
And all to prop *Great Babels Empery*.

THE

The 13. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE THIRTEENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1200. untill the yeere 1300. At which Time King *Edward* the First raigned here in *England.*

The Argument.

The Waldois *and* Albigians Rome *oppose,*
Cæsars *with* Popes *for Rule contesting lose.*
The Gransire, Sire, *and* Nephewes *feele the Smart,*
Pope Celestine *is gull'd by Wily Art.*

IN wofull Case remain'd the *Church of Christ,*
Through Bloudy Broiles, that how she could subsist
On Earth, while this Age lasted, it might dull
A *Sparkling Muse,* but that I learn'd at full

The 13. Age.

The Cauſe of her Retire, the Difference
Betwixt her *Wane*, and her *Lights* excellence,
Her *Catholick*, and her *Subordinate*
Communion, which falſe *Rome* would faine perſwade
That ſhe alone doth owne without reſpect
Unto her Mates, or Betters growne by *Grace*,
Where none can ſee her *Univerſall Face*
Save *God* himſelfe. The *World* is large, our skill
At ſtint: How then know we her Spatious Hill?
The *Waldois* and th' *Albigians* in our *Weſt*,
The *Abiſſines*, and Others doe ſuggeſt,
That they partake her Influence, and her Head,
Ev'n Him that ſhall diſpoſe of Quicke and Dead.
Peter and *Paul* we know. But who are yee,
Who Meere the *Church* of *Nembrods* proud degree?

POpe *Innocent* in the laſt puddled Age
By *Canons* ſtrict, but neither wiſe nor ſage,
Our *Engliſh Clergy* now did here ſo gore,
As *Hildebrand* and *Lanfrank* did before,

That

The 13. Age.

That they without more Shifts, Delayes, Diſpence,
Or hopes to calme *Romes* Spleen through bribing pẽce
Muſt turne away their Plighted *Mates* to graſſe,
Or be Accurſt, and to refraine from *Maſſe*;
A heavy Doome, and not to be recall'd.
This made our *Clergy* winch, when they were gall'd,
And cauſeleſly thus curb'd without remorce
Of that, which *Chriſt* condemned the Divorce.
Againſt this Flaſh *Walter de Mapes* wrot
Oxfords Archdeacon ſtout; he tax'd the Blot
And Scandall which the *Romaine Church* encurr'd,
He ſhew'd the Flames, which her poore Guard endur'd
By ſuch unlawfull Acts, thoſe very Flames,
Which *Popes* themſelves not without branded Names
Could well avoid in their more youthfull Yeares,
Nor *Cardinalls*, nor any of their *Peeres*,
They did enjoyne for tolerable Paine.
This moved *Mapes* in Old *Romaine Straine*
To gird and nip the *Popes* uſurp'd *Decree*,
And to prove *Marriage* for the *Clergy* free.

The 13. Age.

But now my *Muſe* more Bloudy Deedes muſt tell,
Which then the *Church* endur'd from *Fiends* of *Hell*.
About the Yeare Twelve Hundred Thirty One,
The *Greek* and *Latine Church* could not attone
Their Diff'rence new ſprung up for *Chriſtian Rites*,
But a ſore *Schiſme* then chanc't, for *Romiſh Kites*
Would rake ev'n to the bone all *Churches* elſe.
They would yoake to *Romes Soveraignty excelſe*
The *Eaſterne Church*, and force inveſtiture
Of all their *Biſhops*, and their *Ghoſtly Cure*
Under the *Keyes* pretence to *Romes* proud *Mate*.
But they would not ſubject, nor ſo abaſe
Their *Paſtours Staffe*, alleadging *Old Decrees*
Of *Synods* made for ordring of their *Fleece*
And *Liberties* in their prefixed Spheare,
At *Chalcedon*, at *Nice*, and other where:
That every *Patriarch* in their proper Charge,
Should onely deale, and their owne Place diſcharge,
Not medling with Anothers ſtinted *Cure*,
But *watching* ſtill their owne *Flocke* to ſecure,

No

The 13. Age.

Not striving for high Seates of *Prelacie*,
As *Gregory* then did for *Primacie*.
To this Effect *Bizantiums Patriarch* wrot
To *Gregory* the Ninth, that he could not
Consent to thrall his *Church* unto his Will,
Which, as a *Tyrants Law*, might spill or kill.
At which Resolve *Romes Lofty Prelate* frown'd,
And by his lowing *Bulls* accursed Sound
Anathemated him and all the *East*,
Because they would not bow to his behest,
And therewithall proclaim'd the *Crosse* to fight,
And to deprive them of *Gods Blessings* quite.
According to his Will false *Christians* went,
And *Martyrs* did with *Cypriots* Bloud augment.

Before this Rupture both the *East* and *West*
Till then agreed, on Union fixt their Rest,
And though for *Clericks Wives*, and *Masses Rites*
They varied, yet *Romes Popes* play'd not the *Kites*

The 13. Age,

Till then on them, as in our *Weſterne Spheare,*
From whence they rak'd much *Treaſure* every yeare;
They Both agreed, acknowledging *One Head,*
One Chriſt, One Faith, One Iudge of Quick and Dead,
One Univerſall Church, One Bond of Love,
And that One Spirit ought them all to move:
All Patriarchs linkt in mutuall Amity,
Coequalls grac't with Honours Parity.
But through this *Rent* by *Babels Whore* begun,
A *Bloudy Flag* was for *Both Churches* ſpun.

THis *Schiſme* 'twixt *Eaſt* & *Weſt* obſcur'd the *Croſſe*
And to them both fore-doom'd a two-fold Loſſe,
Of *Worldly States* to *Greece* in time to come;
But Loſſe of *Ghoſtly Gifts* to haughty *Rome,*
Together with the Loſſe of Both the *Swords,*
As *Bernard* to *Eugenius* well records;
When ſhe ſhall ſee how many *Potentates*
Will flinch from her, and free themſelves and States;

When

The 13. Age.

When ſhe ſhall heare *One* with a Dreadfull Tone
Proclaime the Fall of *Whoriſh Babylon.*

WHen *Babel* ſaw, that her *Croiſadoes* miſt
Ieruſalem to win againe for *Chriſt*,
As ſhe, but in Diſguiſe, ſuggeſted then,
Now ſhe proclaimes them againſt *Chriſtian Men*;
The *Waldois* and *Albigians* feele her Spite,
For againſt them ſhe is reſolv'd to fight.
Some yeeld unto the *Fiery Croſſe*. Some ſtay,
Some ſtray, recant, and Others fly away
With all their Kinne into *Calabriaes* Soile,
Where till of late they liv'd ſafe from *Romes* Broile.
Nor could that Age, nor yet the Ages ſince
Extirpe their *Seed*, nor cauſe their *Faith* to flinch.
Yee Darkned Ghoſts of thoſe inveagled Times,
Who merit well Damnation for your Crimes,
Doe what yee can, theſe New-ſprung *Waldois* ſhall
With their good Mates *Albigians* you appall,

The 13. Age.

And ſhall out-laſt your Curſing Thunder-blaſts
Till *Luther* comes and gives you more diſtaſts,
At which appointed Time with lowder Crack
Your *Camerades* ſhall tremble, or fall back
From *Balaams League* unto a *Nobler Head*,
Whoſe *Spirit* them will into *Sion* lead.

WEll neere 300. Yeares the *Popes* have fought
With *Emperours* and *Kings*, their downefall ſought,
Depos'd the *Sire*, and rais'd a *Rebell Sonne*
Unnaturall the *Father* to dethrone.
They poyſon'd ſome, and Others by degrees
They forc'd to cry *Peccavi* on their knees;
And all for worldly Rule. Nay, *Kings* durſt not
Curbe *Homicides* (ſuch was the *Clergies Lot*)
In thoſe Dayes, that if they to *Rome* appeal'd,
They were exempt, and had their Pardons ſeal'd.
While Rebell *Becket* for poore things withſtood
His *King*, the *Pope* his Shield moſt firmely ſtood;

And

The 13. Age.

And Others of his Ranke hal'd to their Nets,
Two *Engliſh Kings* of our *Plantagenets*.

WHen *Milan* roſe againſt the *Emperour*,
With other Townes, though not to *Babels Towre*
Subject at all, yet did *Pope Gregory*,
Becauſe the *Rebels* ſought his Amity,
Accurſe the Third Time *Cæſars Majeſty*:
And though ſome pleaded then a Nullity,
Yet no ſubmiſſion ſerved *Frederick*,
But he ſtands barr'd from the *Church Catholick*.
About the Yeare Two Hundred Thirty Eight
With the one Thouſand paſt, for his owne Right
The *Emperour* was then compell'd to Fight,
The while the *Pope* all *Cæſars* League did ſmite
With *Thundring Darts* pretended from Saint *Paul*
And from Saint *Peter* to affright them all.
But ſeeing that ſuch *Blaſts* ſmall terrour ſtrooke,
He then proclaim'd the *Croſſe*, and thereby ſhooke

The

The 13. Age.

Th'*Imperiall League*, yet not ſo fatally,
But that his *Gibellines* ſtood really,
As with the *Pope* remain'd the *Guelphian Side*,
Which Two did long all *Italy* divide.

HEere ends not all this *Centuries* Complaint:
With farre more diſmall Stirres the *Pope* did taint
Thoſe Cloudy Times. The *Father* dead, he ſhootes
Upon the *Sonne* his Bolts. It little bootes
Him to ſubmit. The *Sonne* alike muſt beare
His *Fathers Curſe*, and ſo to Sway forbeare.
Conradus dead, he doth for *Conradine*
As much and more, for him he doth confine
Not onely from the *Empire*; But his Owne
Of *Naples Realme* with the *Sicilian Crowne*
He gives away for Prey to *Charles* of *France*,
Whoſe *Banners* there *Pope Clement* did advance,
And never left (ſuch was his Chollers Flame
To *Conradine* for his dead *Grandſires* Fame)

Till

The 13. Age.

Till he and *Auſtriaes Prince* by a ſly way
Were taken and beheaded in One day.
Judge, *Readers*, now, if *Popes* liv'd like to *Chriſt*,
Or whether they reſembled *Antichriſt*.

SO Sly and Cautious were this Ages *States*,-- ---
That None for feare to have with *Popes* Debates
For *Seventeene Yeares* durſt hazard on the *Mace*
Imperiall, but the ſame lay for that Space
Still vacant. For *Alphonſus* King of *Spaine*
Had flat refus'd the *Cumbers* to ſuſtaine,
Leaſt of an ancient Friend, his *Ghoſtly Sire*
Become his *Foe*, and ſo his *Love* expire;
He would not leave, he ſaid, *Aſtronomy*
Which he then ſtudied, for all *Germany*.
Th'*Electours* then choſe *Richard Cornewalls Duke*,
The *Romaines King*, but he with ſome rebuke
Was ſince put off, becauſe his *Holidome*
Expected more of Others for that Roome;

And

The 13. Age.

And thereupon he *Hasburgs Earle* enthrones,
Since *Auſtriaes Head*, with him the *Pope* attones
In Old *Lauſannaes Towne*; but could not get
Him once to *Rome*, leſt that his footing ſet
In that unlucky Place, ſome Jealous Fit
Might nip the *Popes* raſh Braine and crazed Wit,
That he from thence ſhould never more returne,
But periſh there, except he ſerv'd his turne,
As *Ceſars* were before his time to doe
Conſtrain'd, or elſe his Wrath to undergoe.
And to that end the prudent *Emperour*
Rehears'd the *Tale*, how to the *Lions* Bowre
Who fain'd him ſicke, the *Fox* ſaw many Beaſts
To enter in as Complementall Gueſts,
But not the ſteps of any comming back.
And that made him to *Rome* his Viſit ſlacke.

NOw at this *Ages* Period *Celeſtine*
The *Romiſh Pope* was cheated by a fine

And

The 13. Age.

And Cunning Sleight, the *Popedome* to reſigne
To *Boniface*, himſelfe and to confine
Into an *Hermites Cell*, to end his Dayes
With Prayers, Faſts, and ſuch Religious wayes.
This by a whiſpring Cane or hollow Reed
He acted, and his wiſh did ſo ſucceed.
Thus *Boniface* began. But as ſuch Plots
Thrive ſeldome, ſo entangled in thoſe knots,
Which he for others warp'd, he waged Warres
In *Italy*. In *France* he moved Jarres
Againſt the *King*, with *Fulminating Darts*
Againſt his *Realme*, till ſpite of all his Arts
His Holineſſe Captiv'd, in Priſon faſt,
For very Griefe then he deceas'd at laſt,
With this Memoriall fixed on his Clog:
He came a Fox, Raign'd a Wolfe, di'd a Dog.
But to encreaſe *Romes* Superſtitious ſtore,
Before his Death he coin'd one Cuſtome more,
The *Jubilees great Teare*, wherein all ſuch,
Who came to *Rome*, were eas'd of *Sinne* and *Pouch*:

Eas'd

The 13. Age.

Eas'd of *Sinnes Paine* from *Purgatories Flame,*
Eas'd of their *Gold* as Ranſome for the ſame.
This *Pope* decreed it firſt with *Balaams Fire,*
When that One Hundred Yeares did full expire;
But ſince to Fifty Yeares *Popes* chang'd the Courſe,
That they might reap more Gaine by *Gulls* recourſe,
And *Pilgrim-Viſits* of the *Lateran,*
And other *Sainted-Fanes* late made profane,
Since Freedome was proclaim'd by *Romiſh Sires*
For many Thouſand Yeares from *Purging Fires.*
So doth the *Myſtick Whore* entangle Soules
To credit *Dreames,* which raiſe her *Market Tolles.*
And now likewiſe for her *Gods Adoration*
Popes firſt Decreed the *Maſſes Elevation.*
Thus I winde up this *Popiſh Age,* the while
I warne thy *Wits* to greet, *O Patricks Ile,*
Thy *Prelate Fitz-Raphe, Primate Armachan,*
Who 'gainſt the Upſtart *Friers* playd the Man,
And provd their *Begging Orders* Vaine and Falſe
Before the *Pope* and all his *Cardinalls.*

So

The 13. Age.

So ſhone that time this *Learned Mans Renowne,*
That when his Death was through *Avinion* knowne,
A *Cardinall* was heard of Him to ſay:
The Church hath loſt a Pillar ſtrong this day.

ANd yet for all ſuch *Good mens Propheſies,*
Rome would not quit her *Pedlers Marchandiſe,*
Which to her uſe thoſe *Croaking Friers* truckt,
But by their *Lies* ſhe all our *Honey* ſuckt.
(Their *Legends* wrought ſuch *Superſtitious Feare.*)
They ſaw *Our Lady* here, *Our Lady* there,
At *Mountſerrat, Lorrette, Walſingham,*
Whereby they got, as to th'*Epheſian Dame,*
To *Iſis, Baal,* and *Moloch* Temples built,
And *Images* with Gold and Azure gilt,
By which falſe ſpecious Showes, old *Satans* Miſts,
Rich Offrings they procur'd to *Romiſh Prieſts.*
Then, *Miracles* were rife, of Wiſe men knowne
For *Ghoſtly Wiles,* now to a *Proverbe* growne;

That

The 13 Age.

That to conclude Some for *Notorious Liers*,
It is enough to say, that they are *Friers*.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE FOURTEENTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 1300. vntill the Yeare 1400. At which time *Henry* the Fourth Raigned King of *England*.

The Argument.

The Fratricells *soone up, and quasht. At* Masse
By Papall Plot then Cæsar *poisned was.*
Pope John *maintaines, he can all* Kings *depose.*
Our Wickliffe *now* Romes Doctrine *doth oppose.*

ABout the Dawne of this *New Century*,
The *Fratricells* of *Anabaptists* Fry
In *Germany* disperst their Arguments,
That *Christians* should not perk to *Governments*;

The 14. Age.

But that all things lay Common to the Poore
As to the Rich. No Creature leſſe or more
Then Others muſt poſſeſſe. Equallity
They taught of *States* and *Lives* Conformity,
Much like to that, which *Plato* Chymeriz'd,
Or the *Utopian Weale*, which *Moore* devis'd.
But their Opinions vaniſh'd into Smoak,
And they themſelves endur'd the *Churches* ſtroak,
Cenſur'd for *Bedlems* of Corrupted Zeale,
Offenſive to the *Church* and Common-weale,
Which without hope of Gaine would ſlothfull grow:
Yet by the Fruit a *Chriſtians Faith* we know.
I wiſh in Wealth a *Meane*, from *Mizers* ſtore
A Miracle extended to the Poore.
O how my Heart doth griçve to ſee their Cures
Neglected, whilſt our *Droniſh Epicures*
Moſt idly waſte what *Godly Families*
Would ſave from Dearth, and ſerve as *Sacrifice*
To cover Sinnes. We carry hence no *Gold*
Nor *Land*. Eight Foot alone a *Coarſe* will hold.

A

A *Friers Act* yet hapned to his *Liege*,
Great *Luxemboroughs Ceſar*, at the Siege
Of *Florence* more prodigious by the *Popes*
Procurement, which quaſht ſodainely the Hopes
And Life of the *Imperiall Majeſty*,
(Deciphring *Babels* black Iniquity)
By a *Black Frier* with a *Maſſes Cake*
Envenomed, and taen his Heart-ſtrings brake,
And ſo whom Force, nor Flaſhes could out-brave,
One hallowed Bit diſpatcht him to his *Grave*.

NOr did the Next ſucceeding *Emperour*
Much better ſpeed, for he likewiſe the ſowre
And crabb'd aſpect felt of proud *Antichriſt*.
He *Lewis* dar'd out of the *Church* of *Chriſt*
By Thundring *Bulls* to ſhut, and made his Boaſt,
That he had Power through the *Holy Ghoſt*

The 14. Age.

Both *Emperours* and *Princes* to diſpoſe,
And at his Will their *Kingdomes* to tranſpoſe.
Thus *John* the Two and Twentieth of that Name
On *Cæſar* play'd, and *Scriptures* did defame,
Untill ſome Grave and Learned Men aroſe
In that Tempeſtuous Age him to oppoſe.

AMong which *Occam* ſtarted up with Quill
Of *Cherubs Wing*, and prov'd that *Doctrine* ill.
He prov'd the *Rule* of all this *Earthly Ball*
To appertaine unto *States Temporall*,
And by the *Light* transferr'd from *Holy Scrowles*,
How *Truth* exempts no priviledged *Soules*,
No not the *Pope* himſelfe from *Cæſars* Doome,
Since *Peter* felt by *Nero Martyrdome*.

SO to the Glory of the *Engliſh Race*,
Who with the Firſt withſtood the *Papall Mace*,

He,

The 14. Age.

He, whom the Godly for his *Learned Workes*
Then ſtyl'd, *The Hammer of the Romiſh Church,*
On *Groſted* I reflect, *Grave Lincolnes Sire*:
He ſtoutly wrot againſt his *Forged Fire,*
Which nettled him ſo much, that out of hand
He would have cited him before his Band
Of *Phariſees* at *Tiber* to appeare,
But that admoniſh'd by his *Councell* there,
Sage *Cardinalls*, he was content to paſſe
Him over, leſt the *Biſhop* might ſurpaſſe
Them by his rare incomparable *Lore*,
And winde them in more Mazes then before.
Two Ages paſt had *Abbot Ioachim*
Againſt *Romes* Gaine a *Prophet* been to grim:
O *Glorious Ile*, moſt happy is thy Fate,
Which hadſt the Luck firſt to deſcry thy State,
Thy *Churches* dolefull ſtate by *Babel* corne,
And with the Firſt to be in *Chriſt* New-borne,
To ſhake her Yoak quite off, and to flye out
From her Dark Jaile, mauger her Guardians ſtour.

The 14. Age,

FRom time to time we read in *Antiquaries*,
God rais'd up ſome to ſound forth *Romes* Vagaries.
Before that *Wickliffe* ſtretcht his Lions Paw,
One *Robert Gall* Soule-rapt in *Paris* ſaw
The *Romiſh Church* by Name with *Head* like Death,
And with a *Body leane*, and ſcant of Breath:
An *Angel* then, while this ſight did appeare,
Bad him the *Romiſh Church* mark ſtanding there.

SHe in our *Weſt* was then of ſmall extent,
Perhaps retir'd elſe-where, like *Abrams* Tent;
Or She far'd in that *Antichriſtian Age*,
Like *Babels Jewes*, or *Saints* through *Neroes* Rage.
Heav'ns Path is Narrow, Stiep. *Hells* Broad, down hill,
Good men but Few, the Greateſt part are Ill:
Yet of thoſe Few 'tis hard to know their Scope:
Some ſicke, ſome weake, or of *Potentiall* Hope,

Yet

The 1. Age.

Yet of those Few the *True Church* is compos'd,
And of those Few some were, like *Starres*, dispos'd
By our *Good God* of Dangers to fore-tell,
Whereby the Rest might save themselves from *Hell*.
So *Petrarch* sung in two-fold *Latian Style*,
And others did in *Learned Workes* compile
Glauncing, nay Striking at *Romes Antichrist*,
And drawing Soules from darke *Cimmerian* Mist.
So *Boccace* had, although with Tales disguis'd,
The *Friers* wanton Thefts Epitomiz'd.
As likewise those Three *Nunnes* Canomiz'd *Saints*,
Like *Babels Iewes*, or *Sybills* made Complaints:
Good *Katharine*, *Bridget*, and *Hildegard*
Fore-told our *New-mans Armes* of safest ward,
And that a *New Reform'd Presbytery*
Their *Liturgy* should quash and *Popery*.

THus by *Records* the *Churches Race* I try,
And by *Faiths Light* her *Orient Face* descry.

The 14. Age.

Like the *New Moone* approaching from the *Wane*,
And ſhine more bright in *Conſciences Humane*.
By which and by *Romes* owne *Hiſtorian Platine*,
I finde how liv'd the *Head* of the *Church Latine*,
By *Simony*, and lewd *Magicians Spells*,
By *Murthers*, *Fraud*, and *Coining* of *New Hells*,
By ſetting all our *Chriſtendome* at ods,
Becauſe they kneel'd not to his *Maumet Gods*.
With *Factious Guelphes*, his hurliburles Aſſignes,
He warr'd againſt the *Imperiall Gibellines*.
Amidſt theſe Broiles and Crimes exorbitant,
Chriſt whiſtled home his *Flock* extravagant.
Some knew his Sound, and to his *Fold* return'd,
Some ſtaid behinde, and *Refractaries* turn'd.
The Firſt he linkt with his *Church Catholick*,
But left the Latter of the *Straggers Sick*,
And for a Prey to *Fiends*, becauſe his *Call*
They ſlighted, and his *Cures Angelicall*.
Such to be gull'd he left by *Aiery Elves*,
But his *True Ark* he ſteered free from Shelves.

Now

Now with faire *Light* from famous *Oxford* roſe
Our *Wickliffe*, *Romes Foundarions* to oppoſe,
By certaine *Lords* and *Londoners* Support,
Which though ſome croſt, yet gave a lowd Report,
So lowd, that *Huſſe* and *Ierome* heard from *Prague*
The Noiſe, and learn'd to flye from *Babels* Plague,
And left to After-times ſuch Fruitfull Seed,
That the *True Church* now glories in the Breed.

THen *Chaucer* by the Freedome of his *Rimes*
Unſilenc'd ſcan'd the *Darkneſſe* of thoſe *Times*:
(Of ſuch ſtrange Force are *Tunes* of *Raptur'd Wits*,
That they have charm'd and ſtill'd wild *Tyrants* Fits)
He plainely pointed at *Romes Antichriſt*,
Admiring at the *Clergies* ſtormy Miſt,
Which did ſo long our *Weſt* exagitate.
Like them in *Zeale*, though with unequall Fate,

Did

The 14. Age.

Did the *Lord Cobham* ſince, the *Bohemes Huſſe*,
And thoſe Good Soules in *Brittaines Ile* diſcuſſe
Religions ſtate, thoſe whom the *Papiſts* then
Nick-named for their *Faith* Juſt and Faſt Men.
Whoſe Manner neere was ſuch as *Plmy* writ
To *Trajan* earſt. They, as did *Saints* befit,
Aſſembled in the Night, ſung *Pſalmes*, Receiv'd
The *Holy Food*, and with ſweet Trance conceiv'd
Chriſts Myſtick Gifts, *the New-mans Sacrifice*,
The *Spirits Flame*, which *Carnalliſts* deſpiſe.
They liv'd as *Brethren*, leagu'd in Unity
With mutuall Love, and Goods Community,
Relieving One anothers Need alwayes,
Their owne *Iuſt Faſt Mens* Need withour delayes.
For *Pauls Epiſtles*, or th' *Apocalipſe*
In *Engliſh* pen'd, becauſe there *Babels* ſlips
Were propheſied, they grudg'd not to defray
Five Sterling Marks, a *Scriveners* Royall Pay,
If we regard the ſcarceneſſe then of Coine,
Before *Caſtile* did *Perues Oare* purloine.

And

The 14. Age.

And which is ſtrange, they ſeldome mixt their *Seed*,
But with their *Mates*, leſt they might taint their *Breed*.
Fooles ſtyl'd them then, as they now *Lutherans*,
The *Knowne Men*, or *Wicklevian Puritans*,
The Iuſt and Faſt, or with a Brow more ſowre,
Them *Loſſards* markt, frō whence came *Lollards Towre*.

IN *Wales*, About this Ages latter end,
Did Blaſts from *Hell* to *Friers* Braine aſcend;
Falſe *Miracles* theſe *Merit-monging* Crew
Pretended done by *Winifride* did brew,
Neere to a *Well* deriv'd from Rocky Lime,
Which *Holy* they enſtyld in that Dark Time,
Becauſe the Bloud of that good *Virgin* there,
As they ſurmizd, was ſhed, and not elſe-where:
Lord, how they roamd, like wild *Geeſe*, on the Fame!
And unto *Baal* with fat Oblations came!
All to enrich the Forgers of the *Bruit*
With what they never toyld for, *Strangers Fruit!*

Before

The 14. Age.

Before which Feat for their *Monastick Weale*,
Their *Beggars* Wants they knew not how to heale.
'Tis strange to see how soon the *World* turn'd Whore,
When *Girald* past Two Hundred Yeares before
That very Place with an exact Survay,
Yet could not learne what men did since display.

The 15. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE FIFTEENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1400. untill the yeere 1500. At which Time *Henry* the Seventh raigned King in *England.*

The Argument.

Our Churches *slighted state.* Bizantium *lost.*
The Papacie *in strife. The* Hussites *crost*
For Husse *raise War, with* Ziscaes *Conquests crowned.*
Strange Lands by Gama *and* Columbus *found.*

AS I of late *Old Rubbage* digged, I felt
(With Flaming Force my *Perturbations* melt,
My *Passions* curbd, my Outward Man of Might
Deprivd. And then I had a *Ghostly* Sight

Of

The 15. Age.

Of *Robert Galls Parisian Iack-a-Lent*,
Whereof the *Pope* by Carnall Mindes Consent
Is *Supreme Head* on Earth. But soone I saw
Both *Head* and *Body* burne away like straw;
For Both indeed wore brittle Ornaments,
And so dissolvd to the First Elements,
His Soule descending into *Lower Spheares*
Then those of *Purging*, which he farm'd for Yeares.
Anon I saw with *Intellectuall* Eyes,
From a *Dark Iaile a comely Dame* arise,
When seeing me *She* stopt her Modest Pace,
And like my *Saviours Mother*, full of *Grace*,
Thou Mortall Man, *quoth She*, dost wonder now,
Why on Poore Thralls my Favours I bestow,
And not on *Scarlet Robes* in midst of *Plenty*?
I dwell not with the Proud; Not one of Twenty,
That spends the time in Carnall Jollity,
Enjoyes my *Love*, *Heat*, or *Society*;
Which *Caiphas*-like, *Pope Adrian* true confest,

He

The 15. Age.

He ſaw not how *Romes Scepter* could be bleſt,
Since He, to whom *Chriſt* left the *Churches Care*,
Shun'd worldly Rule, Pompe, and *Simoniom* Ware.
The *Conſciences*, where I frequent me moſt;
Are ſtyl'd *The Temple of the Holy Ghoſt*.
And there, no Swine, no Beaſts of prey, nor Curres
Dare enter once, nor any thing that blurres.
Notorious ſinnes with *Penance* I commute,
But Common ſlips to *Nature* I impute.
I never ſold the *Holy Spirits* Gifts,
But I receive Strayes *gratis* without ſhifts.
Though I enjoy the *Keyes* to bind or looſe,
I ſeldome *Curſe*, nor *Tealding Reedes* do bruize.
'Gainſt *Hereticks* I warre, but not with *Sword*,
My Fence is Vowes and Teares, my Sword Gods Word.
For my *Chaſt Faith* to *Chriſt* I am belov'd,
And by his *Fiery Croſſe* I am approv'd.
If thou deſireſt then to finde me out,
Looke, *VAUGHAN*, not for me among the Rout,

But

The 15. Age.

But with my *Babes*, which beare a loving Mind,
Wise, Constant, sad. And there thou me shalt finde.
With such I liv d in *Superstitious Times*,
And so proclaime me in thy *New-mans Rimes*.
With such I dwelt by Worldlings scorn'd, the while
My Beldame Foe *Christs Altars* did defile,
With Carnall Sence and *Sacrilegious Rape*
Moulding th'*Immortall* in fraile Mortall shape.

THus stood Our *Church*, though not so faire of Face
As she seemes now, yet by *Elections Grace*,
Christs Merits, and his *Blouds* Prerogative
She breathed free from Sinnes imputative;
And though her *Seed* were not so pure as Our,
Nor Ours, as *Saints*, yet may the *Man-Gods* Pow'r
For their *Faiths* sake *Old Passions* purifie,
When *Doomedayes Flames* shall Bodies change or try,
Or rather at *Deaths* Gaspe to *Paradise*
Convaigh them, like the *Theefe*, with *Saints* to rise,

The

The 15. Age.

The *Iudge* will cloth them with his *Robes of Grace*,
And them enroule with his *True Churches Race*.
Thus stood *Our Church* most visible to *Saints*,
Ere *Luther* broke into his Just Complaints,
Here in Our *West* she persecuted lay,
While *Rome* made sale of Soules and open Prey.
She in the House of Mourning or the Snake
Lay Patient, while *Rome* forg'd the *Masses Cake*.
How did they fet with Racks and Tortures toune
Within their Jailes and *Inquisition Houfe*?
How in Old Times did *Berengarius* fare,
For daring to conuroule corrupted Were?
Nay, how in *Spaine* does they speed at this day,
Who *Christ* alone for *Advocate* display?

A Thousand Yeares the *Dragon* with Restraint
Of Bloudy Force by Close, Till then a Saint
Possest his *Conscience* free from Tortures Fire,
Or *Hells* Constraint. No Synod fell of Ire,

The 15. Age.

Till the Fourth *Henry* raign'd, did signe a Lease
By *Massacres* poore *England* to withdraw
From preaching *Christ*. No *Councell Generall*
Doom'd *Saints* to Flames to end *Religions* Brawle,
Till *Sigismond* at *Constance* suffred *Husse*
And *Ierome* to be burnt without discusse
Of their true Cause. Yet *Sautre* first
Of *Martyrs* did appease the Bloody thirst
Of *Antichristian Priests* in the First Yeare
Of the said *Henries* Raigne. Next *Badby* here
Thorpe, *Purvey*, *Taylour*, *White*, and *Hoveden*,
With the *Lord Cobham*, Floure of *Noblemen*,
Who did before the *Bishops* of this Land,
With *burning Zeale* the *Romish Church* withstand,
For the *Faiths* sake, and the *Wicklevian Sect*
Did by their Bloud, and *Martyrs Seales* erect
An *Altar* up in honour of our *Christ*
As Members of their *Head* gainst *Antichrist*,
How many Soules were forced to abjure
And to recant! No *Saint* then liv'd secure

The 15. Age.

In the Three *Henries* Sway of *Lancaster*,
Who preacht *Gods Word*, as He of *Chichester*
Grave Peacock felt, and many moe, that far'd
As bad because they *Babels Whore* out-dar'd,
Kent, *Hereford*, and *Norwich Diocese*
Saw men styl'd *Lollards* then with like successe
Take up the *Crosse*, and yeeld for *Christ* their Breath,
(So *Prelates Saints* pursu'd with spite, and Death)
And not content the *Living* to torment,
They one Degree beyond the *Pagans* went,
For *Wickliffs Bones* from out the *Grave* they tore,
And burnt, which lay there Forty Yeares before.
With solemne Pomp and Degradations Maske,
Those *Gotam-Scribes* perform'd that *Gothish* Taske.

O Would the *Lines* of this *Epitome*
Could move our Strayes, which haunt the *Romish Sea*,
To meditate on *Times Old Monuments*,
And there to marke what Savage Punishments

The 15. Age.

One Hundred Yeares, ere *Luther* roſe, were then
Inflicted by mad *Prieſts* on *Chriſtian* Men,
For ſeeking to reforme Old things amiſſe,
And by *Gods Word* to win blind ſtrayes to Bliſſe:
I might then hope ſome would relent and turne
To our *New-man*, and with *New Zeale* would burne,
Not heeding Dreames and Superſtitious Miſts,
Which ſpred abroad by falſe *Maſſe-monging Prieſt*,
And Idoliz'd by haughty *Hildebrand*,
Lay yet on *Rome* an Ignominious Brand;
But noting what the *New-man* put in ure
The firſt Six Hundred Yeares, they hold moſt pure.
For ſuch our *Martyrs* di'd, and ſuch I know
Great Brittaine now extolls, at leaſt in ſhow.

But to review the *Churches Hiſtory*,
The Looking-Glaſſe of *Sacred Memory*:

The 15 Age.

Whilst halfe this Age with doubtfull chance emboyls,
Which *France* shall feel, or *England* Bloudier Broyles?
The *Center* of this *Age* in Ith' mids Teames,
And cryes out shame upon our *Westerne* Powers,
For suffring *Turkes Byzantium* to possesse,
And by that meanes quite to subvert the Peace
Of all the *Eastern Church*, and there for *Christ*
To fixe a mighty Limbe of *Antichrist*.
Had they in time but seconded the Duke
Of *Burgundy* when he Thralls a rebuke
With a Check-mate receiv'd in *Hungary*,
The *Ottomans* had not faire *Bulgary*
Subjected, nor the *Grecian Iles* since won
To *Christians* Losse, and *Mahomets* renowne.
But as with Cunning Plots the *Dragon* rac'd
Our *Westernes Faith*, so then he there defac'd
With Open Force the *Easternes* Primest Seat,
The City of *New Rome*; in which Defeat
He glories, that the fame with *Salems Towne*,
And *Antioch* he from Servile *Christians* won.

The 15. Age.

Their *Sinnes* them servile made, that so before
The *Iudgement Day* their Ball might Others more
Rowze up from Sloth and Dull Security
To Watch, least they feele more Indignity.

ANd then neere Thirty Yeares were past, since Popes
Branding each Other for false *Antipopes*
Copartners, at a *Councell Generall*
By *Sigismonds* good Cares they stint the Brawle.
At which I cannot in my *Zealous Trance*
Unnamed leave a *Chancellour* of *France*,
Grave Gerson, whom our *Chronicles* record,
That for *Truths Rights* to be againe restor'd
He motion'd to bring back the *Light Divine*,
As in the Dayes of *Paul* or *Constantine*.
This he crav'd in the *Councell Generall*
Most Zealous, but the *State Pontificall*
Would not assent to heare of Reformation,
Lest they might clinch their *Court* of *Augmentation*,

Like

The 15. Age.

Like *Politicks*, who winke at *Theeves* or *Stewes*,
At Spoiles or Bribes, at *Barretours* or *Iewes*,
Encreasing Sinne, and what to Vengeance tends
For Private Gaine, and their owne Idoll-ends.
This Motion made that *Clerk* Magnanimous
About the Time, when there they burned *Husse*,
That *Husse*, who sung, that tho they broil'd the *Goose*,
Within One Hundred Yeares should be let loose
A Swan out of those Flames, as white as Snow,
Whose pow'rful Tune would make more Eyes to flow
Which *Prophesie* fell true, for the Events
Gamaliels-like since answered the Contents.
Yet did that *Councell* doe one piece of Worth,
For they depos'd Three *Popes*, and chose a Fourth.

But afterwards the *Cæsar Sigismund*
For Breach of *Faith* by deare Experience coinn'd,
That though, as Toyes, wrongs *Mortalls* over-passe,
Yet God will them not unrevenged passe,

The 15. Age.

For of the Breach soone as *Bohemia* heard,
The Safe-conduct infring'd, the Cause unheard,
And that the *Councell* had condemned *Husse*
And *Ierome* to be burnt without discusse
Of the maine Points of *Faith*, for which they came
By Safe-conduct sign'd in th'*Imperiall Name*
And now affronted with this fond Reply,
Or rather jeer'd with a *Prisoillian Lye*:
That *Promise*, *Faith*, and *Vowes* to *Heretikes*
Were voyd in *Law*, if made by *Catholicks*;
The *Taborites* repin'd, faire *Prague* lamenis,
And all *Bohemia* moves with sodaine Rents,
For their late *Prophets* Death, and Guiltlesse Blood
Shed for no cause, but that they *Rome* withstood.
Then Valiant *Ziska*, like the Sonne of *Nun*,
Heads against *Cæsar*, many Battels won,
And with small Numbers to all the *Popish* Wonder
Great *Armies* daunts, as strook with claps of Thunder.
The *Bohemes* so against their Foes prevail'd,
That they their Losse, and Breach of *Faith* bewail'd.

And

The 15t Age.

And to this day those Rites in *Bohemia* last,
Which first to Husse from English Wickliffe past.

NOr was that *Doctrine* in *Bohemia* close,
And *England* kept alone, but to oppose
The *Romish Side* by Vertue of the *Light*
Deriv'd from thence there daily came more Might.
The *Bishop* of *Cracaw* then did rise
By *Wickliffes Lamp*, and did *Romes* Fall comprise
In Measur'd *Lines*, which with *Prophetick Glosse*
Virgilius did for this Dark Age disclose.
Camerarius Good *Cardinall* then wrote,
And laid on *Rome* an everlasting Blot,
As others in those Dayes the like reveal'd
What from Old muddy Pates stood long conceal'd.
So *Mantuan* did and *Savonarola*,
Clemangis, and the *Count Mirandola*
Boldly declaime against *Great Babels* Pride,
Ere *Luther* rose to write against her Side.

For

The 15. Age.

For now had *God* in his appointed Time
Refin'd more With the *Gospel* out to chime;

THough for their Sinnes he *Pius* tooke away
The Best of *Popes*, who whilst he liv'd, gave way
Some Errours to reforme, and meant that *Writs*
Should licenc'd be to *Priests*, yet still he lives
For his Good Will enrowl'd in Lines of *Fame*,
That *Silvius* thought to cover *Babels* shame.

FOr like Effect *God* sent the *Printers Presse*,
That with *Good Bookes* we might his *Truth* confesse,
For till this Age faire *Printing* lay unknowne,
And so for want of Workes *Truth* was prest downe.
Gunnes likewise came within this Ages List,
Invented by by a *Frier Alchymist*,

Now

The 15. Age.

Now *Beades* came up, where *Sixtus* was not wary
For *Penance* sake to linke the *Ave-Mary*.
And after him, by the next raving *Pope*,
Who for his Fact was worthy of a Rope,
Romes Strewet came up, for whom he builded Roomes,
And got the *Whores* to pay him Yearely Summes,
Under pretence *to keep some Women Chaste*,
But more for Gaine, and for his *Priests* unchaste,
As though the *Brothels* could *Knaves* temptings let,
By suffring *Ill, Sinne Hidutes* to beget.

WHat now hath *Rome* to plead? what Colour? Shift?
Or false Demurre to cloak her wanton drift?
That she be not indited hereupon
A *Baud*, and styl'd the *Whore of Babylon*,
Not onely *Ghostly*, but a *Carnall Whore*,
She stands attaign'd for, as yee heard before,
A *Whore* indeed, a *Woman Moguntine*
Sate *Pope* in *Rome*, and acted *Rites Divine*.

If

The 15. Age.

If this be not sufficient Evidence,
Examine well their Lives and Fraudulence,
What *Paramours Popes* kept what Bloudy Dance
They led? what Plots their *Bastards* to advance?
That very *Pope*, which shall close up this Age,
Can testifie with what tumultuous Rage
He rais'd his Sonne and Daughter to great States:
Cesar made *Duke*, a *Duke* I never hates.
About the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Six,
The *Antichristian Fiend* began his Tricks
And Lullabies to act through *Carnall Ease*,
That men might fall to *Scorbuts* Foule disease,
Or to some Frantick Fits, Nor was it long
But at the Time foretold, who did belong
To the *Great Cities Dame*, by Sea and Land
Playd the fond *Bedlam* at their *Heads* command.
Her huge Impostume broke out at the laſt,
That in Five Hundred Yeares ſhe made ſuch waſt
Of Ragges for Tents to keep her *Iſſues* running,
To ſerve her ſtill it paſt our *Weſterne* cunning.

The

The 15. Age.

The *Prince* of *Fiends* such Humours, Spleen, and Gall
Envenom'd had this *Mystery* withall,
That for *Guinea* she must *India* rifle,
For *Europes* Drugges seem'd to her Limbs a Trifle.
Who durst oppose her what she went about?
She had the *Keyes* of *Heaven* and *Hell* to boot:
Of all the *World* she was *Chiefe Governesse*,
And of what *Christ* scorn'd in the *Wildernesse*.
Only there wanted to supply her State
The *Genoues Map*, and *Isabellaes Fate*.

BEfore her *Wane Gods Glory* to extend,
It chanc'd about this Ages Latter End,
That *Gama* first from *Lisbon* tri'd the Course,
To passe by *Sea* to the *East-Indian* Shores,
Where having found the *Load-stone* since in use,
He *Pilots* did from the *Pole-starre* reduce;
By which and *Printing* was the *Gospels* found
Dispers'd, and *Bird* within this *Age* New-found.

West-

The 15. Age.

Weſt-India then was was by *Columbus* ſeene,
At the Expence of that *Caſtilian Queene*;
Who pawn'd her *Jewels* for the finding out
Of thoſe *New Lands*, whoſe *Gold* made *Spain* ſo ſtout,
That aiming at the *Weſterne Monarchy*.
She Muſters, Fights, holds *Kings* in Jealouſies
And *Babels Whore* hopes in that *New-found Soile*
By *Mart of Soules* to keep more revell Coile,
And what She here hath by the *Goſpel* loſt,
That to repaire in *Indiaes Sun-burnt Coaſt*.
Our Seventh *Henry* might have made his Boaſt,
Had he but been as prone as *Ferdinand*
To take the tendred *Map* of that *New Land*.
But though the *Tract* was large, yet *Portingall*
And *Caſtiles King* contended, till the Brawle
By the *High Prieſts* Imaginary Lines
Umpir'd, they claim'd more then their Right confines.
And ſo *Romes Rites* erected in that *Coaſt*,
Satan repaires what he in *Europe* loſt,
Unleſſe our *Ile*, to countepoiſe his Craft,

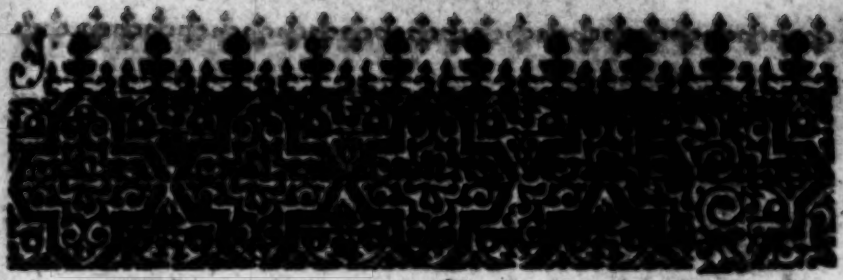
The 15. *Age.*

Had lately aim'd into that *North* a Shaft,
Which may perhaps ſome *Conſciences* ſo wound,
That *Savages* may heare the *Goſpels* Sound,
Which others Damps with Superſtitious Fire
Have there conceal'd, and hindred to inſpire.

THE

THE

The 16. Age.



THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SIXTEENTH AGE,

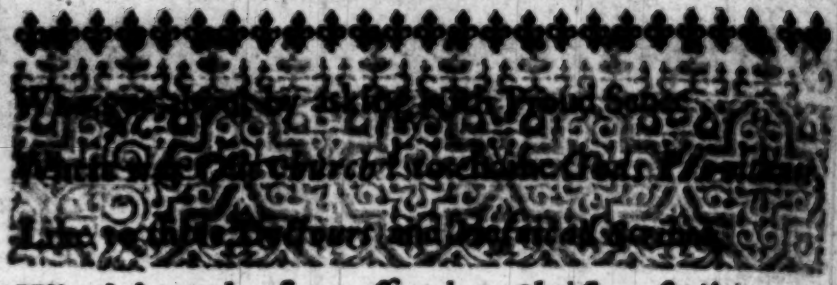
From the yeere of our Lord 1500. until the yeere 1600.

The Argument.

Whereby Our Church and Wicklisse first arose
By Prodigies Rome *warn'd ere* Luther *rose.*
No Tyrants Plots *could let Our* Churches *bound,*
But Englands Queene *did all her Foes confound.*

Rome Age to Age I shew'd the *Churches* race,
Her Waine, her Wens, & her *refulgent* Face;
And some I nam'd for *Prophesying* Wits
Elder Times *and* our *Beliah* Fits,

The 16th Age



Who labour'd to suppresse what *Christ* prescribes?
Besides th' *Abissines* under *Prestor Iohn*,
Th' *Armenians*, *Greekes*, and Some in *Babylon*,
Or otherwhere. (For who dares bound our *Guest*?
Since we are ti'd likewise to Judge the *Best*?)
And not to bind *Gods free unbounded Grace*
To any certaine *Climate*, *Time*, or *Place*?)
Christ had his *Church*, a *Remnant* sav'd by *Grace*

Alwayes inspir'd in some or Other Place;
Whether our *Scribes* pretend them *Coloieros*,
Nestorians, *Monkes*, or *Saint Iohns Disciples*,
Whether they hold of *Persian Jacobites*,
The *Abissines Forme*, or of *Georgians Rites*;
Or *Maronites*, or *Cassies* of the *East*,
Or *Catholicks* so craking in the *West*,
Or *Hermites*, *Nunnes*, and *Voluntaries Poore*,
Whose humbled *hearts* then Pomp *Saints* honour more

Because they side with *Christ*, doare *Christs* Name,
Though much in Blame, yet I will ſpare their Fame;
And let our *Weaklings* know, that ſome were Wiſe,
And did of *Old* in *Babel Sybillize*;
By ſpeciall *Signes* and *Symptomes* generall,
But moſt by Sacred *Starres* Authenticall,
Denouncing for her *Slips Gods Wrath*, her Fall,
Unleſſe ſhe would Repent her at their Call.
And ſo things came to paſſe, as they Divin'd,
Her *Spires* for *Rookes* we now demoliſht find,
Some by the Force of furious *Ottoman*,
Some forfeited for what the *Lawes* did ſcan:
Her *Chappels* turn'd to *Barnes*, or Neſts for *Owles*,
Her *Nunneries* firſt built for harmeleſſe *Soules*
Lye waſt with her Rich Temporalls and Rents;
Yea, and *Gods Tythes*, Our *Church-emoluments*,
By what juſt Warrant let the *Lawes* diſpute,
Some keepe away as yet; and I am Mute,
Becauſe I ſee ſometimes that *Innocence*,
Aſwell as *Vice*, dies of the *Peſtilence*,

The 16. Age.

An Order laid *Pope Alexander* downe
For the *New World*. But ſhortly of his Owne
Moſt wretched States and Life ſhall be bereft,
And for *Uſurpers* an Example left.
For after this uſurpt *Partition* made,
His *Baſtard Sonne* to try his Former Trade,
Of Poiſoning Thoſe, whom he ſuppos'd would barre
The Proud Deſignes of his complotted warre,
His *Motto* blaz'd, the *Hazards Die* is caſt,
Cæſar, or Nothing, now by Poiſons Taſt
He meant to rid Suſpected *Cardinalls*
Out of the way, but hereby both their Falls,
His *Fathers* and his Owne, he ſodaine wrought,
For he ſoone as the *Fatall Wine* was brought,
Charged his *Page*, that he the *Bottle* watch,
And when he call'd for *Wine*, that he ſhould reach
It for his *Gueſts*; the *Pope* came in the while,
And thirſty call'd for *Wine*, the *Page* the *Wile*

Not

Not knowing, thought the *Wine* reserv'd was Choise,
And without more adoe, or Answers Noise,
Fill'd him a Cup of the Empoisned *Wine*,
And by just Doome, as writeth *Guicciardine*,
Came in the *Authour*, his accursed Sonne
All thirsty too, and tasted thereupon
The *Cup* which he for Others brew'd, and lost—
His *Father* out of hand, himselfe almost
Ran the same Fate, but that by *Nature* strong,
He for that time escap'd to doe more wrong,
Still quarrelling, till he was thrall'd and slaine.
So *Cesar Borgias* liv'd and di'd a *Caine*.

Pope Julius now to *Tiber* flung his Keyes,
Then fought, and lost by *French* his Enemies,
A Token that *Romes Church* to wrack began
To fall, as you may by the sequele scan.

THe *Outward Crosse* in *Teutons Soile* appear'd
Of *Martyrs Forme*, and with that *Signe* besmear'd

The 16. Age.

Their Palaces, and Houſhold Ornaments,
Their Windowes, Doores, and Bodies Veſtiments;
A ſigne to ſhew the *Fiery Trialls* Doome
By Factious *Gogs* and *Magogs* Force to come,
Veil'd with the *Croſſe*, the *Keyes*, with *Peters Net*,
With *Ieſus*, with the *Lawes*, or *Mahomet*.
This *Miracle* in *Maximilians* Time
Fell out, not long before the *Goſpels* Chime
At *Wittemberge* with Motions life began
By *Luthers* Zeale, that good *Samaritan*,
Who, when moſt ſhunn'd to helpe the *wounded Man*,
Cheer'd up, and Bath'd *Chriſts Members* pale and wan.

AND after this another *Prodigy*
Befell to *Rome*, which no Apology
Of *Idoliſts* can cover the miſ-hap;
When little *Ieſus* from his *Mothers* Lap
Was in the *Church* remov'd, and *Peters Keyes*
Throwne from his Pictures hand, Both in a trice

With-

The 16th Age.

VVithout respect of Persons by the stroke
Of Thunders Crack and sacred Sulphures Smoake
Just in that *Church*, where One and Thirty *Priests*
VVith the *Red Hat* that Day, like *Ministrelsies*,
Installed were by *Leo* there with state
In the same Yeare, when *Luther* to abate
His Loftinesse began with greater *Fame*
Then *Cardinalls* support, in *Christ* his Name.

OUr *Kings* and *States* of *Westerne Christendome*
Complain'd and sought for some Redresse to come
Of *Faiths* abuse, and *Romes Impiety*,
But still the *Head* was deafe to *Piety*,
He would no *Member* be, but the *Church whole*,
Himselfe sole *Iudge*, and *Church*, without one *Mole*,
Or Sinfull Spot, by which Prerogative
He tyrannized so, that none could thrive;
He watcht with *Vultures* Clawes all Stakes to sweep!
He watcht to slay, but not to feed the *Sheep*,

The 16. Age.

Like *Maltaes Iew*, or those of *Lawlesse* kind,
Who under Maske of *Law* cease not to grind
Christs Members, till they feele *Hells* measures heapt,
Or till they reape what *Old Masse-mongers* reapt.
So blinded were the *Popes* by Doome Divine,
Till a *Poore Man*, a *Frier Augustine*,
Since started up to doe that Glorious Deed,
Which *Gregories*, and *Austines* doth exceed,
Which *Kings* assay'd, but failed to performe:
Nay, *Kings* durst not what *Luther* did reforme.
Would *God* that some like *Prophet* took the Paines
To bring back *Love* for which our *Church* complaines;
This Wonder *God* wrought in our Latter Dayes,
That before *Doome* he might recall some Strayes,
That *Satans Pride* he might by *Sucklings* tame,
And by the *Weak* the Worldly *Wise* and *Lame*.

WEll neere upon our *Luthers Sacrifice*,
Grave *Reuclin* did and *Valla* breake the Ice,

The 16. Age.

As *London* was prepar'd by *Colets* Flame,
And *Dutch-land* by the *Clerk of Rotterdame*:
As *Swizzer Land*, when *Luther* first began,
By *Zuinglius* was stirr'd up *Romes* zeale to scan.
But none then our *Iust Fast Men* triumph'd more,
Whose Race had held full Sixscore Yeares before
VVith *Faggots Fire*, and *Lollards* branded Paine
Pursu'd till now, and now rejoic'd againe,
To see that *Faith*, which with the *Hussites* they
Had long maintain'd, found out an open way
By *Luthers* Zeale, *Stigelius* raysbe *Muse*,
And by *Melanchons* Flowres with blooming Newes.

BAbel her Fall in *Henries* Time foresaw,
VVhen *Premunire Englands* ancient Law
Her *Clergy* rackt. But most she quakt for Dread
To heare him styl'd the *Churches Supreme Head*:
For by that Style what *Rome* usurped heere,
Of *Annates*, *Forrests*, and Duties every Yeare,

Our

The 6. Age.

Our *Parliament* had on the *King* conferr'd
To aide him in his Warres. These Spoiles transferr'd
From Forraigne use to help the *Natives* want:
'Tis strange to mark how soone men did recant
Their *Carnall Dreames*, and blind Idolatries,
To celebrate the *New-mans Sacrifice*.

BLest be Young *Edward*, Our *Iosiae's* Name,
Who next commenc'd this Work of *Pious Fame*.
But as the Former *Brood*, when *Constantine*
Deceas'd, then prou'd ingratefull, the Next *Ligne*
Of *Cæsars* fell to *Arrian Hereſie*,
And their Old Vomits with *Apoſtaſie*:
So wavering *England* in the *Marian* Raigne
Quickly return'd to *Babels* yoak againe,
Untill some *Martyrs Blood*, the *Churches Seed*,
True *Members* of their *Head* in time of Need
Had through *Gods Grace* behind them left a Fire,
As *Latimer* foretold, which would inspire;

And

The 16. Age.

And never be extinct in *Albions Ile*,
Whilst that Our *Kings* beare *Faiths Defenders* Stile.

This by our *Virgin Queene* of *Tydirs Race*,
Great Debora, was since made good to rize,
And quite demolliſh here *Romes* ſtrongeſt Fort,
And chiefeſt *Nerves*, which did her Pride ſupport.
And ſurely, if *Romes Tributary* Thralls
Would take that Courſe, ſhe on a ſodaine falls.
Her *Lofty Townes* would yeeld ſo loud a Crack
That they, which Court her now, would ſoon go back,
When ſtartled up at the New wondrous Sight,
They ſee a *Church* more *Catholick* of Light:
They would avouch no *Advocate* but One,
And build their *Faith* upon the *Corner Stone*,
That was he wrie from the Mountaine without hand,
Male-borne without *Male*-Sire in *Iewry Land*.
They would exalt Our *Church Apoſtolick*
Above their Owne, the *Carnall Catholick*,

And

The 16. Age.

And by *Gods Word*, *Truths ground*, the *Churches note*,
They would conclude what now they con by roat.

ABout the midst of this strange *Century*,
Iniquities prodigious Mystery
Began at *Trent*, or *City Tridentine*,
Againe to play upon the *Word Divine*
By *Canons* propt with *Iulians Tyranny*,
More fit for *Moores* then *Councells* harmony.
Least that the *Gospel* should *Romes Captives* free
From their Old doating Dreames, they did decree,
That all such *Bookes*, which *Protestants* had pen'd
To blaze *Gods Word*, they should in pieces rend;
Or if they toucht her *Carnall Copy-hold*,
To *Martyr* them; since *Babel* aimes at *Gold*;
And that who did gaine-say in Word or Deed,
Or tooke it not as Parcell of their *Creed*,
That the whole *Masse* both for the Dead and Quick
Suffic'd, those Men they doom'd no *Catholick*;

That

The 16. Age.

That, who beleev'd not all the *Romish Crewes*
Traditions, they were worse then *Turks* or *Iewes*.
Such *Acts* at *Trent* were last determined
By the *Fourth Pius*, *Romes most impious Head*,
With *Thundring Threats*. Fro whence arose those Jars,
Combustions, *Powder-plots*, and Bloudy Warres,
Which ever since embroiled *Christendome*,
And will (I feare) untill the Day of *Doome*
Endure, unlesse our head-strong *Strayes* afford,
While *Time* remaines, more Passage to *Gods Word*.

NOne can deny, but that this *Councell* gave
More Liberty for *Papists* to out-brave
The *Church Reform'd* by *Inquisitions* strict
To rack poore Soules, and by severe Edict
On Forfeiture of Life and Goods Eschear,
If they would not adore the *Papall Seat*.
From hence began the *Civill Warres* in *France*,
Which ended not but by most Bloudy Dance,

And

The 16. Age.

And various sort of *Massacres* and Spoiles.
They ended not for all their *Leaguers* Broiles,
Untill their *Kings*, the *Guisians*, and their *Chiefes*,
Who sided in the Quarrell, di'd in Griefes,
In Anguishes and Bloud. And this the Starre
In Seventy Two, which past all *Comets* farre
For strange Portent and *Blazing-bearded Rayes*,
Did then denounce with woes to stubborne Strayes,
For *Belgiaes* injur'd States did thereupon
Incens'd by *Alvaes Duke* and *Austriaes Sonn*,
Who would have forc'd to *Masse* mens Consciences,
Breake into warres against *Spaines* Out-liues,
Which last as yet. So likewise *Portingall*,
With her *Sebastian* did in *Affrick* fall,
Enduc'd to fight with *Moores* by *Iesuites* Traine,
That *Philip* by his Death might ceaze all *Spaine*,
Excluding *Don Antonio* and his Race
Quite from the Sway of *Lisbons Royall Mace*.
But to retire to our *French* Leaguers back,
How Fatall prov'd their Plots? They thought to sack

And

And ransack all the *Temnes*, which *Protestants*
For their Defence then held. But in their wants
God aided these, and on their *Foes* return'd
The Tragick Flames, wherwith they would have burn'd
Their Neighbors Rooses. *Guise* arm'd against his *King*,
The *King* 'gainst him, till Both felt Judgments sting,
Both di'd in *Bloud*, yea, which appear'd most rare,
The *King* was caught in the same Bloudy Snare,
Where he in time fore-past had leagu'd the Death

Of Saints, whereby *Catalien* took his breath.
For in that very Roome the *King* was slaine
By *Friers* hands, where first was laid that Traine.

LOng liv'd Our *Queen* to build things out of square,
A *Virgin* vow'd to *Christ*, of *Dauies* rare,
Excelling in the Gifts of *Tongues* and *Arts*;
But more then all shone her *Diuiner Parts*.
Church-Elders She propt up, when Some their Fall
As if their State raught not the *Temporall*.

For

Fit 16. Age.

For Lucre sake had plotted to deface
Our *Churches Forme*, her *Frame*, and Outward Face,
Whereby her *Sway* had prov'd an *Anarchy*,
Of scorned stemme, the House of *God* a Sty,
And *Learning* held in vile Contempt for lack
Of *Wages* due; yea, all had gone to wrack;
If this Good *Queene* had not supported them,
Who holp to build our *New Ierusalem*.

IN her Buddes-time, to counterpoize, or let
Our *Churches* Growth, or in her *Tents* beset
To ruine some of our good *Souldiers* spring
The *Iesuites Sect* with the *False Serpents* Tongue
Disguis'd with Zeale, and promising to Youth
Mountaines of Rules, New *Documents* for *Truth*.
Upon which *Newes*, and Newnesse of their *Name*,
Degrading *Antioch*, and the *Christians Fame*,
They wan Repute in *Babel*. But of late
Discreeter States their *Bloudy Doctrine* hate.

Among

The 16. Age.

Among theſe *Frogs* croakt *Mariana* firſt
Againſt all *Kings*, who were by *Popes* Accurſt,
And by Blacke Rules deriv'd from *Hells* Abyſſe,
Dethron'd them of their States for their Amiſſe,
Yea, and their Lives ſubjected unto *Slaves*.
With ſuch lewd Points, wherein this *Jeſuite* raves,
He *Campians* Braine ſo ſtuff'd, that *Irelands* Realme
And *Deſmonds* Crew he poiſned with the ſtreame;
For which his Plots and falſe Conſpiracies,
Himſelfe became a Damned *Sacrifice*;
As well deſerv'd the *Author* for his Bookes
Entangling *Chriſtians* with ſuch *Helliſh* Hookes,
But all their Plots of *Piſtolls*, *Poiſon*, *Swords*,
Nor *Romiſh Bulls*, nor *Brieſes* lowd thundring words,
Could ſhorten or impeach *Elizaes Raigne*,
But that ſhe thriv'd in ſpight of *Rome* and *Spaine*;
While they prevail'd with Fatall wound to ſling
One whom they tooke for the moſt *Chriſtian King*;
Which Deed ſo pleas'd *Pope Sixtus*, that he ſurſt
With *Iudith* ranke the *Malefactour* Curſt.

The 16. Age.

THis *Sixtus* dar'd to Excommunicate
Our Famous *Queene*, her *Empire* to translate,
As much as in him lay, and Leave to gore
Her Person gave, as *Pius* did before.
But all their roaring *Bulls* and *Thunderclaps*
With *Interest* return'd, with heavy Raps
Upon themselves, their Faction, and on those,
To whom they dream'd her *Kingdomes* to transpose
Under his shrowd, who from a *Fishes Craw*
Did Toll for *Christ* and his owne Person draw.

IN the meane time faire *Englands Zealous Queene*,
Like *Char-coale sparks*, contemn'd their flashing spleen.
And for her Zeale *God* blest her brave Attempts,
That she cri'd Quittance for his slight Contempts
Of *Neighbours Love* with the Great *King* of *Spaine*,
Who suffred still his *Inquisitions Traine*,
Under pretext of their *Religions Lawes*,
To prey upon her *Merchants* without Cause,

And

The 16. Age.

And on their Goods : or sheading of their Bloud ;
Or *Galley-slav'd* ; or to weare *Benets Hood*.
These wrongs by *Drake* and *Candish* she redrest,
And fear'd not to encounter him at Best
With all his *Navall Force in Eighty Eight*,
And afterwards at *Cales* she shew'd her Might.
Nor went his *Indies* free from her Revenge,
Nor *Belgiaes* Soile, but that she did avenge
Her Quarrell full, by Force of Armes transverse
The *Belgian State*, and free the *Hollanders*
From th' *Inquisitions* Yoake by *Alva* laid,
And sithence train'd their *Milk-sops* by her Aide
To turne brave *Souldiers* both on Sea and Land,
To weary *Spaine*, and on their Guard to stand.

AFter that *Bloudy Feast* in Seventy Two,
When *Sions Church French Herods* would undo,
Besieged *Rochell* with *Munitions* store
By Sea she furnisht, and Reliev'd her Poore.

The 16. Age.

Againe, *France* tasted of her Lenity,
As *Burbon* tri'd and his *Posterity*,
Which but for her good Cares, and Troupes Supply,
Had stoupt unto *Iberiaes Tyranny*;
And *Lorraines League* then mammockt into Patts
Had thrall'd all *France* to *Spaines* Superiour Darts.

SHe planted *Ireland*, civillix'd the Rude,
Rebellious, Wild, and Kernish Multitude;
And neere her *Sea* by *Valiant Mountjoyes* Cares,
With Triumph there o're *Spaine* she clos'd her Warres.
So stood our State of *Church* and *Common-weale*,
In spight of *Romish Bulls*, *Spaine*, and *Oneale*,
Secur'd frō *Schismes*, *Home-broyles*, and *Hostile Traine*,
As long as *Great Elizabeth* did Raigne.

HEreby Our *Strayes*, who take the *Gospels* sound,
May feare how they *Gods Church* do meere and bound
Within

The 16 Age.

Within *Romes Fold* by *Popes Prerogative*,
As if our *Faith* were pinn'd unto his Sleeve.
Here they may ſee what ignominious Spoiles
Romes Champions reapt for all their Bloudy Broiles;
Whilſt that Our *Princes* in ſet Peace have ſtretcht
Their Limmes, in *Bloud* their lateſt Gaſp they fetcht.
Not *Auſtria*, *France*, nor *Rome* with ſteely dint,
Nor *Marian Fire* could *Chriſt* his *Goſpel* ſtint,
Nor could they raze the Name of *Huguenots*,
Or *Proteſtants* for all their Bloudy Plots.
Much leſſe could their *School-Doctors* plead her Cauſe
Againſt the Brightneſſe of the *Spirits* Clauſe,
Which by Saint *Iohn* had propheſied her Fall,
And likewiſe her forewarned by Saint *Paul*,
That *ſhe*, whom for her *Faith* Renowned Fame
Then blaz'd, ſhould be at laſt cut off with ſhame,
If ſhe continued not, as ſhe begun,
Chaſt to her *Spouſe* the Great *Iehovahs Sonne*.
Gods Charter ſtill goes with a whileſt, or If
Thou honour me, I will remove thy Griefe.

The 16. Age.

Not her Decline could all her *Clergy* ſtop,
Nor *Canoniſts* her *Doctrine* underprop;
Not *Gratian*, nor her Beſt, *Panormitan*,
Nor all her Routes of *Thalmudiſts* prophane;
Not *Wolſey*, *Poole*, nor learned *Cajetan*,
Kings-mating Cardinalls in Pomp Humane,
The *Myſtick* Remnant of the *Dragons* Band,
Could vengeance ſtay, nor *Iudgements Lees* withſtand.
Their *Martyrs Urnes* can no way paralell
Our *Holy Ones*, nor can their *Legends* tell
Five Biſhops burnt for their *Religions* ſake,
Where we can name conſumed at the *Stake*
Great *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Hooper*, *Latimer*,
And *Ferrar Sainted* in our *Regiſter*,
With many moe, whom the *Forte Secular*,
Hells Magogs, hoiſ'd to *Martyrs Calendar*,
Though them they knew to be the *Churches Seed*,
By hearing at their Death their *Chriſtian Creed*:
Which *Creed*, leſt it might move a *Conſcience* ſoft,
Their Torturers have interrupted oft

In

The 16. Age.

In midſt of Flames, by hurling Staves or Stones,
To wound the more their *Heads* and broiling *Bones.*
O Valiant Men, true Members of our Head!
Who like to *Him* for *Him* to Death have bled!
O Glorious Saints, who left ſuch *Monuments*
Surpaſſing farre the *Seven-fold Wonderments!*
Who to prevent *Soules Dearth* built *Granaries,*
Like *Joſephs ſtore,* inough for *Sacrifice!*
Whoſe *Martyrdomes* refulgent Memory
Puts downe *Romes Palles,* and Shrines Imagery!
Who have, like Starres deriv'd from *Heavens Light,*
Left Spectacles and Torches for our Sight!
God grant they may increaſe *Devotions Flame,*
And dul thoſe *Schiſmes,* which the next Age wil ſhame.
In Briefe, no Age ſince *Chriſt* ſaw greater Change
Of *Manners, Knowledge, States,* and which is ſtrange,
Great *Rome* twice ſackt. The Cõmon Foe more bold,
Whilſt our *Chiefe Weſt* wav'd with the *Spaniſh Gold.*

THE

The 17. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SEVENTEENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1600. untill this present yeere 1640. Being the 16. of King *Charles* his Raigne oreth *Great Brittaine.*

The Argument.

Our Church *escapes the* Dragons Powder-traine;
And is confirm'd in James, *and* Charles *his Raigne.*
Abroad the Bloudy Crosse *her Members smites;*
In Brittaine *some blame* Types, *and* Outward Rites.

THe third Yeare past of this our present Age,
Our *Sun-set* Queene expir'd her Pilgrimage
A Virgin in an Virgin Ladies Eve. queen Elizabeth
To see her Starre Death did her hence bereave,

Elizabeth

The 17. Age.

Elizabeth then folding up her Raigne
Of *Forty Foure*, Triumphant over *Spaine*,
The *Popish Side*, *Throne*, and *Irish Kernes*;
Faire *Englands Crowne* to Him whom it concernes
By Right of Bloud descends, to *Salomon*;
Our *Phœnix Iames*, who like the radiant Sunne
Shot forth his Rayes, of *Kings* the Paragon;
A *Writer* most acute, for *Natives* Tone
Unparalell'd by any *Regall Scribe*,
Next to that *Starre*, the Honour of his Tribe.
Whether in *Prose* or *Measur'd Lines* he steeres,
The *Loadstone* of his Labours still appeares
Directly aim'd unto the *New mans* White.
His *Davids Psalmes* our *Belials* so appall,
None dare them now *Geneva-jigges* mis-call.
This Posthume Fruit hath *Learned Sterline* late
Set forth, the Fainting Soule to recreate.
His Workes endure the *Light*, his *Lamp* the *Night*
Of *Ignorance* repells, and None our *Iames*,
His *Bookes*, his *Life*, or *Raigne*, save Envie blames.

He

The 17. Age.

He *Vorſius* foil'd, reſtrain'd Superfluous Doubts,
And by his Pen convinc'd Scholaſtick *Routs*.
While here he liv'd, O how did *Knowledge* ſhine!
The *Church* renew her Hopes, the *Grave Divine*
Affoord us daily *Manna* for Soule-Food,
And by his *Royall Rayes* all things did Bud,
Yea, his *Rayes* made the Wildeſt *Red-ſhanks* tame,
Dri'd *Iriſh* Bogges, and ſpred *Virginiaes* Fame.

NOr lackt this *King* the Gift of *Propheſie*,
To pry into the *Jeſuites* Secrecie,
Whereby they thought to blow up *Albions* State
With Powder-Traine *Hells* next obnoxious Fate,
For though that *Treſſams* Lines ſeem'd intricate,
Flowing from *Sphynx*, or *Œdipus* his Pate,
A *Riddle*, darke, and ſcorn'd by Other Men,
Yet this Wiſe *Prince* the ſame did not contemne,
But pointed at the *Mine*, and their Intent,
Which they kept cloſe ſworne on the *Sacrament*.

This

The 17. Age.

THis *Peacefull King* upon the leaſt diſguſt
Among his *Neighbour States*, or *Warres* miſtruſt,
Spar'd for no Paines nor Charge to mediate
A *Chriſtian* End, their *Paſſions* to abate.
How many Treaties hath *Vienna* ſeene?
What *Embaſſies* to calme fierce *Auſtriaes* Spleen?
That without Bloud the *Palatine* might gaine
His Owne, he ſent his onely *Sonne* to *Spaine*.
In hope to ſhunne th'Events, which hapned ſince,
To Dangers he expos'd our Darling *Prince*,
That by that gentle Courſe of *Sacrifice*,
He might prevent enſuing Prejudice.
No Age paints out, nor points at the like Type
Of *Princely Love*, Offence away to wipe.

LIke *Iames* in Zeale came Young *Iehoſaphat*,
Our *Royall Charles*, whoſe ſweet and moderate

Condi-

The 17. Age.

Condition yeeld us Hopes, that, like his Sire,
He will retaine unquenche the *Sacred Fire*,
Which in his Soule burnes calmely by the Heat
Of *Heavens Flame*, the *Holy Paraclete*:
Now in his *Raigne* we plant *Virginias North*
With *Colonies*, and hope by letting forth
The *Gospel* there the *Savages* to winne
In *Christ* his Name from Lust and Bloudy Sinne.
Our *Drones* turne *Bees* in his Auspicious Raigne,
Remov'd to *Forraigne Iles* in hope of Gaine,
And by his Famous *Glasse*, who built of Old,
For *Tharsus* Ships to fetch thence *Ophirs Gold*,
This *Prudent Prince* prepares a Warre-like Fleet
To scowre the Seas, and Force with Force to meet,
As testifie of late his *Admirall*,
Which forced *Moores* to yeeld home *English* Thralls.
But more then all, the *New men* he doth grace,
And the *Divine* holds in his *Counsaile Place*.
While *Mars* went on the *Elesburs* wings to pull,
Against the *Charter* of the *Golden Bull*,

Distressed

The 17. Age.

Distressed *Teutons* Limmes found both relieſe
And Succour of our *Charles*, to eaſe their Griefe.
And while their *Church* with Tortures lay oppreſt,
Her Babes exil'd: our *Brittaine Mother* bleſt
Thrives by the Cares of our *Religious Charles*,
Secur'd from Schiſme, and Superſtitious Snarles.

O Happy *Brittaine*, couldſt thou know thy Good
Where Neighbor-ſtates ore-flow with Spoiles & Bloud!
To calculate who were by Warres extinct
In *Belgia*, *Fraunce*, and *Germanies* Precinct,
Or the late Troubles of the *Valtoline*,
The *Griſons* Griefes, or *Rochels* to define,
A *Buskin* craves more then *Poeticall*,
Or *Algebraes* Points *Mathematicall*.
Nay, he that counts the Scarres in *Chriſtian* Lands,
On *Chriſtian Folkes* late made by Tyrants hands,
Shall ſooner tell the Names of *Magogs* Bands,
Which *Iohn* compares unto the *Ocean* Sands.

All

The 17t Age.

All which the *Saints*, though in their Tents beſet
By Fiends, yet them from *Vowes* no Croſſes let.
All which *Gods Church*, though oftentimes ſhe feares,
And vents forth *Angels* Mones, with Patience beares.
Our *King* bewailes their Caſe, ſtands on Defence,
He Armes, and yet not miniſters Offence.
We feele their Griefes, with them we ſympathize,
And pray for Cure, which *Paſſion* mollifies.

WHen *Auſtriaes Ceſar* had with *Eagles Wings*
Aſpir'd, and lift againſt the *King of Kings*
His lofty Head, and muſter'd all his Force
To trample on *Chriſts Flocke* without remorce,
Having begun the *Electours Plumes* to pull
Againſt the *Germane Lawes* and *Golden Bull*:
Ev'n then (O Wonder!) unexpected Aide
Was by the *Lord* from *Swetbens Land* convai'd,
From the farre *North* brave *King Guſtavus* came,
Who came like Thunder, fought, and overcame.

And

The 17. Age.

And though this *Heros* periſh'd for our Sinnes
In *Battell* late, yet to the *Philiſtines*,
Like *Sampſon*, he full dearely ſold his Breath,
Confounded them, and *Triumph'd* by his Death;
Yea, from his *Cinders* ſince ſprung up a *Flame*,
Which *Tyrants* Threats, and *Turncoats* puts to ſhame.
Long may thy *Trophees* laſt, *Great Macchabee*,
All Terrour to our Foes, untill they ſee,
That they who wittingly ſhead *Chriſtians Bloud*,
Like *Romaine Pilate*, and the *Iewiſh Croud*,
Stand guilty all of *Chriſt* his *Death* againe,
And cannot *Purge*, or waſh away the ſtaine
With Bribes, or Ranſome of *Sophiſtick* kind,
Beſides the Scandall which they leave behind,
That Tearing Bonds of *Chriſtian Vnity*
Confirmes the *Turke* by their Hoſtility
To flout, and them with faigned Leagues to wind,
As ſhortly his *Confederates* may find.
Meane while they waſt a *Chriſtian Monarchy*,
And *Teutons Land* becomes an *Anarchy*.

But

The 17. Age.

But leaving them with *Fire* and *Sword* to skuffle,
I saw Our *Churches Foes* begin to shuffle
Strange Cards, in hope by *Arts Legier-de-maine*
To win. The *Stake* is *Soule prodigious Gaine*,
Which *God* avert, and grant that we take heed
Of *Sheep-skin'd Wolves*, who sacrifice their Seed
To *Moloch*, and expect for *Iovial Nunnes*
To be *Confest* by *Romes* unmarried *Sonnes*.
This *Women* styld the *Iesuitrices*,
Did lately presse, that they by their Addresse
To *Ladies* might for their *Conversion* speed,
And work upon their Owne fraile *Sexes Creed*
With greater sleight, and with more fervency
Then *Priests* oft blurred for *Carnall Privacie*.
This *Female Sect*, before it grew to height,
Was by the present *Pope*, *Vrbane* the Eight,
Dasht in the *Spring*. A prudent Act indeed,
To stint the Growth of *Antichristian Seed*.

The 17. Age.

God grant him more such Sparkes, that as his Book
Of Poems bruites his skill, so he the Hook
And Fishers Net convert to better use
Then Other Popes have done to Faiths abuse;
The which he may, like Peter or Saint Paul,
Soone bring to passe by Councell Generall;
Yea, and perhaps he may there Reconcile
These Worldly Jarres, which blur Old Antioch stile.

FOr what poor things wuld some disguiz'd with zeale
Disturbe the Peace of Christ his Common-weale
Some startle at the Altars Ancient Name;
Others our setled Forme of Prayes defame.
Because they want some businesse from without,
To make their Bodies sweat, or smart, they pout,
And peevish grow, not knowing what they aile
Within their Sickly Braine, till Ears prevaile;
Like idle Maids with the Greene-sickenesse vext,
They loath what's good, and in mind are perplext

The 17. Act.

With brackish *Eisame*, with Moodes extravagant,
And *Longings* oft from *Reason* discrepant.
Because they cannot have their owne *Chymeres*
And whimseyes of their Will, they waste with Feares,
Repining at their Neighbours store of *Grace*,
And yet their *Crazed* selves will not embrace
The *tendred Forme*, nor joine in the *Soule-Cure*,
As Others do, and with sweet *Sauce* procure,
Whereby they may with *Understanding* Pray,
And not by roat, nor rashly Vowes repay.
Glutted with *Quailes*, and *Mannaes* precious Fare,
Their *Stomacks* long for *Onions*, homely ware,
And Simple Trash, which may the *Bloud* inflame
More then that wholesome Food, which they defame.
Have we not seene more *Pride* in *Course Attire*,
Then in *Rich Robes*? Yea, some, who did aspire
Under the *Mask of plaine Sincerity*,
Yet afterwards strove for *Priority*?

The 17. Age.

LEt him, that blames the *Surplice* comely weare,
Looke how the *Saints* in *long-white Robes* appeare
Before the *Highest Throne*, and then no doubt
At such a Sight he will no longer pout.
And who is he so frowardly severe,
That rayles at *Graduates Hood of Mimivere*?
The *Scarlet Robe*? or at the *Corner'd Cap*
In *Academes Matriculated Lap*,
Like *Laureate Wreathes*, borne and produc'd to grace
Industrious Wits, the *Churches hopefull Race*?
That with such Types and Tokens garnished
The *Bees* from *Drones* might be distinguished?
And that by *Vertues Hire*, faire *Honours Crowne*,
Some might, as *Starres*, from *Lesser Lights* be known?
Much more distinct the *Sacred Ranke* had need
From *Vulgar Garbes* of Grave and *Reverend Weed*,
Aswell to move regard by Outward Hew
Of *Surplices* and *Miters*, as to shew

The 17. Age.

To hardned *Romaine* Strayes, that without stings
We joyne with them in all Indifferent Things,
And that to shun Offence, *Faiths Essence* lay'd,
We can forbeare, and yeild to them that ray'd
In clozing Rents, for some *Traditions, Rites,*
And Outward Formes, so to renew their Lights.
The *Iewes* lost not by *Aarons Bells* their Hopes:
And what lost we by *Miters* Sight, or *Copes?*

THus stands our *Church* betwixt Schismaticks,
And *Romish Rovers* pretended *Catholicks:*
The Former raising Jarres for Trivialls things,
The Latter seemes to taint the *New mans* Springs.
And yet the flames most bright, while like a Storme,
The Former Fiction quailes, and may reforme
Their *slips* with Ease, at least, when mellow Age
Shall by Degrees compose their Fathers Rage.
And there is Hope the Other will renounce
Dependencies on Saints, and so pronounce

The 17. Age,

(As did those *Saints* themselves) *Faith Justifies*,
And *Christ his Blood* alone doth us suffice
Without our Owne, or other *Merits* Boast,
To gaine *Salvation* through the *Holy Ghost*.
For want of Tythes the One a *Sect* contrives:
And *Discontent* tempes *Babels Fugitives*.

THus hath our *Christian Church* by *Grace Divine*,
Past through the *Seventeenth Age* till Thirty Nine;
And Sixteen Hundred Yeares from *Christ* his *Birth*
Are fully told by Mortalls here on Earth:
In spight of *Tyrants*, *Schismes*, *Idolatry*,
The *Dragons Flood* and *Babels Butchery*.

O would my *Muse* knew ways to reconcile
The stubborne *Strayes* and *Hot-spurs* of this *Ile*,
That, as We all extoll *Our Christian Creed*,
And what were in Six Hundred Yeares decreed
By the First *Synods* of the *East* and *West*,
So we might meet, as our *Communion Feast*

In

The 17. Age.

In mutuall Love, without distrust or stings,
To pay our Vowes unto the King of Kings,
Like Brethren with Harmonious Ravishment
In Spirit, with One Will, and One Consent;
Accounting Copes, Bells, Organs, Surplices,
Or shaven Crowns, as Rites, not Sacrifices
To barre the Faith or Conscience of a Saint,
As some with such Conceits the Church would taint.
" A Christian should be mild in Temporall Things,
" Which breeds not Sin, nor Soul-sick Scandall brings.
" So that Gods Word be preached and Faith encreased,
" I will accept what Outward Gloves they please.
" Ile kneele, sit, stand, or else in Sack-cloth rest,
" So that I may win Soules, no Flesh Ile raise;
" Ile weare the Popes Robe, Saint Peters Hood,
" Or Priests Coates, so doe our Wedding goods.
" Such shapes I take for harmelesse Policie,
" As Adiaphora with Indifferency
" Expedient for some Persons more then Others,
" So to shake hands, and wrangling Quillets smother;

Not

The 17. Age.

Not like Old *Fairfax* of corrupted Zeale,
Who rackt somejme the *Romish Common-weale*,
And wanting Wit to chuse *Frize*, *Black*, or *Grey*,
Or *White*, at last they made a Bloudy Fray.

ABout such Outward Formes the *Fiend* of late
With Bloudy Broiles thought to enwrap our *State*
But He, that left at his Departure hence
Against *Hell-Rise* a *Gentle Spirit* for Defence,
Inspir'd our King with *Mercy*, to forgive
Them for whose Faults he more than they did grieve.
When Some for *Fame*, and Others for their *Hire*,
When some for Spoiles glad of *Combustions Fire*,
And some for Doubts with swelling Spleen did hope
In Savage Fights with *Mortall Enemies* to cope,
Our *Charles*, though strongly Arm'd, extended there
In *Christian Love Grace unto Erring Men*,
Like Him, who rather chose One Sinner to
To save than Slay a Thousand *Heathen* then.

By

By this rare Act of sacred Clemencie
He paralells, nay, gets Precedencie
Above all Kings that sway this Worldly Sphere,
Whose Subjects more their Frownes and Rigour feare
Then honour them for Ballanc'd Equity,
Or Reall Deedes surmounting Quality.
Had Theodosius so his Passions squar'd,
He surely had the Thessalonians spar'd,
And not been warn'd by Ambrose to refraine
Ere Millains Church, all sanctimonie wrought staines.
O Happy Prince, that knew'st thy Saviours Will!
O Happy Land where Sovereigns scorne to Kill!
Now, yee that vaunt of Albions Alvred,
Or of Fergusius sway, applaud this Act
With thankfull Layes set forth in Charles his praise,
Who when he might destroy forgave your Seas.
But O what dolefull Newes beat in my Eares!
That Discords Flaute, late quenched, againe appeares!
Vestall, they cry, Hosts Warres, and bloudy Swords,
New Musters, Tables, Toile. Our Wits and Words,

And

The 17. Age.

And *Malt-Worme Braines* inculcate like Bug-beares,
In Luke-warme Breasts effeminated Feares.
My Censure now of our late *Vulgars* Braue,
Who blinded in their Owne would seeme acute
In *Heavens Affaires*, is this: that if Our *God*
Smite them or us, who can resist his Rod?
Some Ranke of Base require *Phleborony*:
Some Craz'd: Some Leane, like an *Anatomy*;
Their Sinnes are great, and we excuse not Our.
Our Feasts, Rich Robes, Law-suites, and Humors sore
Bloud-letting need, and purge of *Hellebore*.
But, if as oft as Men offend, *God* powre
The Vialls of his Wrath and Vengeance downe,
Who now had liv'd to have his *Mercies* knowne?
Whether we dye at Sea, or on the Land
By *Famine*, *Plague*, or *Blowes from Butchers hand*,
That *Three-string'd Whip*, which doth us here attend
For *Temporall Revenge*, or *Trials End*,
Gods Will be done. Yet whilst his *Church* on Earth
Stands firme, I feare no *Warre*, nor *Plague*, nor *Death*,

For

The 17. Age.

For Worldly things (so Fates have weav'd the Plot)
Rowle, reele, and squierme like Eeles within a Pot.

HOw shall we then weare out these Worldly Broiles?
So voluble of Course, so full of Toiles?
Just as some deale with a tumultuous Crew
Of Leaguer'd Cades. When first the Quarrell grew,
And Shepheards met with mind to trounce them all,
A Swaine did thus their so-laine Doome recall:
What shall we doe with these bold Animalls?
Which pill our Plants, and spoile our Vegetalls?
Which gathering into Heards care not for words?
Now with their Fiduciat Tupper doe feare our Swords.
As if they would our beard, they threaten us,
That Cats enrag'd may eame as perilous
As greater Beasts. Some thinke them to immure,
Lest other Beasts to Follies they inure.
They call our claime, and Native Liberties,
To pill our Fells, and browze on Grasse of price,

But

The 17. Age.

But what bold *Cuſtome* can their *Bucks* inferre,
(Not in their *Rutting time*, for then to erre
Was *Frenzies Fit*) the *Peace* to violate?
With Shreames to feare our *Melibœan State*,
When *Prudent Pan* with Countenance ſevere
Aſſay'd by *Law* the *Mutineers* to feare?
What ſhall we doe with this *long bearded Kind*
Of *Goates*, which preſume to reade the *Rind*
And Beauty of our Woods without controule?
Slighting our *Woes* like a vaine Blank or Scrowle?
Theſe Outrages are great: Yet *Pulcinea*
With *Piety* mixe whines our *Piacy* ſway
Over *Gods Creatures* to prouide ſome Cauſe,
That *Beaſts* of *Game* may thriue, how fare the reſt.
Fire and Blood-letting are the laſt of Cures
So, to be Mild hurts not, but vnſecures
And though it ſeeme a while, like to a *Block*
Contemn'd of *Frogs*, yet laſts it like the *Rock*;
The *Oxe* muſt not be *muzzled*, nor theſe *Goates*
Depriu'd of Food, our *Horſes* rob'd of *Oates*.

What

The 17. Age.

What *Forrests* are reserv'd for straggling *Deere*,
Which retribute small Profit in the Yeare?
We foster greedy *Hounds* and swilling *Swine*:
And shall we now lesse hurtfull Beasts confine?
What Cares take we for *Drones* more then for *Bees*?
And yet to *Kidder* grutch a few *Sapling Trees*?
If we hemme in their *Dammes*, both dye of Dearth,
And so we lose some of the Best on Earth
For Profits Breed. They rough and hardy are
In *Aires Extremes*, content with simple Fare:
(A Gift which many Beasts, nay men do want,
A Gift which lessens Crimes exorbitant.)
A little them sustaines. And yet their *Does*
Yeeld store of *Milk* to countervaile some *Cowes*.
They doe bring forth two or three *Kidders* a piece
Within the Yeare; their *Milk* doth cordialize,
Natur'd like what they eate. Feed them with *Spurge*
Or *Lettice*, then their *Milk* doth Humours purge.
The *Male-Goats Bloud* rennes the *Diamond*;
It breakes the *Stone*, and makes the *Grevell* sound.

When

The 17. Age.

When it is bakt, or into Powder done,
And strew'd on *Liquid Food*, it Cures the Stone
Sooner then *Leeks*, or *Alisanders Broth*,
Which seemes with it compar'd but skummy Froth.
A *Hivers Pasty* tasts like *Venison*;
The *Buffe* defends from Frost as from the *Sunne*.
I skip the Sutte wrought of *Goats stately Beard*,
Lest not a *Goats-haires* worth be what I heard.
Nor mention I *Borrachoes Spanish Case*,
Which *Pilgrims* vow with *Healths* to *Bacchus Grace*,
Nor yet their *Flesh*, which *Portingalls* do dresse
And lay with Salt for *Indiaes Voyages*.
So usefull are these *Goats*, that none for want
Of them in wild and New-found Lands can plant:
Which is the Cause that *Brittaines Colonies*
Thrive not there like the *Spaniards Progenies*.
Now for my *Vote* or Cloze particulare,
Which I submit to your more *Silver Haire*:
It is not safe the moody to constraine;
Tread on a *Worme*, and it will turne againe.

The

The 17. Age.

The *Fits* ore-past: we may cull out the *Bad*,
Divide their Troupes, and Cure in time the *Mad*.
If we permit the *Weanelings* of their *Flocks*,
Their tender *Kiddes*, which cannot shift on Rocks
For stronger *Food*, to champ on weaker *Boughes*;
And their *Moone-sick* on *Plants* sometimes to brouze:
Both these will, when their Constitution growes
To abler *Nerues*, eat *Hay* in time of Snowes,
And be right glad to taste of stronger Food
Aswell to our Content, as for their Good.
And let the rest live in their Craggy Soile,
In hope they will no more keepe reuell Coile;
Least if we hence provoke their *Wilder Whelpes*,
They may turne mad with Tupping and with Yelpes,
Unlesse in the *Mid-Summers Moone* we chaine
Those whom we finde most *Crazed in the Braine*.
'Twere well we could their Teeth with safety file,
And not our hands with Streames of Blood defile.
If they disband, and of their Crimes repent,
And will with Griefe redeeme their *Banishment*,

Let's

The 17. Age.

Let's ſuffer them to ſpend their windy Breath
Upon the Rocky Hills and Barren Heath,
That it may be ingroſſ'd in After-Rowles:
We left them there, where buſtling *Boreas* cooles
The hotteſt Spleen, in hope that they would grow
More uſefull farre then we doe finde them now.
When Riper Time ſhall Humours purifie,
They will conforme themſelves, at leaſt their Fry.
Since *Forraigne Coaſts* to *Beares* & *Wolves* ſubmit,
I thinke we may leſſe harmefull *Goats* admit
To their Old Haunts our *Dairies* to encreaſe,
So that henceforth their *Buckes* from Tupping ceaſe.
Let us not then root out theſe *Beaſts with Beards*,
Weakning our Stock (an Honour to our *Heards*)
Leſt we give Cauſe of Jeering to our Foes,
Who, if our Stock decayes, may worke us woes.
They pill our Barke: that's it you now will ſay;
So did our *Iron-men* and *Tanners* play:
So Others have by cauſeleſſe Brawles and Feas,
And *Heathniſh Spoiles*, forc'd men to ſell good *Trees*.

But

The 17. Age.

But here one whisperd him: Touch not these Nouts,
Lest you be term'd a *rash-promoting* Gout,
Incurring Scorne with hoobubs and out-cries,
For glancing at our *Moderne Robberies*.
The Swaine abash'd, his Face to Crimson dyes;
And the Goat's Cause lies in suspense untryes
Where though Great *Pan* an Higher skill relies,
Yet scornes he not a *Rustick's* poore Supplies;
In all Extreames on this I fix my Rest:
Of Ills to shunne the Least, of Good the Best;
And if I misse the *Latter* to attaine,
Yet I will hope the *Golden Meane* to gaine.

COncerning other Points of *Faiths* abuse,
As *Purgatories Paine*, false *Idols* use,
Courting of Saints, to *Christs* apparant wrong,
Gods Sacred Word kept from the Vulgar Tongue,
Additions to the *Masse*, the *Papall Keyes*,
And *Priests* debarr'd of *Wives*: Let him that wrighes

The 17. Age.

The Dreames of *Balaams Priests*, this Passage know:
Pride made the *Pope* a *Simon Magus* grow,
And then he chang'd the *Spirits Gifts* for Gaine.
For after the Decease of *Charlemaine*,
Who Sceptred *Popes*, in the ensuing Yeares,
They to maintaine their Pomp, the *Christian* Meares
Of Modesty transcended, got elbow roome
To spread the *Divels Huskes* in rampant *Rome*.
Which to reforme, as we of late have done
In *Britaines Orbe*, by *Wickliffs* Cares begun
About three Ages past, so let all them,
Who hope to see the *New Ierusalem*,
Looke backe upon the first Sixe *Centuries*;
Or if that seeme too tedious to revise,
Let them the next Sixe Ages well review,
And they shall finde *Romes Faith* then patcht anew,
That by Degrees the *Popes* by *Phocas* first,
And by Great *Charles* since rais'd, became accurst;
And that Our *Church* the very same of Old,
Which was at *Nice*, and *Chalcedon* enroll'd

The 17. Age.

For *Orthodoxe*, is *Catholick* and True;
Onely, because new-scour'd, enstiled New.

LO here, *Deare Countrey-men*, in *Pithy Phraze*,
What some have whirl'd about with winding Maze;
And some, I hope, these short *Analyses*,
Will relish more then long Remonstrances,
Since *Substances* yee like, I simply shew
Where lay our *Church Pure, Catholick* and *True*,
Before we tooke the Name of *Protestants*
At *Auspurg* late; which Our *Extravagants*
By *Transmarine* and false exotick *Glosse*
Would soile, like *Pitch*, with *Appellations* grosse
Of *Huguenots*, or *Luthers Heneticks*;
While they usurpe the Name of *Catholicks*,
Like *Hagars Brood*, which *Moores* terme *Saracens*;
Like *Hypocrites*, who passe for *Godly Men*.
For why should they alone be in our *West*
Call'd *Catholicks*, when Thousands in the *East*,

The 17. Age.

The *Abissines* and Others doe contend
For the like Name in Substance, Use, and End?
Why should the Parts above the Whole presume?
One Sister Church the Mothers Stile assume?
The *Catholick*, which spreads in every Coast
With Mutuall Gifts powr'd by the *Holy Ghost*?
Why should the *Beames* against the *Sunne* compact?
The *Branches* from the *Oakes* Good Name detract?
Our *Churches* are (waigh the Comparison)
As Boughes or Beames: *Christs Spouse* the *Oak* or *Sun*.
And for Our *Church*, more yet I could relate,
To manifest her *Wane*, *Eclipse*, and *Fate*
In *Popish Times*, but that each *Novice* knowes
What meanes the *Desert*, where *she* powr'd her vowes
During the *Raigne* of that great *Mystick Whore*,
Which preacht *False Christs* by the red *Dragons* Lore.
But mauger *Constance*, *French*, and *Lutteran*,
The *Night* is past of Shreeching Ignorance,
And we embrace the *Spirits* Countenance,
Which at this day shines bright in *Britaines Ile*,

And

The 17 Age.

And may doe long, if we ſhun Hate and Guile.
Not *Ecchius*, *Moore*, *Poole*, *Fiſher*, *Poſſevine*,
Not *Downyes Fry*, nor Copious *Bellarmine*
Can match our *Calvin*, *Zanchius*, *Bullinger*,
Frith, *Jewell*, *Foxe*, *Fulke*, *Raynolds*, *Whitaker*,
Andrewes, *Uſher*, and thoſe whoſe *Melodies*
Mount up to *Chriſt*, like a *New Sacrifice*,
With many moe in our *Great Brittaines Orbe*,
Surviving yet, and able them to curbe;
Whoſe Praiſes *Web* more Curious if I ſpun,
I ſhould then *light a Candle in the Sunne*;
Or undertake *Saint Michaels Warre* to pen,
A Taske more fit for *Angels* then for *Men*.
Yet by that *Myſtick Type Saints* may diſcry
The *Battels Iſſue*, and our *Victory*:
For ſuch a *Palme the Fiery Croſſes Signe*
Hath gain'd, as in the Dayes of *Conſtantine*.
But now in Embers clozing up my Fire,
I ſilently into my Thoughts retire,
Oft looking backe to *Babels Myſtery*,

The 17. Age,

Oft muſing on Faire *Sions Victory*,
Where firſt Six Hundred Sixty Six I fixe,
One Thouſand then Six Hundred Fifty Sixe,
Times Pedegree from *Mans Creation* caſt,
Till *Fatall Showres* for *Sinne* the *Earth* defac't,
I ruminate in Mind, leaſt ſodainly
While I deferre my Duty to ſupply,
The laſt great *Trumpets Sound* concludes the Day
To *Worldlings* woe, and Sinners ſore Diſmay.
Warres in Faiths Houſe proclaim'd, and Babylon
Diſcover'd ſhew great Doomeſ-dayes ſigns neer gone:
From which Extreames, *Lord*, ſave our *Church* aſwell
As thou *Elias* didſt from *Iezabel*,
That with the *Spirits ſtreame* ſhe quench her Thirſt
Untill that *Day*, while *Babel* lies accurſt.
As long as *Sun* and *Moone*, or *Raine-bowes ſigne*
Shall laſt, preſerve our *King* like *Conſtantine*,
Aſſigning us from *Stewarts Regall Ligne*
Good *Stwards* ſtill to over-ſee what's Thine.
Remove not hence our *Churches Candleſticks*,

While

The 17. Age.

While firmely we to *Thy Sonnes Pledges* ſtick,
But for his Sake who paid the *Coſtly Price*
In Judgement due for our Enormities,
Whereas ſome led by *Fiends* as yet do ſtray,
If they *Repent*, reduce them to thy way,
That *Iſmaels Brood* henceforth no *Chriſtians* flout
For *Lutherans*, or the *Wicklevian* Rout,
For *Huguenots*, *Novatians*, *Schiſmaticks*,
For *Puritans*, or Mungrell *Catholicks*.
When theſe with *Peter* vouch *Gods Living Sonne*,
With *Paul One God*, *One Advocate alone*
Exploding *School-mens* Dreames, Hypocriſies,
Soules-Marchandize, and winding Fallacies,
We then ſhall ſoone for Other Points agree,
Without recourſe to *Edens curious Tree*.
This Fruit the *Church* reapes by her *Childrens* Peace:
When they from *jarres*, then *Foes* from *jeering* ceaſe.

While firmly we to Thy Scepter bow,
But for his Sake who paid the Ransom Price
In Judgement due for our Rebellion,
Where found and by Friends as yet deny'd,
If they Return, reduce them to thy Fold,
That Spiritual Bread may nourish them, by Grace
Restauration, or Mitigation of Pain,
For Magistrates, Governours, Subjects,
For Parents, or Children, Masters, Servants,
When stuck with Pure Vessels Crib-biting Cattle,
With Pious Ones, who are Persecuted,
Exploding School-Men, Dreamers, Hypocrites,
Sects-Mercenariness, and winding Falsities,
We then shall loose for Christ Points and Pins,
Without recourse to Edicts, Laws, &c.
This Fruit the Church reaps by her Militant State:
When they from Heav'n, then Peace from Heaving cease.

THE PICTVRE OF THE TRVE CATHOLICK AND APOSTOLICK CHURCH

Represented in *English* and *Latine* Numbers.

The Argument.

The Authour *last this* Corollary *knits,*
To help Our Church *against mad wrangling Wits:*
Till the Sixth Age the Spouse of Christ shone Pure;
So doth our Church. *And here's her Portraiture.*

THe *Spouse* of *Christ* shone in her Prime
Within the first three Apostles Time.
But afterwards Eclips'd of Light,
She lay Obscure from most mens Sight;

For

For while her *Watch* hugg'd Carnall Eafe,
And loath'd the *Croſſe*, ſhe felt Diſeaſe.
Becauſe they did *Gods Rayes* contemne,
And *Maumets* ſerv'd, *Grace* fled from them.
Then *Starres* fell downe, *Fiends* blackt the Aire,
And *Mungrells* held the *Churches Chaire*.
But now diſpelling *Errours Night*,
By *Chriſt* his Might, our *New-mans* Light,
She may compare for *Faith* alike
With famous *Romes* firſt *Catholick*,
And Paragons for *Vertue* bright
The *Royall Scribes* ſweet *Sulamite*,
Who train'd to Zeale, yet without Traps,
Her poore Young Sifter wanting Paps;
Without *Traditions* ſhe train'd her,
Or Quillets, which make Soules to Erre.

SO feedes our *Church* her Tender Brood
With *Milk*, the Strong with ſtronger Food.

She doth contend in *Grace* to thrive,
Reformed, like the Primitive.
She hates the Darke, yet walkes the Round,
And joyes to heare the *Gospels* Sound.
She hates their Mind in Judgement blind,
Who swell with Merits out of kind.
In *Christ* alone lies all her Hope,
Not craving Help of *Saint* or *Pope*.
Poore *Saints*, to shew her *Faith* by Deedes,
She fills their Soules, their Bodies feedes.
She grants no Weapons for Offence;
Save *Vowes* and *Fasting* for Defence;
And yet she strikes. But with what *Sword?*
The *Spirits Sword*, *Gods Lightning Word*.
Indifrent Toyes, and Childish Slips
She slights, but checks grosse Sinnes with *Stripes*.
Yet soone the *Strayes* her Favour winne,
When they Repent them of the Sinne.
So mild is she, still loathing Ill,
And yet most loath the Soule to kill.

Such

SUch is the *Lady*, whom I ſerve;
Her Goodneſſe ſuch, whom I obſerve,
And for whoſee Love I beg'd theſe *Layes*
Borne from the *Spheares* with *Flaming Rayes.*
But who can paint the *Dowries* forth
Of this *New Mary* to the Worth?
O let us for her Gifts reſtor'd
Then Sacrifice to *Heavens Lord*
Our *Hearts* with *Pſalmes*, like Trumpets lowd,
For ſending her to curbe the Proud,
And to beare downe *Romes Anti-chriſt*,
As ſhe types her that brought forth *Chriſt*,
The Object of our *Second Birth*,
And the Prime cauſe of all our Mirth.
Thus is Our *Church* in *Eſſence* like
The *Ancient True Apoſtolick.*

GOD grant this *Dame*, our *Brittaines* long to sway,
Whereby they may to *Christ* new Vowes repay;
And blesse thee, *Reader*, with like Happinesse,
To hold his pledges firme with *Godlinesse*.

CAndidore Fides lustrabat Lumine Mundum,
Quæ propius spirgit Sæcula Prima Polum:
Lumen at Ecclipsin passus lebentibus annis
Reddidit obscuram, quæ fuit alba, Fidem.
Nec mirum Turbam tantas sensisse Tenebras,
Carnem plus Vigiles quam sapuere Cruces:
Seria cum magis miscentes Sacra profanis
Idolis Flamen postposuere Deis.
Stellarum Lapsus, Saponis Fraus, Nubilus Aer,
Hæc tuis Corrupti Causa fuere Throni.
Sed modò dispersæ Tenebræ, Nova Desuit Aurora,
Sponsa redit Christi, Crescit et Alma Roma.

Crescit

Creſcit ſponſa redux Hominis fulgore Novati,
Dum legitur Chriſti Pagina Sacra Choro.
Nec minùs eſt ſponſa Salomonis Noſtra pudica,
Vel Grege Primævo quem pia Roma tulit,
Uberibus vacuam Parvam Prior illa Sororem
Allexit zeli Lacte; ſed abſque dolo,
Abſque venenatis Prudens allexit Elenchis
Gentes quæ tenebris delituere diu;

Quin & Noſtra Greges ſolet enutrire tenellos
Lacte, magis Fortes ſed refovere Cibo.
Odit Noſtra nigrâ Mentis Caligine captos
Cœtus, qui Meritis intumuere ſuis.
Non Carnale ſapit, nec Papæ Numen adorat,
Horret enim Chriſti commaculare Thorum.
Pectora Conſiliis, Sanctorum Corpora victa
Paſcit, ne fieret Fabula vana Fides.
Arma virago gerit: ſed Qualia? Flaminis Arma
Enthea, nempe Dei Myſtica, Metra, Preces.

Condonat

Condonat facili levia culpa Crimina vultu,
Fœda sed Orbilii vindicat Ast a Mini.
Non animam jugulat (tanta est Clementia Divæ)
Sed resipiscentes Lætareducit Oves.

Talis Imago Dei sponsæ, nostræq; Magistræ,
In cujus Laudes Ætheris igne feror.
Tanta Novæ fulget virtus Divina Mariæ;
Sed sua quis Calamo pingere Dona potest?
Sat mihi pro Donis tantum si Psalmata dentur,
Dum placet Æthereo Cor Holocauma Patri,
Qui nuper sponsam nevis maculisque solutam
Transtulit, ut Fidei Roma nitore ruat,
Utque Novi Dotes Hominis Cæloq; renati
Liberiore canam Pectore, voce, Tubâ.
Sic & Nostra viget similis jam Sponsa Priori,
Quæ visit quondam Tempora prisca Patrum.

Det

Det Deus, ut longum regat hæc Sulamitha Britannos,
Quo possint alacres nova vota rependere Christo,
Concedatque parem tibi, Lector Candide, sortem,
Ut pia Christigenæ conserves Pignora Sponsæ.

Another

Another *Hymne* to the same Effect, as how to discerne the True *Catholick Church*.

THe *Crosse*, on which our *Saviour* di'd,
For many Yeares lay undiscri'd
With Rubbage foil'd in *Caluary*;
Till, to renew *Christs Memory*,
The Mother of Great Constantine
Searcht, found, and left in for a Signe,
That *Converts* then might understand,
Christ di'd for them in *Heauens Land*.
In the like sort the *Church of Christ*,
Lay long Eclips'd through *Gernall Mist*,

Reſembling *Gold* obſcur'd with droſſe,
As was with Earth that *Wodden Croſſe*.
And though ſome wiſht to find her out,
They could not bring their wiſh about,
(So ſtrong of Might, ſo full of ſleight
Was *Babels Whore* to bleare their ſight)
Untill *Gods Word* perform'd the Deed
With *Martyrs Bloud*, the *Churches Seed*;
Till *Wickliffe* firſt, and *Luther* next
Stept up, her *Babes* ſtood ſore perplext.

NOw (O looke up) this *Gracious Queene*
On *Sions Hill* is to be ſeene,
With her *New man, Gods hopefull Sonne*,
Rayes darting like the *Glorious Sunne*.
But they, who would deſcry her right,
Muſt her deſcry with *Inward Sight*,
Not like the Old *Braſſe Serpent*, which
Idolaters did earſt bewich,

But like the *Crosse*, which *Saints* took up
Ere Some to that since found did stoup.
Thus stands the *Church* seen and unseen,
Unseen of *Sots*, of *Saints* well seen.
These by *Gods Word* her Presence waigh,
Those by false *Dreames* and *Worldly Sway*.
Now, *Brother*, mark, which of these Crew
Of *Christ his Church* are Children true?
The One kneele to the *New mans Rock*,
The Other to an Outward Stock,
Like *Manichees*, which they doe paint
For *Angellick*, or *Guardian Saint*.
There, they meet men, who live by Lurch,
But never *Saints of the True Church*.

THE CONCLVSION TO THE READERS.

The Argument.

The Authour *here from the* New-man *derives*
The Churches Web, *condemnes the Dromish Hives,*
Blames Labats Saints, *and false* Poetick Dreames,
Which he reformes, and so concludes his Theames.

I Blunder forth no *Quirkes*, nor *Captious Theames*,
No *triviall Toyes*, nor fond *Lascivious Dreames*.
While *Carnall Wits* were pleas'd to weave such *Tales*,
Of late I found the *New-mans Wormes* in *Wales*,
Whose *Entrailes* spun in my retired *Home*
For me some Silk, which suits with *Englands Loome*,

Without

Without engagement to a Forreigne shore,
For *Flanders*, *Rome*, or the *Hesperian* Ore.
And now my Silk-mercers store Domestick span
I have divulg'd before the Starres have run
Their Period out for any power I had of it,
Before strong *Passions* have thy Thoughts with strife,
My Senses with more Griefe, or what might fret
The furious Task which Christ on me had set.
Though Hydras hiss'd, and Fiends mouths spee bray'd,
Yet could not all their Coile make me dismay'd,
Nor daunt my Free-borne Muse from setting forth
To publick view some usefull wares of worth;
Nor could Romes Canons Muse rout out from Trent
Determine my Zeale, nor scare my future intent;
Where they have doom'd the Books of Protestants,
The New-mans Fewis, for wild Extravagants.
Such Bunch-Goblin Fewes I leave to them,
Who slighting Truth the Spirits Reyes contemne.
Not tempting wine, nor Feasts delicious Bait
Could make me found a Cowards base retrait;

Nor

Nor could the *Stormes of our late Adverſe Times*
Diſturbe, or ſhake my Forme of *Sacred Rimes*,
Where I have limm'd in a *two-folded* Frame
Our Saviours Life, and his *True Churches Flame*,
Whereof the *Latter* here I firſt produce
To uſher that of the *Divineſt Uſe*.
No pamper'd *Sloth*, nor *Houſholds* nettled Care,
Nor *Natures Nets* could my Reſolves enſnare
To hide from you her *Tents*, and *War-fares* Wayes
From Chriſts Aſcent untill our preſent Dayes,
But that I would to yeeld you ſome Content,
Strow her good *Tents* with *Leaves of Roſy ſcent*,
And to recure the *Saulish Moone-ſick Braine*,
I would enchant the Sence with *Muſicks* Straine.
I lock not up my Uſe of *Labour'd Houres*,
Nor poaſt it o're unto *Executours*,
Like *Miſer-Churles*, who worldly Goods conceale,
And wrong thereby the *Chriſtian Common-weale*,
Who at their death the ſame moſt madly leave
To ſuch as may their hoped Truſt deceave.

The

The *Authours* dead: who cares to mend his *Bookes?*
No *Step-Dame* well to *Orphans Breeding* lookes.
No *Nurse* respects a tender *Suckling* Wight,
Like *Her*, who claimes the *Native proper Right*,
As *Iudaes wisest King* long since deseri'd,
When he gave Doome on the *True Mothers Side.*
Unhappy are those *Scribes*, who catch no *Soules*
For *Christ*, if so they may, by *Holy Scroules*;
And much too blame are those of *Carnall Brood*,
Who loath to taste of *Intellectuall Food*,
Yet surfeit on *Old Tales of Robin Hood*,
Of Friers Cowles, or of *Saint Beners Hood*,
Of Patricks Broiles, or of *Saint Georges Launce*,
Of Errant Knights, or of the *Fairy Daunce.*
But *Yee*, who are borne of *Immortall Seed*,
Scorne your *Best Part* with *Honey'd Gall* to feed.
Fly, *Readers*, fly, and shunne such *Baites* as these,
Which though they for a time the Senses please,
At last they breed a Soule-sick ravery,
Which will from *Truth* distast your Memory.

Fly

Fly from such *Cates*, which *shining Shrines* suggest,
And from their *Sauce*, though by a *Prophet* drest;
Like that, *which on the way the Man of God*
From *Bethel* tooke, although by him forbod.
Read *vertuous Bookes*, which *Manners* rectifie,
And may help up the *Soule* to edifie;
For even as the *Spirit* cleere and fresh
Excell in worth the *grosse Pulpe of Flesh*:
Much more *essentiall Joy* and true Delight,
We must conceive, spring from the *New-waste Light*,
Where we by *Grace* may hap to be, like *Paul*
In Spirit rapt above this *Earthly Ball*,
To *Paradise*, or the *Third Heaven*, where
He learn'd more *Newes* then he away could beare.
O doe not then the *Spirits Gifts* suppresse,
Since they beare up the *Soule*, bear down the *Flesh*.

THey mount the *Soule* above the *Christall Skie*,
And *Starry Orbes* to view with sight *Divine*.

Those

Those *Mysteries*, for which the Greeke Church
Unlesse sometimes he stoupes, gropes in the Earth,
And never shall attaine to that brave Pitch,
Because his wings are foil'd with clayey Pitch,
Or borrow'd of the Peacocke stately Traine,
Which either dead him to Dispaire and Paine,
Or to *Presumptuous* fame, like *Exalted*,
And then, as *Lampes*, false Meteors he presents
Before the *Light of Gods Eternall Word*,
And the Soules Banquet on his Sacred Board.
Then, Humane *shrines*, and *Monks Mythology*
He more prefers then *Gods Theology*.
For as the *Greeke* Plurality of Gods
Devis'd, whom they conceit to live at ods
Among themselves; so Superstition since
Crept in among the Rabet, as at a pinch
To further Hells Designe like to fall
When *Romes* Great Empire would, if supported all
Had not been mixt with Idols Reverence
By *Satans* Craft, to raise the Prince

With

With Calendars of *Canonized Saints*,
To whom they fram'd instead of *Christ* Complaints,
As in Old time those *Poets* did approve
The *Lesser Gods*, as *Advocates* to *Jove*.
And by the like *Distinctions* in the *Schooles*
VVould them Create Subordinated Fooles,
Or *Courtiers* of th'*Olympian Majesty*
To intercede, or ayd *Mortality*.
To which they kneel'd in various *Idol-shapes*,
Like *Babels Head of Gold, Calves, Cats, or Apes*.

SO *Babels babling Dawbe Saints* Help exact;
Saint *Margaret Lucinas* Part must Act,
Saint *Anthony* relieves them of the *Pox*
With *Reliques Charmes* fetcht from Old *Balaams Box*.
For the *Twin-Brother Gods* they consecrate
Saint Nicholas at Sea their *Advocate*.
Saint Eustace must uphold the *Forrest Game*,
For which *Old Pagans* ul'd *Dianaes* Name.

With

VVith a huge *Club* Saint *Christopher* they please,
As with the like those painted *Hercules*.
Yea, every Soile possessed *Tewtelares*,
Small Gods, to ease them of their heavy Cares.
Iuno holp Carthage, *Mars* Rome, *Pallas* Greece,
Ceres blest Corne, *Pan* sheep, *Pomona* Trees.
So *Denis* France, *George* England, *Iago* Spaine,
And the like *Saints* to guard their Coast they faigne,
The *Scottish Folkes* were of *Saint Andrewes* ward,
Ireland of *Patricks*, *Wales* of *Davids* Guard.
Unto *Saint Mark* the Rich *Venetian* bends,
And he that *Venice* wrongs with *Mark* contends.
But above all Saint *Peter* beares the Bell:
He *Rome* protects, and *Rome* must all excell.
Numaes Ægeria Peter hath suppresst,
VVith *Romulus* Saint *Peter* doth contest.
Nay, *Peters* Keyes the *Eagle* bruis'd, but mist
Ianus his Peacefull Doores to shut for *Christ*.

But

BUt we, which are of *Gods Spirit* borne
Lament to see *Christs* seamelesse Rayment torne,
Or parted from the *Fashion Primitive*,
But joine, like *Saints*, in *Sacred Love* to thrive.
We fly vaine Dreames, which do enchant the Sence
From worshipping the *God-head* in Love alone.
We slight the *Tales* of Poets ranke Vagaries,
As Vowes to *Saints* with needlesse *Ave Maries*.
While Others stealе to Paths unknowne, or stray
To Stranger Coasts, we goe the surest way:
For feare of *Wolves*, or what may else betide
A man that loseth *Christ*, his Chiefest Guide.
While some in Tongue unknowne, like *Parrots*, cheat,
And aske of God by rote they know not what:
Our *Churches Babes* duely pray in *Christ* his Name
For what they want, and He doth grant the same
For his deare sake, who pleades for Humane Race,
While they with understanding crave his *Grace*;

And

And having gain'd their Suit they sing his Praise
With cheerfull hearts, new Tongues, & thankful Layes:
Not grounding *Faith* on *Saints* Pluralities,
On *Angels*, *Powers*, or *Principalities*.

AS for the Garbes of *Poets* Antick Fables,
They are but vaine, though *Moralized Babies*,
Vaine like themselves, who pip'd for Hire, or Fame,
While *Saints* of Zeale set out their *Makers* Name.
So *David* rapt with Bliſſe compos'd his Layes:
But *Horace* broacht for need *Maecenas* Praise.
So *Ieremy* *Hierusalems* Annoy
Bewail'd in Zeale; when Nonet beg'd for Troy.
Our Straines therefore sprung from *Celeſtiall* Light
Shal Scurrile Songs scourge hence, like wolues of night;
Our *Truth* shall foile their Dreames, our *Sabaoth*
Their Apes, our *Faith* their *Heathnish* Conſcience:
And in their stead, to help Deuotions Want,
Our *New man* here cookes various sorts of Meate,

VVith

VVith *Musick* ape thy Spirits to refresh,
If thou suppresse the Motions of the Flesh.
Our *Adam* first shall hurle *Prometheus* downe;
Then, *Noes Floud* shall their *Deucalions* drowne,
With *Titans* Brood, whom they for Giants hatch;
And *Babels Towre* will *Pelions Mount* o're-match.
By *Hemors* Sonne our gadding *Dinaes* Rape
Doth unto *Sires* a faire Example shape
What foule Effects by Cock'ring *Love* ensue,
Since *Indulgence* both Parties then did rue;
More true then *Helens* Rape, by *Theseus* first,
And last by *Paris* of old *Trojans* curst.
Our *Moses* shall convince their faign'd mistakes,
As did his Rod th' *Ægyptians* charmed Snakes.
For *Niobe* into a Stone estrang'd,
We founds *Lots* Wife to a Salt-Pillar chang'd.
For *Jove* deicent to be *Philemons* Guest,
Our *Abram* for Three Angels made a Feast;
And for the *Farmers* Gift from *Jupiter*,
Our *Salomon* did Wisdomes choise preferre.

Our

Our *Sampſon* with the Jaw-bone of an *Aſſe*,
Doth *Hercules* and his Twelve Labours paſſe.
Our *Iepthes* vow for his Maid-Child too grim,
Doth the *Grek Prince* his *Iphigenia* dim.
Our zealous *Davids Sling* doth farre exceed
Their *Perſeus* Shield, and *Ariadnes* Threed.
If *Hylas* they and *Hercules* object:
Or *Theſeus* and *Pirithous* Loves ſelect:
Our *David* lov'd his *Ionathan* more deare,
As may yet by his *Epitaph* appeare.
If they fetch Rites from *Babel*, *Rome*, or *Creet*:
Gods Lawes from *Sinai* we and *Salem* greet.
If *Midas* they with *Aſſes Eares* bewray:
We Humane Speech in *Balaams Aſſe* diſplay.
If they gaze on the *Coach* of *Phœbus* Sonne,
We *Ioſuah* ſing Commander of the *Sunne*:
Or elſe we can the *Sunnes Degrees* produce,
Backward to goe for *Hezechiaes* uſe.
But while they lift the *Creatures Excellence*,
We glory bring to our *Creatour* thence.

Thence

Thence we derive a Subject to commend
Gods Friendship shewne to Man as to his Friend.
If they cite Ovids in *Æsculapius* praise,
Because from Death He *Hyppolytus* Sonne did raise;
From *Holy Writ* we many can transferre,
Who really to Life restored were.
If they insist on *Delphick Oracles*;
True *Prophesies* confirm'd with *Miracles*
We can from *Gods* choise *Servants* more rehearse,
Then may be couche, or sung in limited Verse.
And if they chaunt *Loves Rapes* by Carnall *Jove*:
We *Canticles* sing of *Divinest Love*:
And with our Vowes prevent *Idsmodeus* Craft,
Mauger *Loves Golden Wings* and *Poysned Shaft*.
Let *Halcion* grieve for *Ceix* her Husbands death,
Till fabled for a *Bird* Sobs stop her Breath:
We for saine *Berbloms Babes* count *Rachels* Teares.
Or the sad *Badge* we sing, which *Salem* weares:
Or else our *Churches Threnes* for her late Losse
Of *Christian Blond* spilt cauldelesse at the *crosse*.

Whilst

Whilst that they bath in *Aganippes* Spring,
Of *Jordan* we and of *Bethesda* sing.
And while they climbe *Parnassus* forked Hill,
On *Sions Mount* we shew our sacred skill.
Instead of *Pagan Baites* with *Calvary*,
And *Olives Fruit* we sauce our *Poetry*
According to *Christs Gifts* infused new,
We leave those *Dregges*, which the *Old man* did brew:
As *Oracles* ceas'd after *Christ* his Death
Among the *Gentiles* by the *Apostles* Breath:
So faile those *Lees*, which *Satan* since did brew,
By our *Religion*, of some termed New.
So that for their false *Metamorphosis*
Of men to Earthly Formes, our *Purpose is*,
Soules to convert into *Immortall shapes*
By our *New man*, that soiles their Apes and Rapes.
And for that *Dame Ephesian* Idoliz'd,
We *Christ* his *Mother-Maid* Evangeliz'd.
Doe blesse and praise, but worship not of late,
As *Goddesse*, least from *God* we derogate.

For *Hermes*, *Pallas*, or *Apolloes* Lore,
We crave the *Holy Ghoſt* to bleſſe our ſtore.
For *Tantalus* in *Hell*, or *Ixions* Wheele,
We *Dives* Preach their racking aine to feele.
Soules Iudges they ſerv'd *Minos*, *Rhadamant*,
And *Æacus*: But *Chriſt* our *Iudge* we chant,
Chriſt we looke for to Doome both Dead and Quick,
The Dead in *Faith* and the *Church Catholick*:
Meane while his *Spirit* raignes in every Place,
Yet craves as Man for men his *Fathers Grace*.
With this *Prime Saint* we ſatisfie our ſelves,
And for him ſcorne all *Shrines*, and *Labans Elves*;
Whom with the *Father* and the *Holy Ghoſt*,
One *God* in Three, we found through *Brittains Coaſt*,
As we were bound at our New *Second Birth*,
Gods Angels all applauding us with Mirth.

NOw, *Elves*, pack hence, whether *Elitian Greece*,
Th'*Heſperides* yee faigne, or *Colchos Fleece*,

Whether

Whether yee gall weake Soules, or them controule
With *Benets Hood*, or the *Francifcans Cowle*;
Whether yee flow fpring *Poules Poeticall*,
From *Topbets* Lake, or *Stremmes Papiſticall*;
And Farewell Dreames, whether from *Cholers Steame*,
From *Dragons Gull* yee flow, or *Blood* and *Fleame*.
And in their ſtead, come *Truth*, thy Name we blame,
For thy Bright *Lampe* doth Men and *Fiends* ſhame,
Thou art the *Life* of a True *Prophets Song*,
And they who ſlight thy Sound, *Gods Spirit* wrong.
Then come, O *Bleſſed Truth*, Correct our Ods,
As thou long ſince haſt quail'd the *Pagan Gods*;
And ſuffer not the *Dragons* Sorceries
To be commixt with *Chriſtian Myſteries*,
Nor Legends of vaine Men to prejudice
The *Goſpels Light*, or Our New Sacrifice.
On thee I built the *Churches Hiſtory*;
By thee I found, that *Babels Myſtery*
Eclips'd the *Church* from the *ſeventh Century*,

Till *Wickliffe* did into *Romes Whoredomes* pry,
And by his *Pen* that *Subject* more dilate,
Which Thousands now as copiously relate,
Which I among the rest, as they began,
Have warbled forth to daunt the *Outward man*,
Who by Nick-names doth taxe *Our Church* for *New*,
And to her *Spouse* out-face to be untrue.
Now to wind up my Task, I adde this *Ode*,
In hope no *Saint* will my intent explode:
Left I the *Doome of Wrath* encurre,
Which *Slugges* doth for bad *Stewards* blurre,
I looke about with watchfull Cares
To see who wants some *Holy Wares*.
My *Talents use* I freely give
To cloath some Soules, whilst yet I live.
Divide the *Web*, *Friends*, as yee please;
The *Weare* is light producing Ease.
The *Hew* not gaudy, nor yet base,
But like *White Robes*, which *Temples* grace.

From

From Our *New man* I fetcht the *Stuffe*,
Let none then take the *Gift* in Snuffe,
Or taxe the *Matter* for the *Forme*,
Since what I could I did performe,
They came from *Love*, the *Spirits Dove*,
Let that ſuffice Good Mindes to move.

FINIS.

Imprimatur,
Tho. Wykes.
Decemb. 20.
1639.